The Saturday Evening
POST
April 30, 1960 – 15¢

The Explosive Middle East
By James Morris

THE SEAMY SIDE OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS
By the Chairman of the NCAA "Sin Committee"

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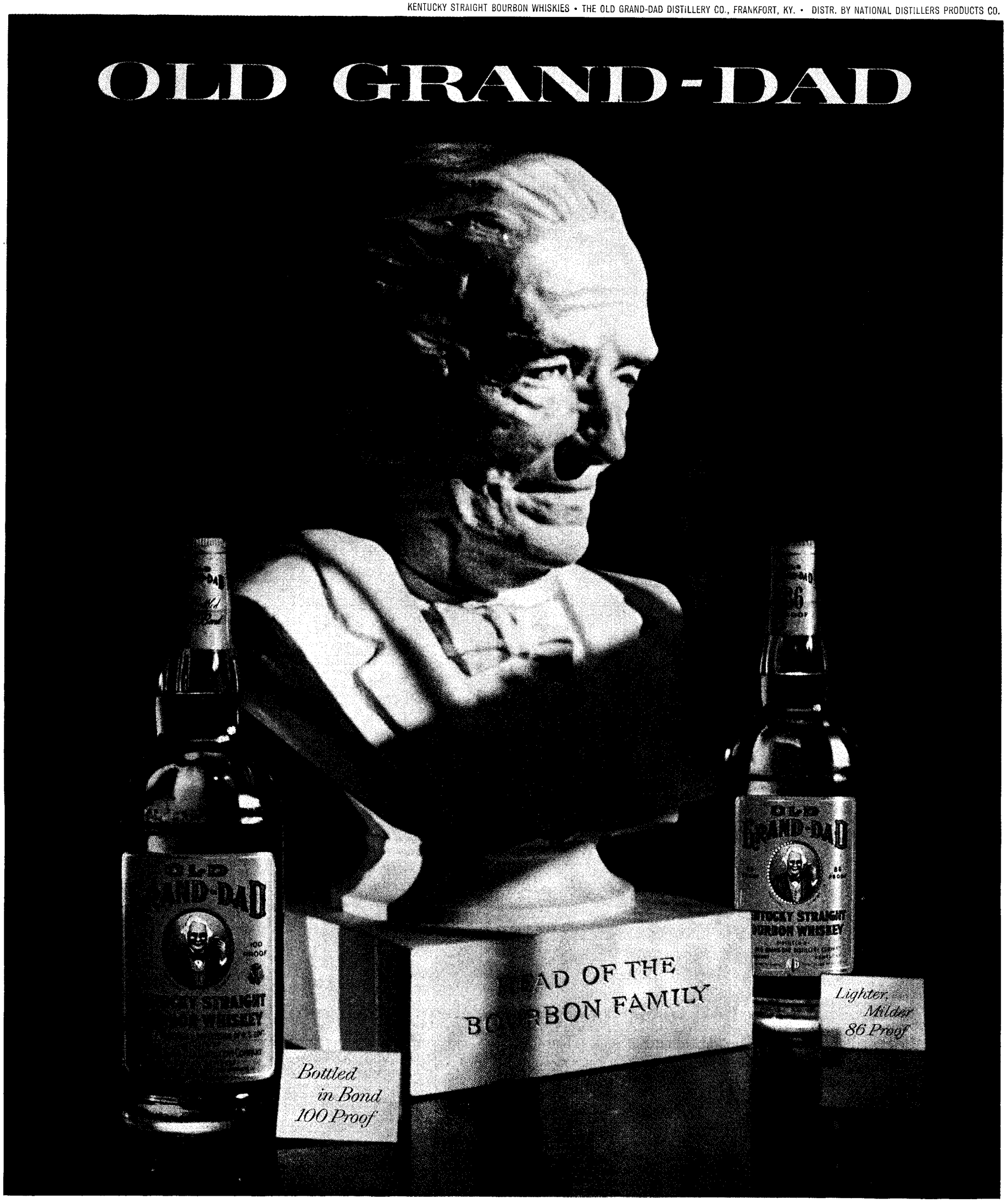

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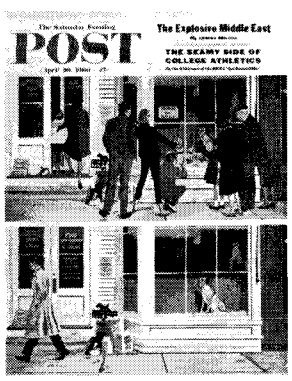

THE COVER

Well, doggone—or all but one dog gone—if this isn't the most forlorn face of the year. We wish we could convince ourselves that Mrs. Pooch was sick of all that yelping and is enjoying her solitude. Or that she's Rupert, the proprietor of the shop, and therefore is not for sale. But facts are facts: She's yearning for a friendly face to nuzzle, and Rupert is the name of a town—Rupert, Vermont—where artist George Hughes found a kennelful of yellow Labradors to model for him. Clearly this is another example of man's inhumanity to dog. And Mother's Day only one week away! The Labrador retriever is native to Newfoundland, not Labrador, and we'll wager this bereft mother is thinking that humans are warmer-hearted up in that chilly land than they are down here.

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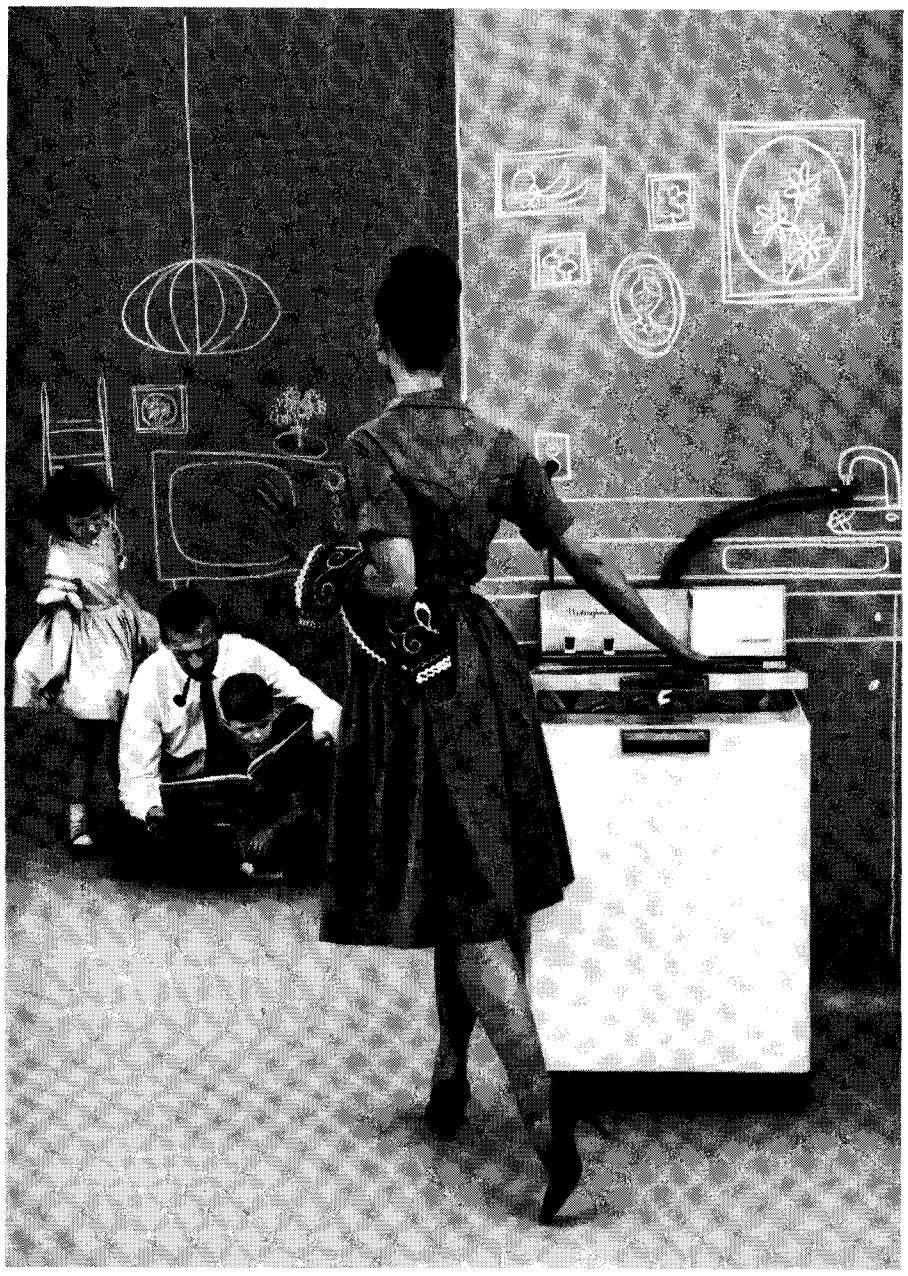

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Letters

A Taste for Horror

Dear Sirs:

Re your article MASTER OF MOVIE HORROR [by John Kobler] Mar. 19, what fortunate souls, those movie-goers, to need *artificial* horror!

ANN E. ANABLE
Dublin, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

About Mr. William Castle and his low-grade thrillers, we, the audience, would like to say something. We youngsters do have some taste. . . . We watch Castle's shockers only when there is no better horror film at hand to watch.

SUSAN FISH
South Orange, N.J.

We Got Our Smoke Signals Crossed

Dear Sirs:

In reading N. J. Crisp's story THE TURNING POINT in your Mar. 19 issue, I could not help but wonder about Paul, who "stubbed out his cigarette" just a

few lines after "he lighted his pipe." Does he usually smoke a pipe and a cigarette simultaneously?

J. KENNETH WYSE
New Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

What happened to Paul's *cigar?*

ARTHUR W. HATCH
Needham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Reminds me of our daughter Susannah who, at an early age, had a mania for writing mystery stories. One started, "Bong, bong, the clock struck one."

GEORGE A. HANDY
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Apparently Paul was a two-fisted smoker!

WALTER T. PALMER
Middle Haddam, Conn.

● *As Crisp depicted him, Paul smoked cigarettes exclusively. However, the artist absent-mindedly gave him a pipe. Our copy department changed one mention of cigarettes to conform to the illustration but missed the other. The resulting inconsistency brought 139 letters to the Editor.*

—ED.

"Pure, Green Envy"

Dear Sirs:

In the Mar. 19 LETTERS, I came across letters referring to Princess Grace and Prince Rainier. Why should one criticize their happiness, charm and good fortune, unless out of pure, green envy?

LIDIA BONDRA
Detroit, Mich.

Should They Study in the Summer?

Dear Sirs:

Dr. Grayson Kirk [president of Columbia University, in his article, COLLEGE SHOULDN'T TAKE FOUR YEARS, as told to Stanley Frank, Mar. 26] states that in addition to Columbia University, "at least six other schools . . . are studying year-round operation on the undergraduate level.". . .

At the University of Chicago the four-quarter system has been in effect since the institution was founded. . . . From the start, the program has been conspicuously successful, for the graduate as well as the undergraduate school. It has enabled thousands of students to complete the four-year college requirements in three years or even, occasionally, a bit less.

W. A. MCDERMID
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

To President Kirk's remarks, let me add that the Scottish universities . . . have the three-year, three-term system he recommends for American colleges. (They had it in the seventeenth century, for that matter, and earlier.) Intellectual standards are high.

RUSSELL KIRK
Mecosta, Mich.

● *Mr. Kirk—no kin to Doctor Kirk—is the author of the editorial* DEMOCRACY ISN'T RELIGION, BUT IT COULD USE SOME! *which also appeared in the March 26 issue.*

—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Kirk mistakenly states that college students should be able to do with shorter vacations because young people who [do not go to college but] work in offices and factories would welcome a three-week vacation.

He fails to note that people at work do not spend endless hours at night, after class and on weekends in doing homework, in writing reports and in preparing for exams. Office and factory workers leave their work behind at quitting time and go home to other pursuits.

Perhaps college students can do with shorter vacations, but not for Doctor Kirk's reason.

M. F. SEIGAL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Let me remind the good doctor that students . . . are not paid for their work. But more important is the fact that all the time that a student spends working is spent learning something new, *not* in performing well-known tasks.

WILSON PRICE
Université Laval
Quebec, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Kirk states that, in many cases, summer work does nothing to stimulate the intellectual development of the student. This may be true in many instances, but he often receives benefits that he wouldn't get elsewhere. He gets a close-up view of the problems of the average

(Continued on Page 6)

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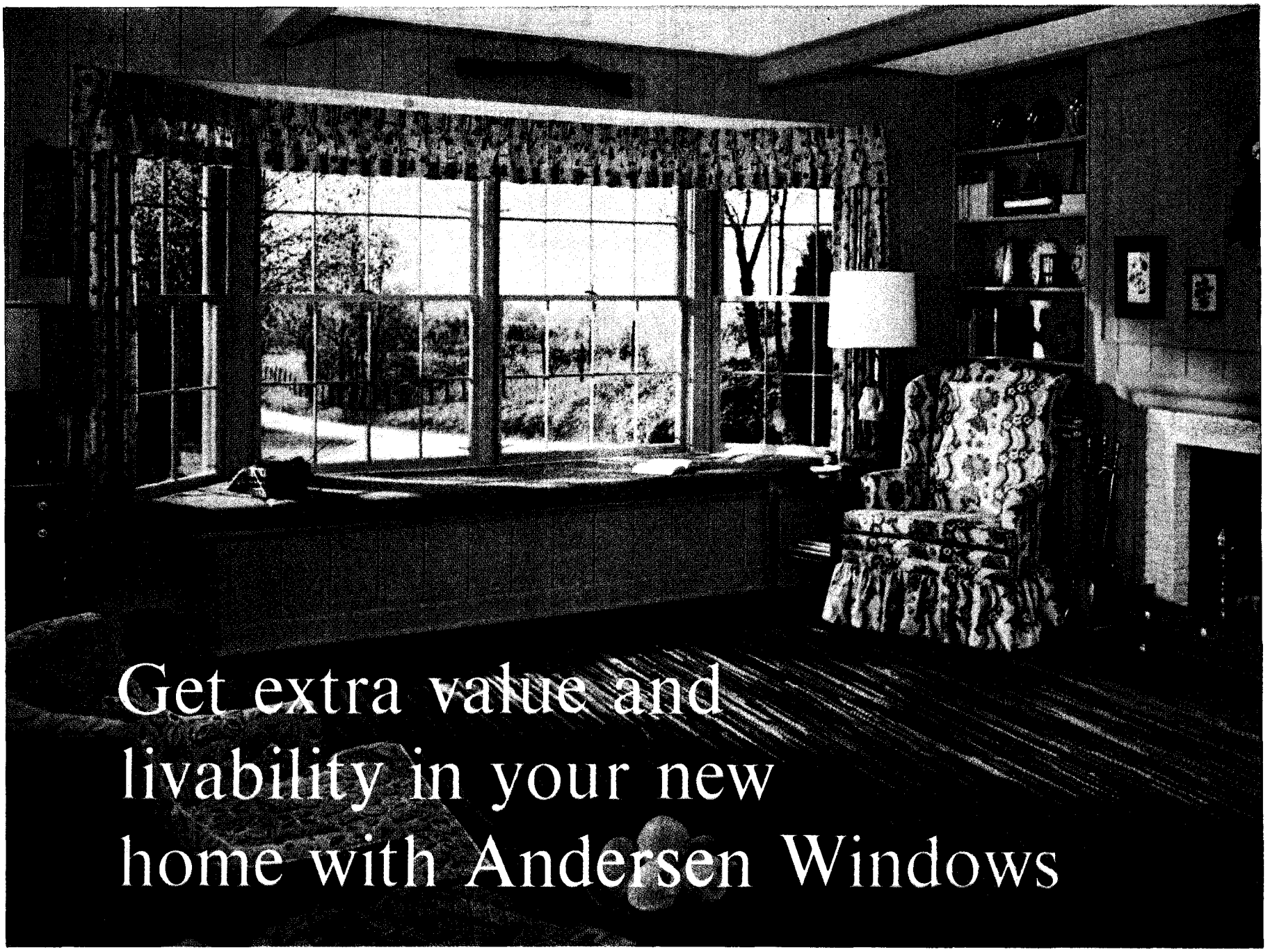

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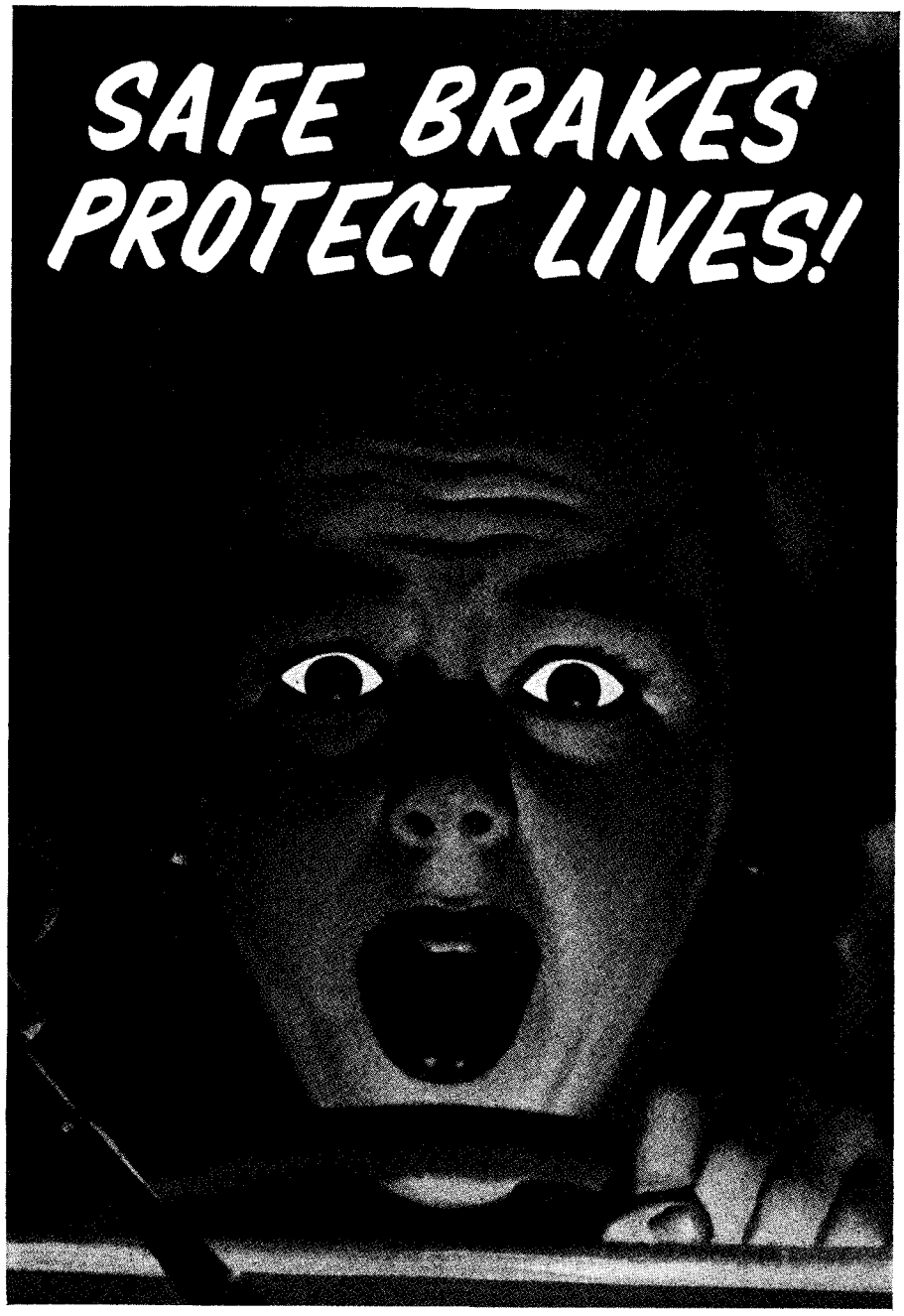

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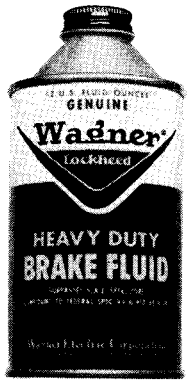

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

workingman that you could never get from a classroom or library. . . .

Doctor Kirk seems to deplore the fact that students are reluctant to borrow money for their education while the rest of society is caught up in a rash of installment buying. Personally, this conservatism on the part of college students seems to be rather healthy. Perhaps this is the start of the end of borrowing on the future.

G. RICHARD TYJEWSKI
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The real waste lies in the fact that our students spend two or three years more than Englishmen, Russians or other Europeans in getting preprofessional education, and an inferior one at that. This additional period represents a waste of taxpayers' money, a loss in the individual's productive life and a possible loss . . . to our civilization.

J. HENRY LANDMAN, *Professor of Law*
New York University
New York, N.Y.

Where Did He Read It?

Dear Sirs:

In your March 26 issue, Mr. Rockwell [MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR, by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell, Feb. 13-April 2] says that he cannot recall where he once read the phrase which appears on his Freedom of Worship painting, "Each according to the dictates of his own conscience." I wonder if it might have been taken from the eleventh (Mormon) Article of Faith: "We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience. . . ."

MARLENE G. MATHESON
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

Please tell Mr. Rockwell that the mystery is solved. The author [of the phrase] was . . . Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, and his is the first pronouncement of religious freedom by a man in complete authority to enforce it. His words, "*Jeder soll nach seiner eignen façon selig werden,*" mean, in translation, "To each according to the dictates of his own conscience—eternal bliss."

How inscrutable the ways of Providence that the great German should give an assist to a great American painter in his efforts to help finance the Second World War.

HANS E. ADRIANS
Staten Island, N.Y.

● *A closer translation would be: "Each must attain salvation after his own fashion."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps this will clear up the mystery. . . . I quote *First Church of Christ Scientist and Miscellany* by Mary Baker Eddy, "Freedom to worship God according to the dictates of enlightened conscience, and practical religion . . . are forever the privileges of the people of my dear old New Hampshire."

MARJORIE BEATTY
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

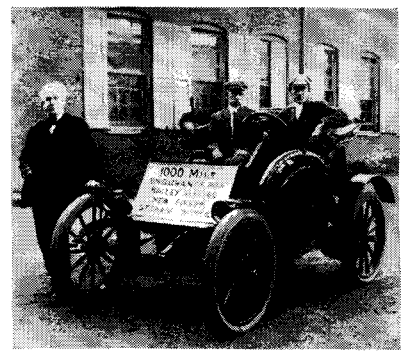
The Virginia state constitution [declares] that "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience."

MARY JANE WEAVER
Bath, Mich.

Juice With Many Uses

Dear Sirs:

ARE ELECTRIC CARS COMING BACK? by J. C. Furnas [Mar. 12] is most interesting. . . . However, on page 58 the author states that "alkaline batteries so far have been largely confined to military use." We as a company must take exception to this statement. Around the turn of the century, Thomas A. Edison invented and developed the nickel-iron alkaline battery. This battery is still manufactured by the McGraw-Edison Company and



Edison (left) and the Bailey.

has many civilian uses—in miners' electric cap lamps and materials handling equipment, for example, and as standby emergency power on the New York City, the Philadelphia and other subway systems.

The attached photo [above] shows one of the early, very successful uses of the Edison battery—as motive power for a circa 1910 Bailey electric automobile. That's Edison himself next to the car, which completed a 1000-mile endurance run without a breakdown.

J. A. MUSTARD JR.
McGraw-Edison Company
West Orange, N.J.

Mayhem on the Editorial Page

Dear Sirs:

In your Mar. 19 editorial [A RACE IN WELFARE PROGRAMS IS JUST WHAT WE DON'T NEED!] I read, "He cited one case of a man who had been described as totally disabled by a life-insurance company."

Adjectives fail me in trying to describe an insurance company so contemptible, odious, despicable, revolting and vile as to disable a helpless man completely.

H. S. BURROUGHS
Monroe, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6—McGraw-Edison. • 19—Birnback. • 20—Rene Burri from Magnum; map by Center Studio. • 21—Abner Dean. • 22, 23—Ken Davies. • 24—Morgan Kane. • 25—Gus Pasquarella. • 26, 27—Gus Pasquarella. • 28, 29—Hanson Carroll. • 30—Eugene Kammerman; Wide World. • 31—Robert McGinnis. • 33—Eric Schaal. • 34, 35—Fred Ludekens. 36, 37—Joern Gerdts. • 38, 39—Earl Mayan. • 43—Stan Galli. • 128—Wide World; Elizabeth Morris; Henry Ries.

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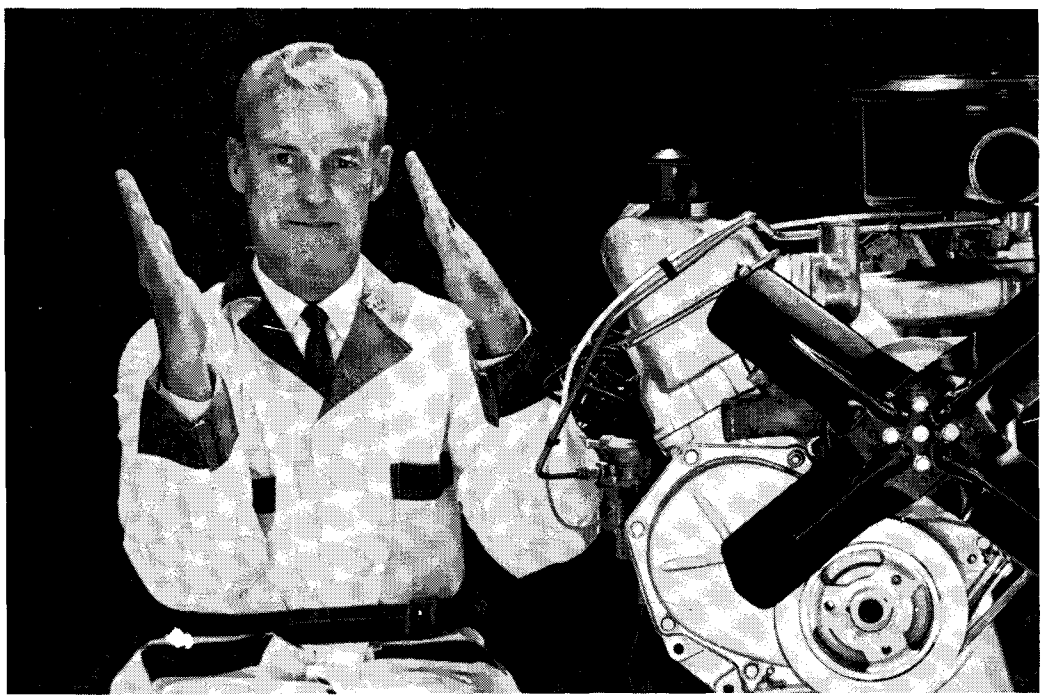
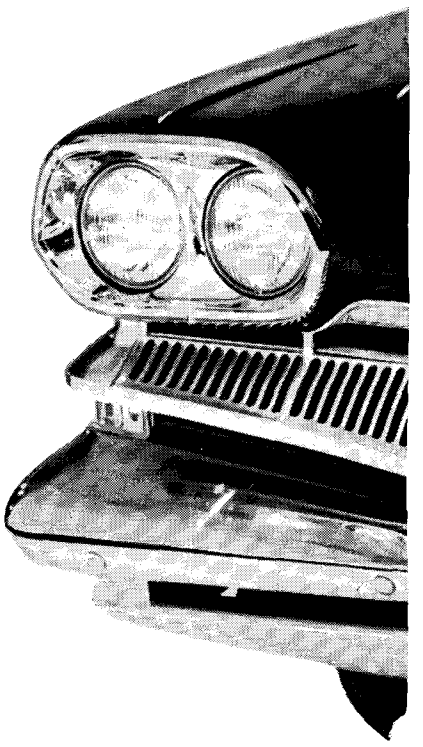
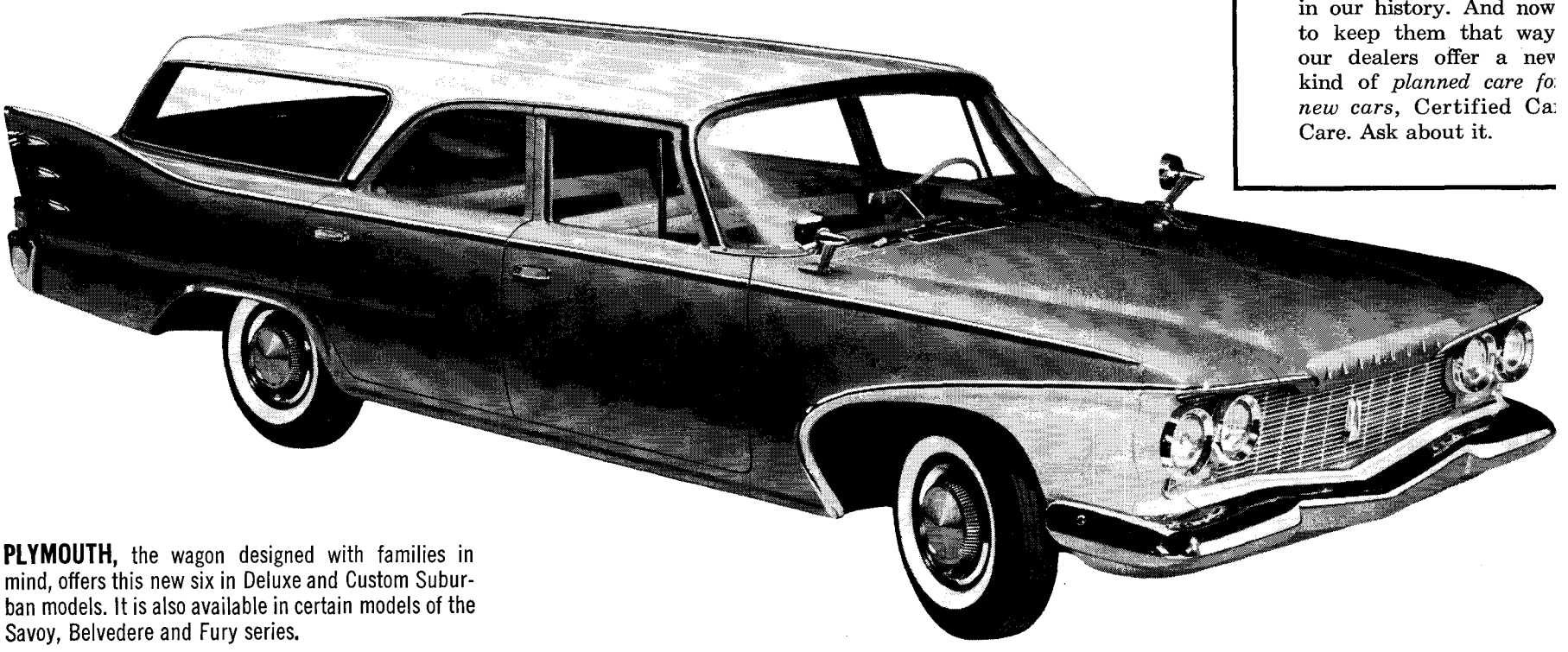
Chrysler Corporation's new six-cylinder engine gives you 20% more passing power ... saves you 15% more on gas (like paying 4¢ less a gallon)



The secret is in the slant. New engine is inclined at a 30° angle. This allows space for an advanced manifold system that contributes importantly to high performance together with high economy.



Ours are the most-watched over assembly lines in th industry. All 1960 cars g through 38 major inspec tion points, making then the best-put-together car in our history. And now to keep them that way our dealers offer a nev kind of *planned care fo new cars*, Certified Ca Care. Ask about it.



PLYMOUTH, the wagon designed with families in mind, offers this new six in Deluxe and Custom Suburban models. It is also available in certain models of the Savoy, Belvedere and Fury series.

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a gallon

DODGE DART—Chrysler Corporation's new full-size entry in the popular-priced field—offers the new overhead-valve, six cylinder engine in the Seneca and Pioneer models.

Here's a new kind of six that'll step out and eat up turnpike miles as no other six, yet fuel stops come like a camel's, few and far between.

In plain statistics, it gets up to 20% more go power than previous sixes and gives you two or three more miles per gallon, too (like getting gas 4¢ a gallon cheaper).

This new engine is mounted at a 30° angle to permit a larger manifold system. Long cast-aluminum tubes guide fuel and air to the cylinders to give it performance and efficiency sixes never knew before. And, because of the slant, the engine sits lower to the ground. It helps give the car a lower center of gravity and greater driving stability.

You can see the difference when you lift the hood. You can feel it in the driver's seat. A touch of the throttle gives you instant obedience, no back talk. This new kind of six is available in Plymouth and Dodge Dart models (with a smaller version in the Valiant). Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.

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Editorials

Why Can't the States Get Together on Voting Rules?

For a nation that prides itself on universal suffrage, the United States certainly puts up with a whimsical variety of rules and regulations for getting adults of sound mind onto the voting lists. For instance, if you move from South Carolina to Idaho, you can re-register as a voter in six months' time. However, if you move from Idaho to South Carolina, it will take you two years to get your voting privileges back. That is, unless you are a minister of the Gospel, in which case you will be allowed to vote in six months.

Such examples of nonconformity can be multiplied many times. Some states require six months' residence, some a year's residence and some two years' residence before a person can be registered as a voter. If a person moves from county to county in the same state, he stays off the voting rolls for periods that vary from thirty days in Nevada to one year in Louisiana. Even the business of moving from one precinct to another in the same community is attended by wildly varying consequences. If you move from one precinct to another in Jackson, Mississippi, you lose your right to vote for a year—even if you merely moved across the street. But if you move from precinct to precinct in Madison, Wisconsin, you can get yourself re-registered in ten days' time. The figures for the other states fluctuate between these extremes.

Residence requirements are only one part of the tangled situation. Five of the states require annual poll taxes, varying from one dollar to two dollars. Eighteen of the states require literacy tests. Seven of the states require voters to take loyalty oaths. Forty-six of them require voters to be twenty-one years old, but Georgia and Kentucky let their residents vote at eighteen, Alaska at nineteen and Hawaii at twenty.

Disqualification of persons from the privilege of voting is treated in individualistic fashion by the various states. Michigan disqualifies no citizen. However, most of the other states draw the line at idiots, insane persons and criminals. Wisconsin, Virginia and Nevada also bar persons engaging in duels; Florida, anyone "interested in an election wager"; Idaho, "persons of Mongolian descent not born in the United States"; Mississippi, untaxed Indians, and Oklahoma, residents of poorhouses. Rhode Island withholds the ballot from persons living on land ceded to the Federal Government, while Pennsylvania turns thumbs down on anyone guilty of election bribery.

This odd lack of consistency in voting requirements stems from the fact that the states are responsible for establishing voting requirements—even for elections to Federal office. Some of these differences are unimportant. But others, such as the age and residence requirements, differ too much from state to state, at any rate in national elections. It has been estimated that between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 Americans are barred from voting at every presidential election simply because they have moved too recently. With our people becoming more mobile, this problem will not be solved until some of the horse-and-buggy rules are brought up to date. For instance, if all the states adopted Iowa's residence requirements of six months in the state, sixty days in the county and ten days in the precinct, the number of unwillingly disenfranchised American citizens might be halved.

The answer is not for the Federal Government to step into the act, but for the states to face the obvious proposition that uniformity in voting requirements is just common sense.

Former Summit Conferences Brought Disastrous Defeats to the Free World

By GEORGE N. CROCKER

"Those who have forgotten history," wrote the philosopher Santayana, "are destined to repeat it." Since we are about to embark on a new round of summit conferences, it would be foolhardy to forget earlier ones, particularly those spectacular meetings of some years ago when Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin were the performers on the world stage. President Eisenhower no doubt is well briefed on what happened when the wartime President took the road that led him finally, in February of 1945, to the soil of Russia. The next occupant of the White House—whoever he may be—will also have the record to refer to. He should not forget Stalin when he talks to Khrushchev.

The research for my recent book, *Roosevelt's Road to Russia*, revealed some things about one Communist dictator and one American President and about summit conferences, which we can overlook only at our peril.

Stalin had a dour personality, but he could smile and flatter and cajole when he wanted to. And the American President of that day lapped it up. "I like this man," Roosevelt told Frances Perkins, his Secretary of Labor, referring to Stalin, "and I want to remain on good terms with him."

Stalin ended up with the keys to China in his pocket for his Chinese Communist cronies and with a gigantic East European empire, which has been able to threaten Western civilization ever since.

At a banquet at Yalta on February 8, 1945, Stalin rose and proposed a toast: "I want to drink to our alliance. . . . In the history of diplomacy I know of no such close alliance. . . . In an alliance the allies should not deceive each other. Perhaps this is naïve? Experienced diplomatists may say, 'Why should I not deceive my ally?' But I as a naïve man think it is best not to deceive my ally even if he is a fool." President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill raised their glasses and drank with the dictator.

But what followed Yalta? The British military historian, Chester Wilmot, summarizes the bitter fruits of that conference in these true words, "Before the end of March the Yalta Agreement had been broken or disregarded by the Russians in every important case which had so far been put to the test of action."

In September, 1944, it was time for Roosevelt and Churchill to decide what their policy would be for postwar Germany, so they held a "Big Two" conference in Quebec. In the few days before Roosevelt left for Quebec, Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of State Hull—who were not invited to the conference—went to the White House to talk with him. Stimson, fresh from these intimate chats, wrote in his diary that the President's physical condition troubled him and that he feared that Roosevelt was going to the conference "without any real preparation for the solution of . . . the problem of how to treat Germany." The Secretary added that, so far as he had evidence on the subject, Roosevelt "has had absolutely no study or training in the very difficult problem which we have to decide."

At Quebec Mr. Roosevelt took his pen in hand and wrote, "O.K.—F.D.R.," at the bottom of a barbaric plan, drawn up by Harry Dexter White, to pastoralize Germany and wreck her mines. Then he returned to Washington. Secretary Hull, horrified, rushed to the White House to tell him this would "punish not only Germany but also most of Europe." Secretary Stimson also hastened to protest turning the center of Europe "into a dust heap." He lunched with the President, who said "he had no idea how he could have initialed this; that he had evidently done it without much thought"!

Five months later F.D.R. was at Yalta, where new surprises for Europe and Asia were hatched, some remaining long secret. With the same casualness he had shown at Quebec, he agreed that Germany was to be dismembered and that Berlin was to be a "joint zone" inside of and entirely surrounded by the Soviet zone of occupation. This worked out nicely for the Russians. For years afterward they were able to pull the West into a crisis over Berlin whenever they chose. They are doing that right now, hoping to win concessions from the West in their march toward world Communist domination.

Mr. Crocker is a San Francisco lawyer, graduate of the Harvard Law School and author of *Roosevelt's Road to Russia* (Regnery), an account of our most disastrous summit adventures. —THE EDITORS

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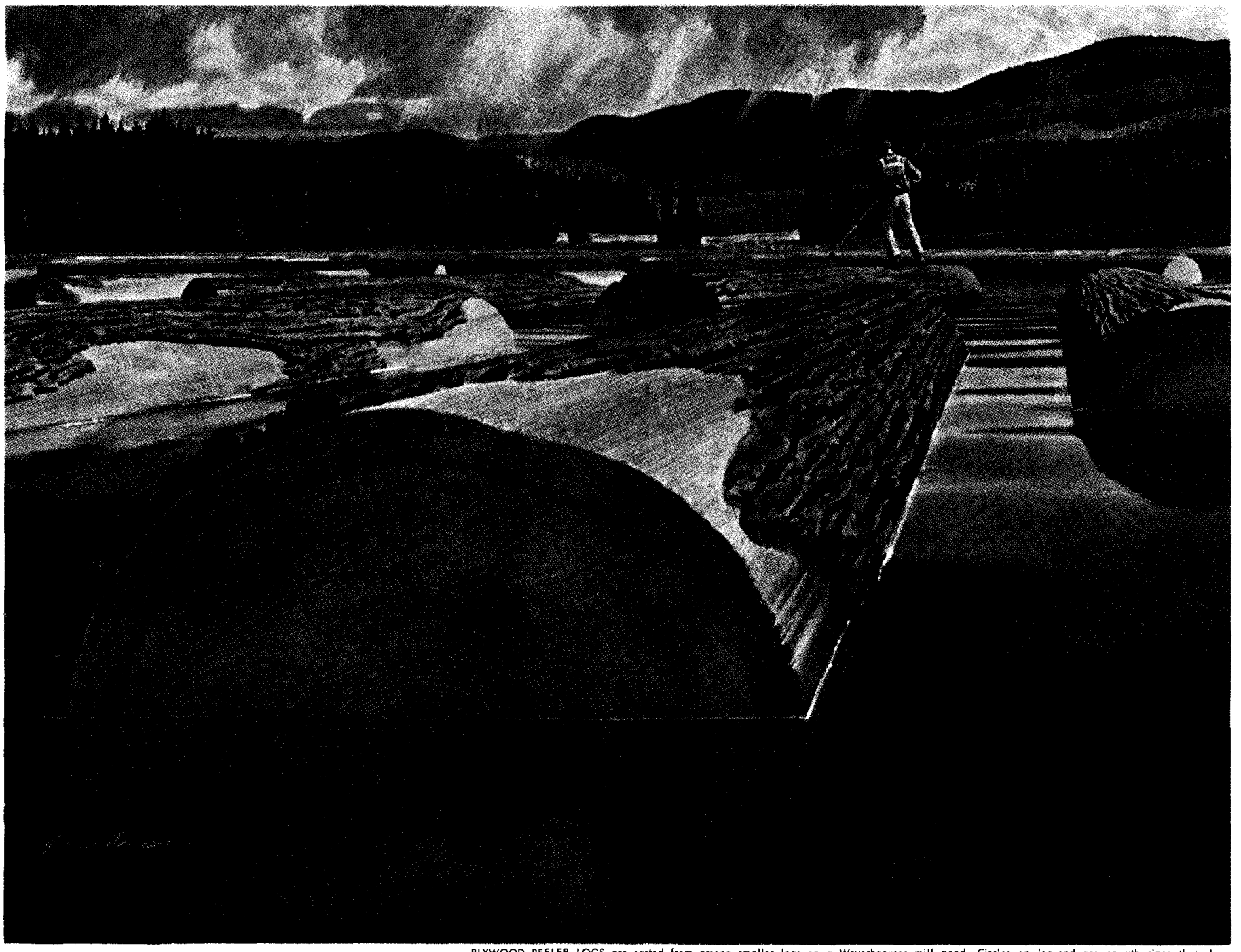

PLYWOOD PEELER LOGS are sorted from among smaller logs on a Weyerhaeuser mill pond. Circles on log-end are growth rings that show annual increase in size of tree. Their varying distances apart indicate that trees add wood quite rapidly when young; more slowly as they mature.

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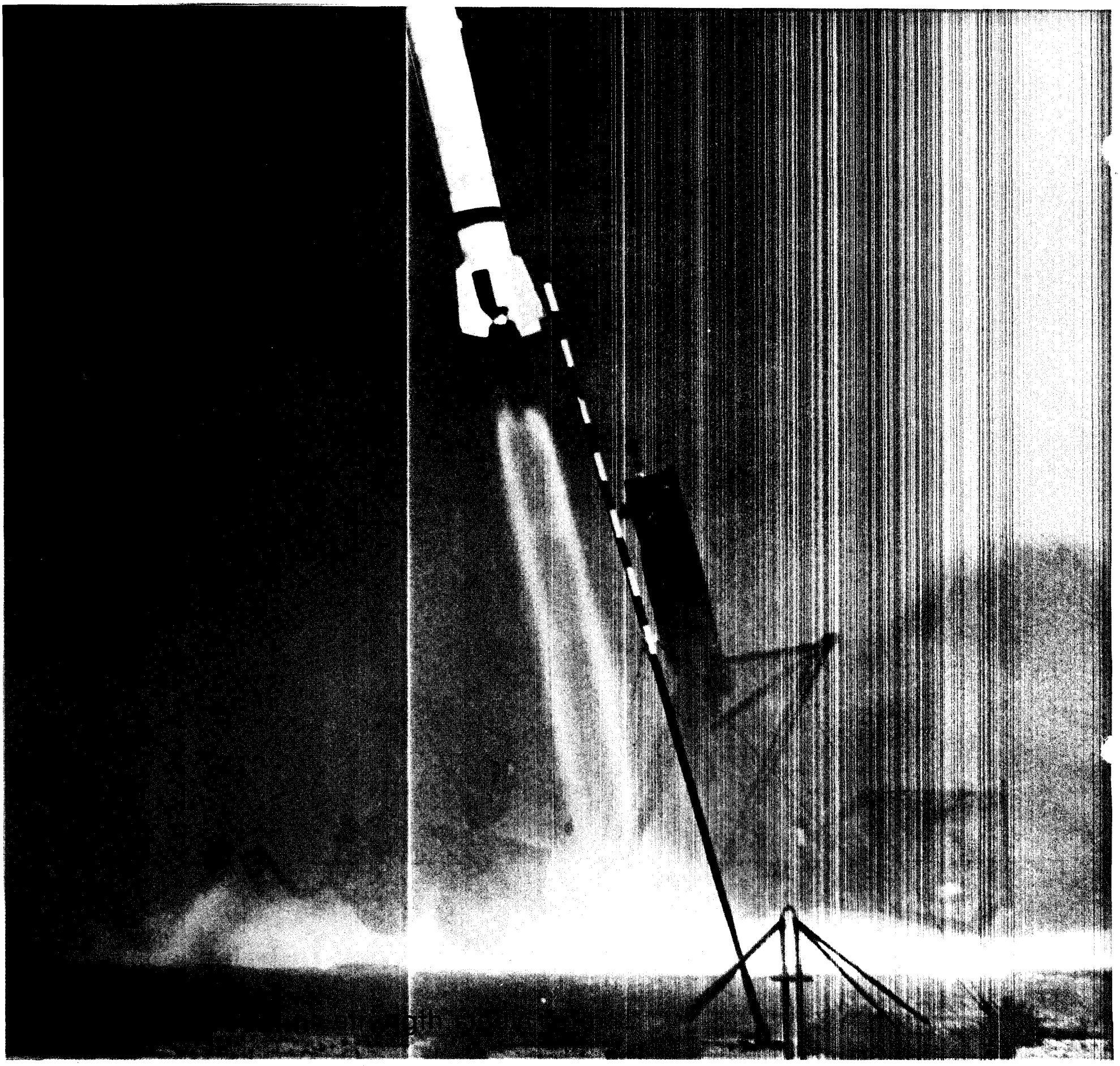

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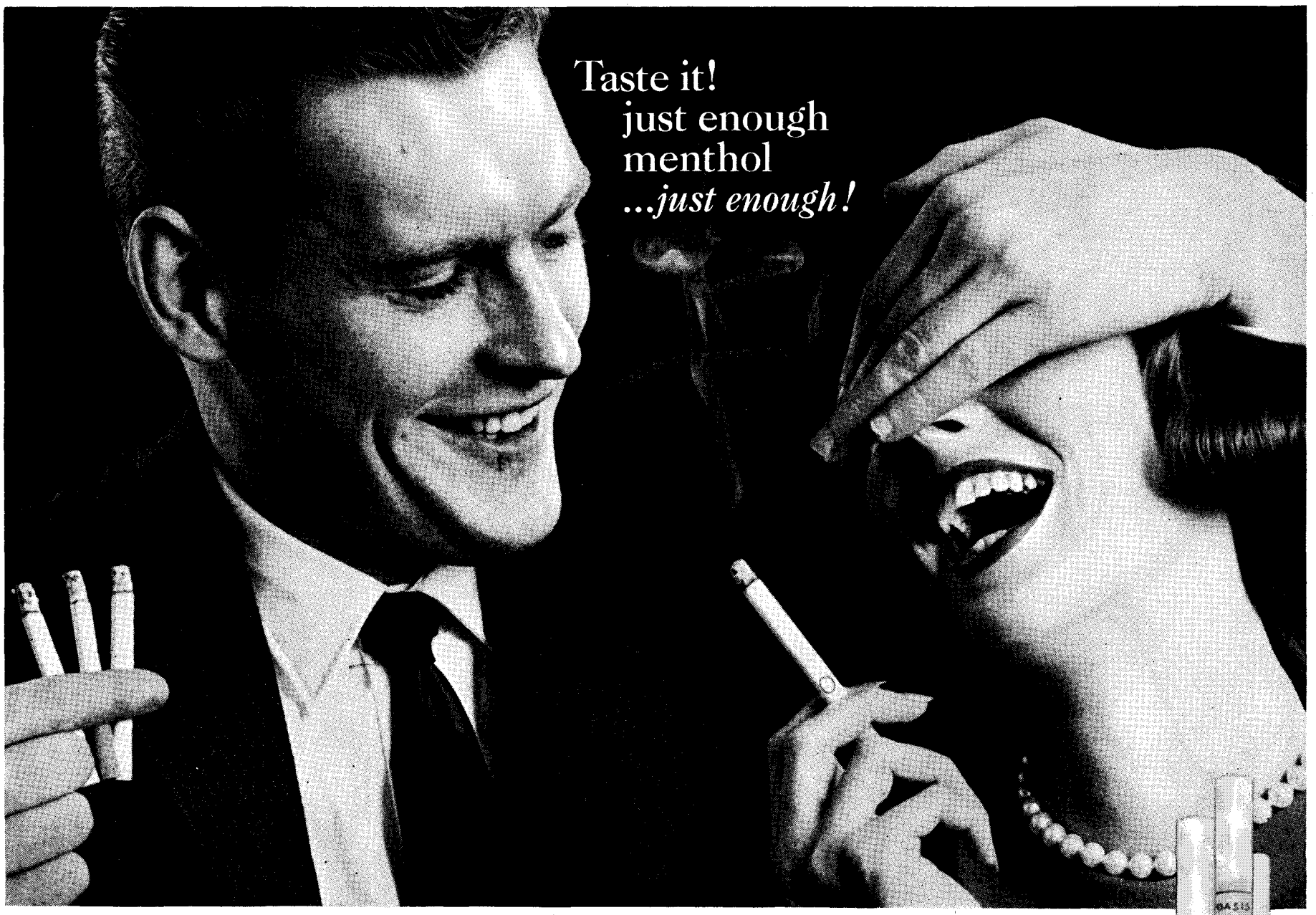

7 out of 10 menthol smokers say Oasis has just enough menthol...*just enough!*

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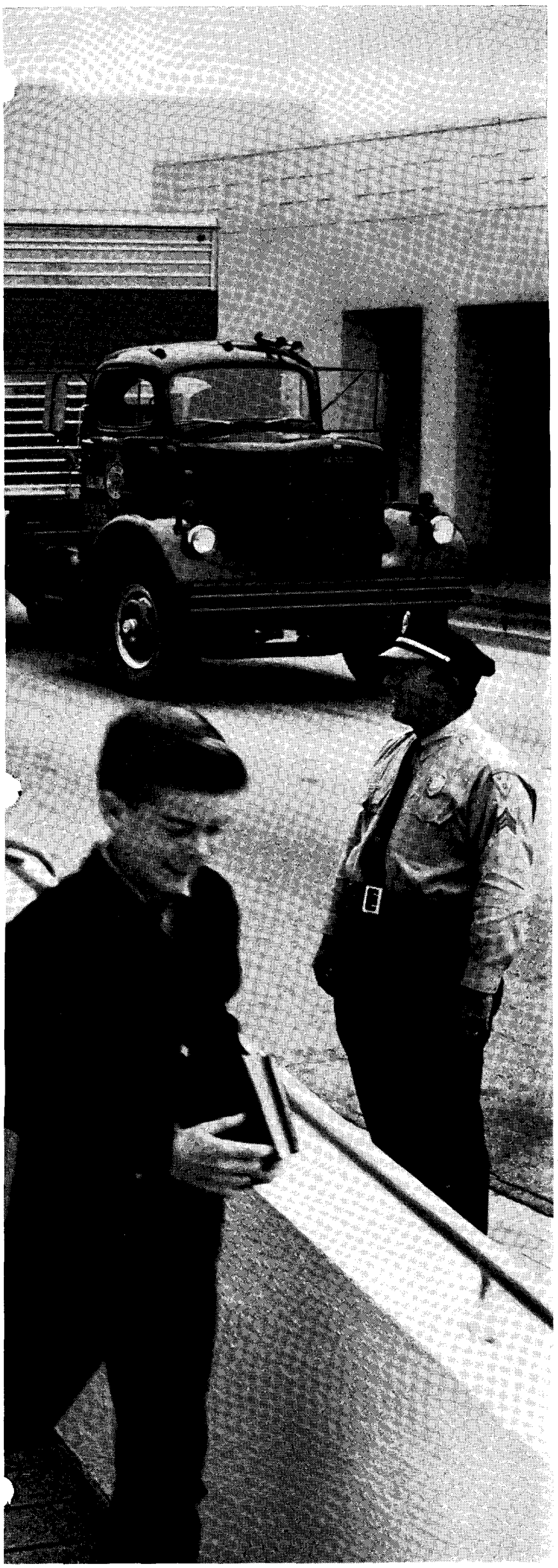

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With 3,000,000 new faces a year making America's "population explosion" a galloping reality, our trucking industry, too, is expanding to meet multiplying demands.

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The trucking industry *is* thinking about it—is blueprinting far ahead, in fact. In 1975, it expects to spend for goods and services, on its own, a staggering $75,582,000,000 to keep pace with the fantastic acceleration of our economy anticipated by then.

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saves time for bonus miles with all-new Rotary Valve Power Steering

Roll up those money-making miles . . . faster and easier than ever before . . . with GMC's big breakthrough in low-effort power steering.

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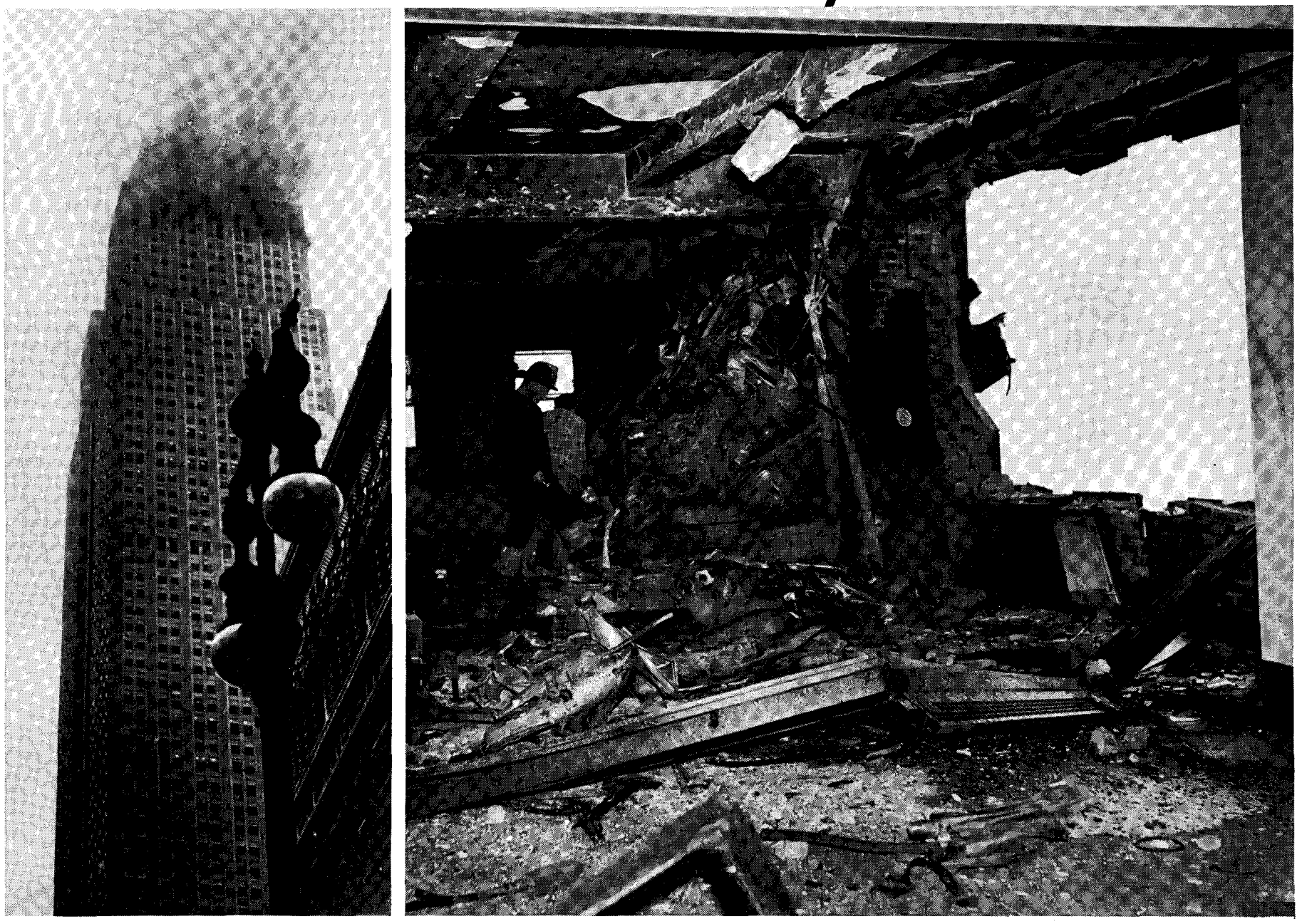

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

An early morning fog lies heavily on the city. Along Fifth Avenue, the first trickle of Saturday shoppers is just beginning to appear—when suddenly, the air is filled with the clattering thunder of an aircraft. Incredibly, the murky silhouette of an Army bomber is seen to zoom low overhead and crash, in a burst of flame, into the side of the Empire State Building!

The personal tragedies resulting from this spectacular collision were mitigated to some extent by compensation from insurance. Most of the victims were covered by a company of the Royal-Globe Insurance Group.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest and most respected insurance groups in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*

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THE MIDDLE EAST: EXPLOSIVE, ENIGMATIC

By James Morris

Crisscrossed by frontiers, rivalries and hatreds, the oil-rich Arab world has achieved independence before reaching maturity.

Where is the heart of the earth? Some would say the great grain bowl of America: When Dickens arrived in Chicago, a man on the train remarked to him as they steamed into the depot, "Sir, you are entering the boss city of the universe!" Others might think the vast Russian wastelands of Central Asia: God made Bokhara, says a legend from Turkistan, and added the world as an afterthought. A few resilient Britons still flatter themselves that the globe revolves around Piccadilly Circus.

Many stanch Tibetans claim their heartless uplands to be the apex of creation. Most Venetians seem to suppose that the arts, sciences and skills of civilization eddy outward, in ever-weakening ripples, from the Piazza of Saint Mark. There are even cranks who assert that we are all of us staggering, in orbits hazy but fateful, round and round

Arabs celebrate the end of Ramadan, the holy month of Islam.

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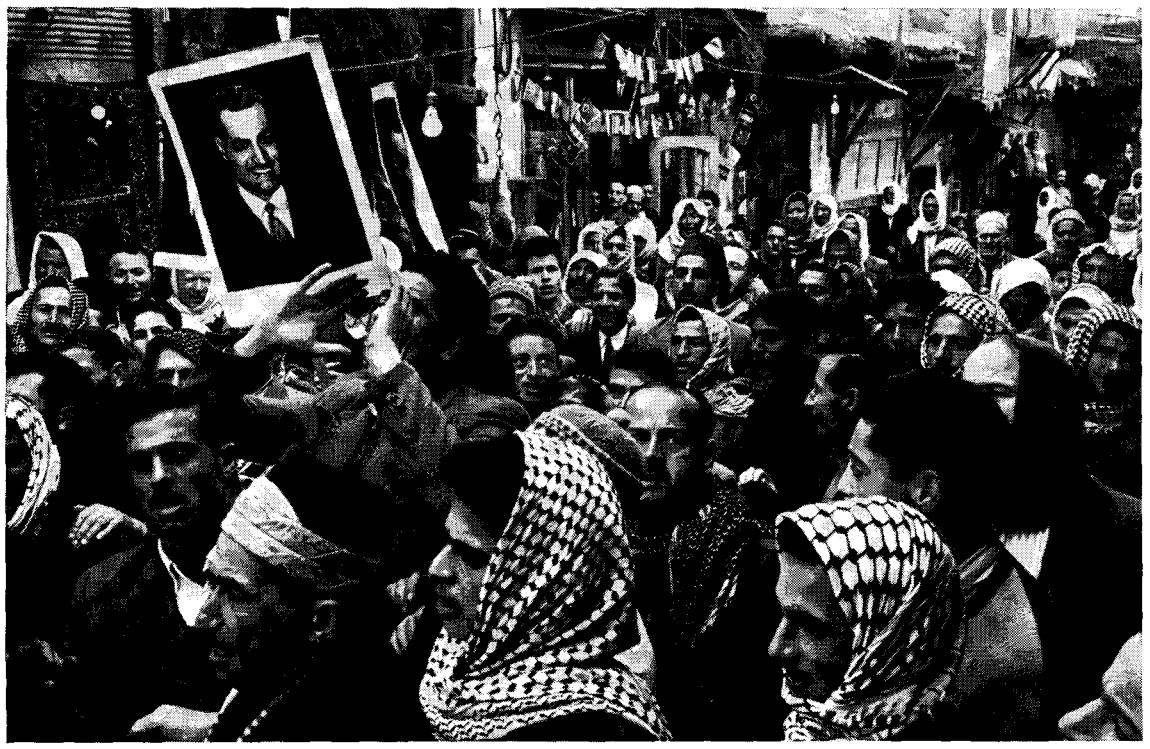
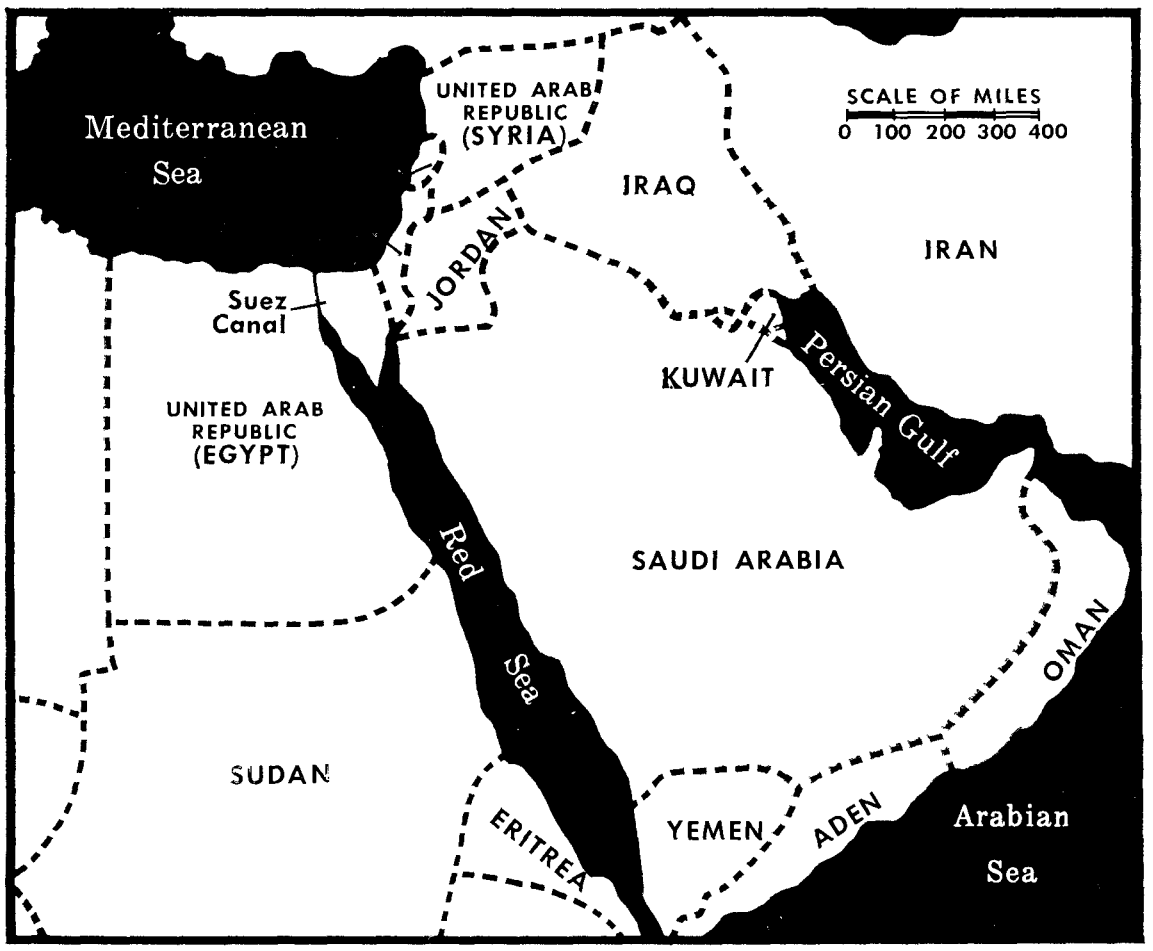
the Great Pyramid of Cheops, that enigmatic key to universal knowledge.

Of all the claims to be the center of things, though, the most telling is that of the Arab Middle East, that slab of dusty, sterile, arid, rancid, quarrelsome, passionate, fascinating country that lies like a judgment between the Mediterranean and the Iranian massif. It is the bridge that links Europe, Africa and Asia. It is the eastern dike of the Mediterranean basin. It lies halfway between East and West, between the newest world and the oldest, between Chartres and the Taj Mahal, between Boston and Peking, between brown and white, between the jazz age and the aphorisms of old Confucius.

Strategically it has been seen by a succession of conquerors as a door to world domination—"Egypt," said Napoleon, "is the most important country in the world." Spiritually it is the birthplace of the great monotheistic religions—Judaism, Christianity, Islam. Historically it has engendered a series of powerful and gifted peoples, from Adam and Eve by way of the misty Hittites, the lofty Pharaohs, the mighty Assyrians and the mysterious, antique Arabians, to the brilliant Jews and the mercurial Arabs of today. Ethnically it is the home above all of the Semites, tempered on their fringes by infusions of Negro and Caucasian blood, and sometimes bequeathed a shock of blond hair by a passing Crusader or a British Tommy. Geologically it stands above—indeed, wallows in—the world's greatest known reservoirs of oil.



Street scene in Damascus during the 1958 balloting to confirm the merger of Egypt and Syria into the United Arab Republic. Both countries overwhelmingly approved the union and Nasser as its president.



The Middle East—strategic and volatile link between two worlds.

Yet the mystic paramountcy of this place is tinged with tragedy. For all its talents, its resources and its glittering past, the Middle East, now dominated by the Arabs, is one of the most pitiful of the world's regions. It is a parched, begrudging territory. Some of its inhabitants are rich, but most are very, very poor. It is a place of dirt, squalor, flaunted plutocracy, embittered poverty, withered ideals and wasted gifts.

It is an ominous place, trigger-happy and precarious. Its tempers flare like forked lightning, its grievances grumble among the oil rigs. Its atmosphere is always tense and feverish, and it feels as though one careless political spark could fire a prodigy among explosions—as though some petty parochial squabble, a misunderstanding over oil rights or air space, a spitting vendetta, an obscure assassination—as though some chance insult or solecism could cause a convulsion so ferocious and so uncontrollable that all the rest of us would eventually, willy-nilly, find ourselves involved.

Today, for those of visionary instincts, the ultimate significance of the Middle East is contained in a dreadful fact: within these frontiers lies the field of Armageddon, that last carnage place of the prophets. The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Israelites, the Turks and the British all fought crucial battles at this spot; and generations of seers have believed that if ever the human race fights its final battle of mutual extermination, it will fight it here, on the road to Nazareth and Tiberias, between the Nile and the Golden Horn.

Poppycock in purple prose, the cynics will say; but nobody will deny that this is dangerous country. Since the first scratchings of history it has been an area of instability, only pacified and tamed when some transient empire or potentate has, for a few decades or a few centuries, imposed some semblance of order upon it. In modern times first the Turks, then the British made themselves the suzerains of the Middle East, and grafted a fitful unity upon its territories; but the days of the old-fashioned empires are irrevocably gone, and today this fateful region has relapsed into patchwork. The Arabs have driven out their foreign masters, but have not achieved a common nationhood.

As every newspaper reader long ago discovered, the Middle East today is crisscrossed with frontiers, hatreds and rivalries. Within its generally accepted frontiers there are six independent Arab states—the United Arab Republic (which combines Egypt and Syria), the republics of Iraq and Lebanon, and the kingdoms of Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Yemen. Around the fringes of the Arabian peninsula there straggles an assembly of motley principalities—emirates and sultanates and protectorates and sheikdoms—which are leftovers of the British raj, and owe their continued existence, in (Continued on Page 106)

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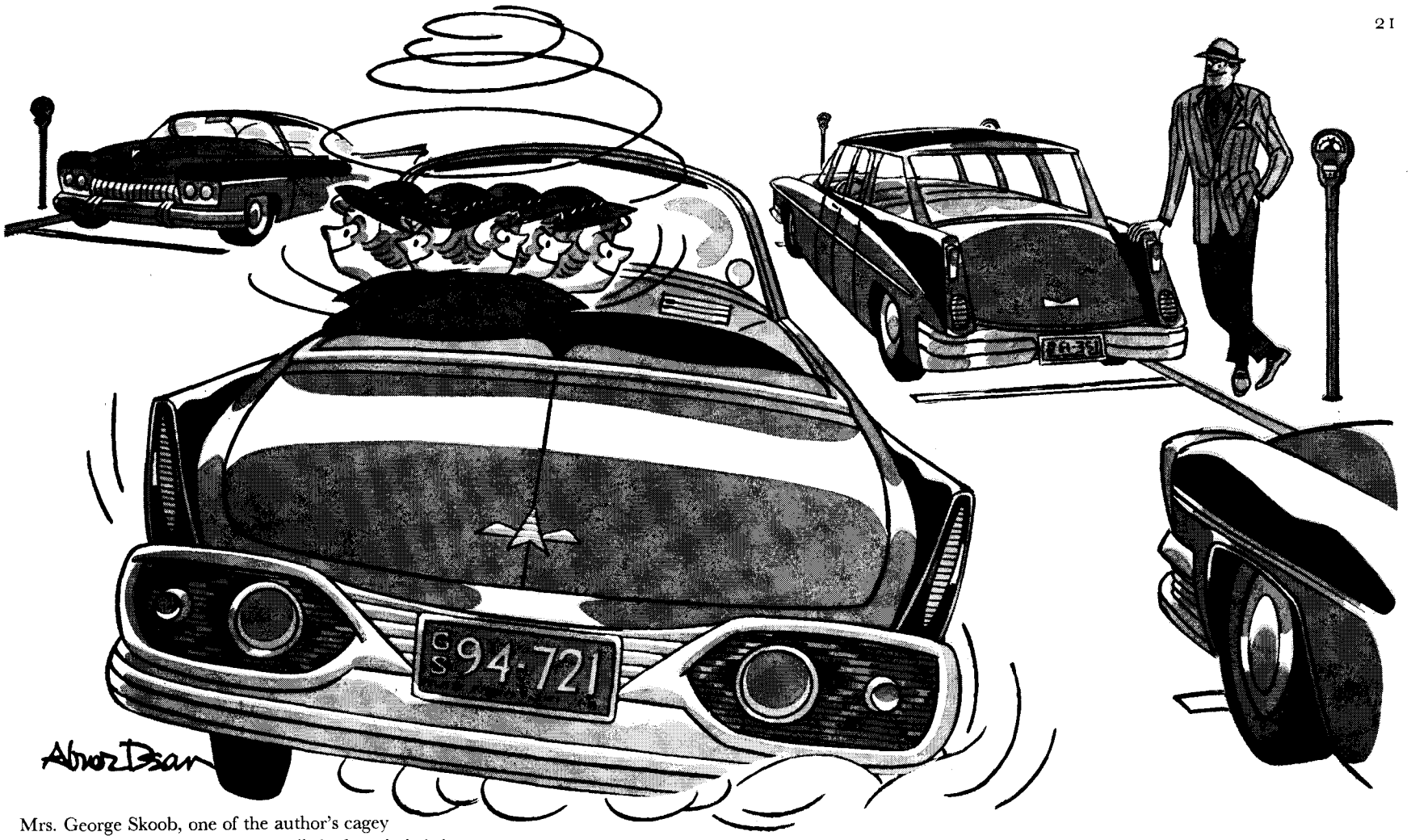

Mrs. George Skoob, one of the author's cagey neighbors, never parks her car until she has circled the plaza and found the meter with the most time left.

Life Among the Pioneers

A famous humorist reports on the living habits of America's twentieth-century frontiersman—the wily suburbanite.

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Another crafty exurbanite is a bachelor girl who tells her friends she is living on yogurt. Naturally they invite her over for a square meal.

I am a citizen of the untamed wilderness, a horny-handed pioneer living next door to nature in a harsh land that has come to be known as Exurbia. Out here the law of tooth and claw still prevails. We have not grown soft and flabby in the manner of city folk. It is required of us, here on the rough frontier, that we live by our wits, morning, noon and night.

Just today I was down in the settlement and I observed the arrival of Mrs. George Skoob, a true pioneer woman. I noted that she circled the plaza slowly, going around several times, and then she pulled in and stopped; and I went over and asked if she was in any trouble.

"Nope," she said in her usual forthright manner. "I was just looking for the meter with the most on it." She had found one with twenty-two minutes still on it. She always shops around that way, trying to get the best bargain for her money—or rather for someone else's money. She gestured toward the meter with its black needle up near the middle point and said grimly, "Dog eat dog."

Out in this semicivilized land, a good forty miles from New York City, we hold to the survival of the smartest. One of our ladies is called by the name of bachelor girl, meaning that she lives (Continued on Page 49)

The author himself is a cunning frontiersman. Whenever his sink is clogged, he asks his pal Bennett over for a drink. (Bennett's hobby is plumbing.)

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THE DRUMMER

In the April night, more than once, blossoms fell from the orchard trees and lighted with rustling taps on the drumhead. At midnight a peach stone left miraculously on a branch through winter, flicked by a bird, fell swift and unseen; it struck once, like panic, and jerked the boy upright. In silence he listened to his own heart ruffle away, away—at last gone from his ears and back in his chest again.

After that he turned the drum on its side, where its great lunar face peered at him whenever he opened his eyes.

His face, alert or at rest, was solemn. It was a solemn time and a solemn night for a boy just turned fourteen in the peach orchard near Owl Creek not far from the church at Shiloh.

". . . thirty-one . . . thirty-two . . . thirty-three." Unable to see, he stopped counting.

Beyond the thirty-three familiar shadows forty thousand men, exhausted by nervous expectation and unable to sleep for romantic dreams of battles yet unfought, lay crazily askew in their uniforms. A mile farther on, another army was strewn helter-skelter, turning slowly, basting themselves with the thought of what they would do when the time came—a leap, a yell, a blind plunge their strategy, raw youth their protection and benediction.

Now and again the boy heard a vast wind come up that gently stirred the air. But he knew what it was—the army here, the army there, whispering to itself in the dark. Some men talking to others, others murmuring to themselves, and all so quiet it was like a natural element arisen from South or North with the motion of the earth toward dawn.

What the men whispered the boy could only guess and he guessed that it was "Me, I'm the one, I'm the one of all the rest who won't die. I'll live through it. I'll go home. The band will play. And I'll be there to hear it."

Yes, thought the boy, *that's all very well for them, they can give as good as they get!*

For with the careless bones of the young men, harvested by night and bindled around campfires, were the similarly strewn steel bones of their rifles with bayonets fixed like eternal lightning lost in the orchard grass.

Me, thought the boy, *I got only a drum, two sticks to beat it, and no shield.*

There wasn't a man-boy on this ground tonight who did not have a shield he cast, riveted or carved himself on his way to his first attack, compounded of remote but nonetheless firm and fiery family devotion, flag-blown patriotism and cocksure immortality strengthened by the touchstone of very real gunpowder, ramrod, Minié ball and flint. But without these last, the boy felt his family move yet farther off in the dark, as if one of those great prairie-burning trains had chanted them away, never to return—leaving him with this drum which was worse than a toy in the game to be played tomorrow or someday much too soon.

The boy turned on his side. A moth brushed his face, but it was peach blossom. A peach blossom flicked him, but it was a moth. Nothing stayed put. Nothing had a name. Nothing was as it once was.

If he stayed very still, when the dawn came up and the soldiers put on their bravery with their caps, perhaps they might go away, the war with them, and not notice him lying small here, no more than a toy himself.

"Well, by thunder now," said a voice. The boy shut his eyes to hide inside himself, but it was too late. Someone, walking by in the night, stood over him. "Well," said the voice quietly, "here's a soldier crying *before* the fight. Good. Get it over. Won't be time once it all starts."

And the voice was about to move on when the boy, startled, touched the drum at his elbow. The man above, hearing this, stopped. The boy could feel his eyes, sense him slowly bending near. A hand must have come down out of the night, for there was a little *rat-tat* as the fingernails brushed and the man's breath fanned the boy's face.

"Why, it's the drummer boy, isn't it?"

The boy nodded, not knowing if his nod was seen. "Sir, is that you?" he said.

"I assume it is." The man's knees cracked as he bent still closer. He smelled as all fathers should smell, of salt-sweat, tobacco, horse and boot leather, and the earth he walked upon. He had many eyes. No, not eyes, brass buttons that watched the boy.

He could only be, and was, the general. "What's your name, boy?" he asked.

"Joby, sir," whispered the boy, starting to sit up.

"All right, Joby, don't stir." A hand pressed his chest gently, and the boy relaxed. "How long you been with us, Joby?"

"Three weeks, sir."

"Run off from home or join legitimate, boy?"

Silence.

"Damn-fool question," said the general. "Do you shave yet, boy? Even more of a fool. There's your cheek, fell right off the tree overhead. And the others here, not much older. Raw, raw, damn raw, the lot of you. You ready for tomorrow or the next day, Joby?"

"I think so, sir."

"You want to cry some more, go on ahead. I did the same last night."

"You, sir?"

"God's truth. Thinking of everything ahead. Both sides figuring the other side will just give up, and soon, and the war done in weeks and us all home. Well, that's not how it's going to be. And maybe that's why I cried."

"Yes, sir," said Joby.

The general must have taken out a cigar now, for the dark was suddenly filled with the

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A short story by *RAY BRADBURY*

BOY OF SHILOH

Indian smell of tobacco unlighted yet, but chewed as the man thought what next to say.

"It's going to be a crazy time," said the general. "Counting both sides, there's a hundred thousand men—give or take a few thousand—out there tonight, not one as can spit a sparrow off a tree, or knows a horse clod from a Minié ball. Stand up, bare the breast, ask to be a target, thank them and sit down, that's us, that's them. We should turn tail and train four months, they should do the same. But here we are, taken with spring fever and thinking it blood lust, taking our sulphur with cannons instead of with molasses, as it should be—going to be a hero, going to live forever. And I can see all them over there nodding agreement, save the other way around. It's wrong, boy, it's wrong as a head put on hindside front and a man marching backward through life. Sometime this week more innocents will get shot out of pure Cherokee enthusiasm than ever got shot before. Owl Creek was full of boys splashing around in the noonday sun just a few hours ago. I fear it will be full of boys again, just floating, at sundown tomorrow, not caring where the current takes them."

The general stopped and made a little pile of winter leaves and twigs in the dark as if he might at any moment strike fire to them to see his way through the coming days when the sun might not show its face because of what was happening here and just beyond.

The boy watched the hand stirring the leaves and opened his lips to say something, but did not say it. The general heard the boy's breath and spoke himself.

"Why am I telling you this? That's what you wanted to ask, eh? Well, when you got a bunch of wild horses on a loose rein somewhere, somehow you got to bring order, rein them in. These lads, fresh out of the milkshed, don't know what I know; and I can't tell them—men actually die in war. So each is his own army. I got to make one army of them. And for that, boy, I need you."

"Me!" The boy's lips barely twitched.

"You, boy," said the general quietly. "You are the heart of the army. Think about that. You are the heart of the army. Listen to me, now."

And lying there, Joby listened. And the general spoke. If he, Joby, beat slow tomorrow, the heart would beat slow in the men. They would lag by the wayside. They would drowse in the fields on their muskets. They would sleep forever after that—in those same fields, their hearts slowed by a drummer boy and stopped by enemy lead.

But if he beat a sure, steady, ever faster rhythm, then, then, their knees would come up in a long line down over that hill, one knee after the other, like a wave on the ocean shore. Had he seen the ocean ever? Seen the waves rolling in like a well-ordered cavalry charge to the sand? Well, that was it, that's what he wanted, that's what was needed. Joby was his right hand and his left. He gave the orders, but Joby set the pace.

So bring the right knee up and the right foot out and the left knee up and the left foot out, one following the other in good time, in brisk time. Move the blood up the body and make the head proud and the spine stiff and the jaw resolute. Focus the eye and set the teeth, flare the nostril and tighten the hands, put steel armor all over the men, for blood moving fast in them does indeed make men feel as if they'd put on steel. He must keep at it, at it! Long and steady, steady and long! Then, even though shot or torn, those wounds got in hot blood—in blood he'd helped stir—would feel less pain. If their blood was cold, it would be more than slaughter, it would be murderous nightmare and pain best not told and no one to guess.

The general spoke and stopped, letting his breath slack off. Then, after a moment, he said, "So there you are, that's it. Will you do that, boy? Do you know now you're general of the army when the general's left behind?"

The boy nodded mutely.

"You'll run them through for me then, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. And, God willing, many nights from tonight, many years from now, when you're as old or far much older than me, when they ask you what you did in this awful time, you will tell them—one part humble and one part proud—I was the drummer boy at the battle of Owl Creek or the Tennessee River, or maybe they'll just name it after the church there. I was the drummer boy at Shiloh. Good grief, that has a beat and sound to it fitting for Mr. Longfellow. 'I was the drummer boy at Shiloh.' Who will ever hear those words and not know you, boy, or what you thought this night, or what you'll think tomorrow or the next day when we must get up on our legs and move."

The general stood up. "Well, then. God bless you, boy. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And tobacco, brass, boot polish, salt-sweat and leather, the man moved away through the grass.

Joby lay for a moment staring, but unable to see where the man had gone. He swallowed. He wiped his eyes. He cleared his throat. He settled himself. Then, at last, very slowly and firmly he turned the drum so it faced up toward the sky.

He lay next to it, his arm around it, feeling the tremor, the touch, the muted thunder as all the rest of the April night in the year 1862, near the Tennessee River, not far from the Owl Creek, very close to the church named Shiloh, the peach blossoms fell on the drum.

THE END

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"I got no time for foolishness," she said.

So far as young men were concerned, she was

STRICTLY UNTOUCHABLE

By CECIL DAWKINS

I was walking down the center of the road, minding my own business and enjoying the sunset. I had a wad of bills in my pocket and I had on a new pair of boots I ordered two months ahead of the time I got out of the Marine Corps. I got kidded about the boots. Most of the guys were city boys who couldn't tell a cow from a bull and hadn't ridden anything wilder than a V-8. But those boots were the kind you gaze at in catalogues when you're a young'un, and I was finding them mighty comfortable.

I'd been out of the marines exactly eight days, six hours and some minutes. I didn't know where I was going—except west. And I wasn't in any particular hurry to get there because I enjoyed seeing the country. I wasn't exactly hitchhiking. I was just moseying along heading west—ride awhile, walk awhile. A big part of being in the marines is traveling, and I felt like I'd been around the world and back six-seven times. But it wasn't like this—like this moseying on your own with a new pair of boots and money in the pocket and all the time you could use.

I figured I'd just keep on going till I could find a little spread for sale someplace. Nothing dude, though. No, what I wanted was just a little spread of my own, nothing fancy, just two hundred, three hundred acres of good grassland and a small herd to start with. Nothing I couldn't manage by myself.

And that's the picture. There I was, heading into the sunset, figuring on maybe finding a town and having a pork-chop dinner before I holed up for the night. That's when I rounded the top of a Missouri hill and saw Miss Emily for the first time. She was setting a fence post. You'll have to imagine it—a woman setting a fence post—for I'm sure you never saw it. But there she was.

She had on a pair of salty blue jeans any sailor would have been proud to own, and a shirt that seemed too big for her. She had a posthole digger and was really moving the dirt. She didn't look to me to help either. Most women digging a posthole would have got mighty awkward about it once they saw a man around, you'd think. Not Miss Emily. I squatted and rolled a smoke and watched. The fence she was stringing was stranger than any fence I could remember seeing. Three, four strands of barbed wire will hold the most ornery bull. But this fence was seven strands, and she was really sinking the posts. I wondered what kind of critter she aimed to keep.

Finally I said, "That's man's work you're doing." She said she never seen any work had a label on it. Finally I stepped up and found (Continued on Page 116)

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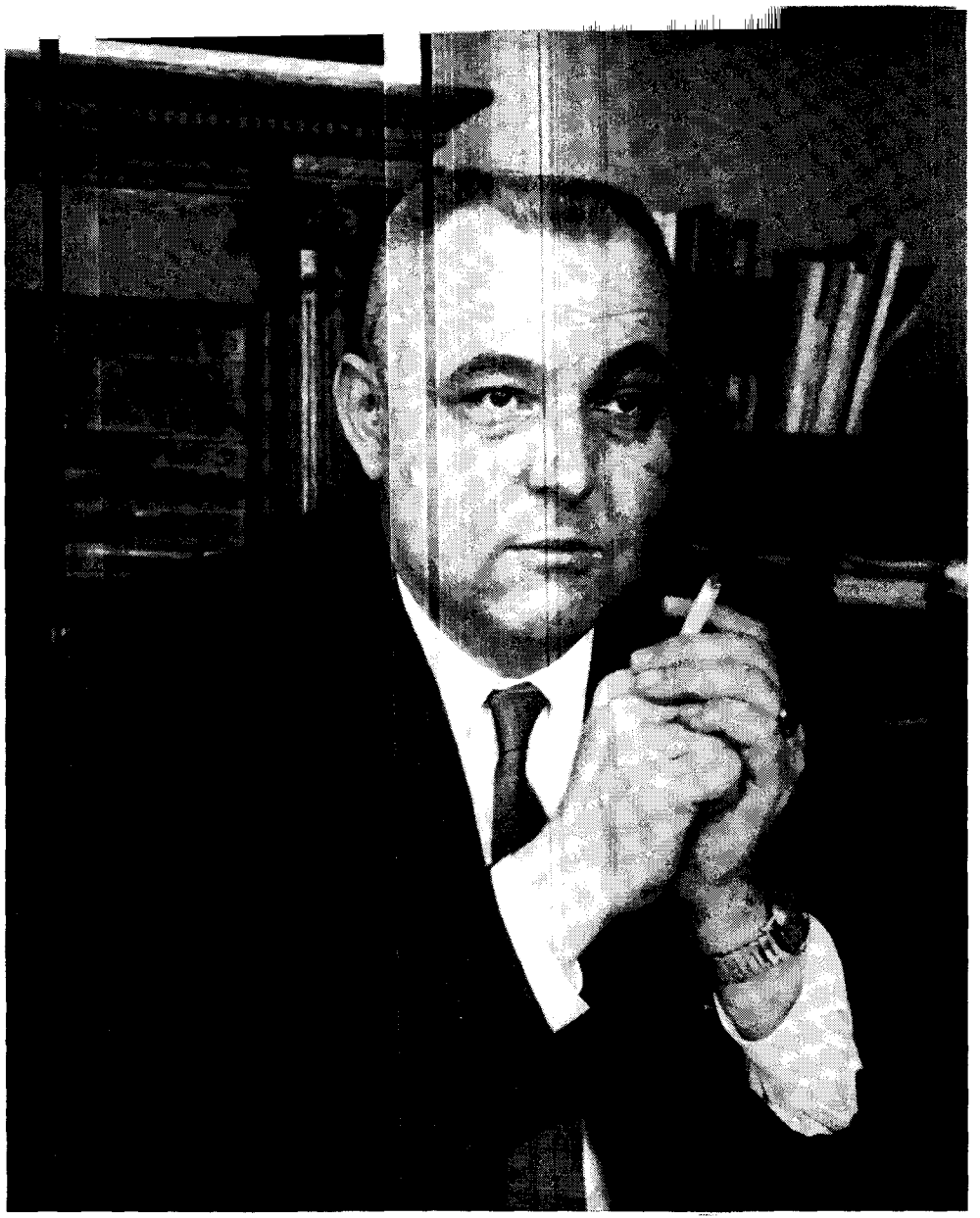

I SERVE ON THE "SIN COMMITTEE"

The chairman of the National Collegiate Athletic Association Committee on Infractions relates his experiences in dealing with the seamy side of intercollegiate athletics.

By GEORGE H. YOUNG
as told to
Harry T. Paxton

For five years now I've been dealing with the seamy side of college sports on behalf of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The experience has been a revelation to me. I went into it with no conception of how extensive the recruiting of promising athletes had become, nor of the lengths to which some recruiters would go. On the other hand, I hadn't realized what a sustained effort the N.C.A.A. was making to keep the situation under control.

I didn't ask for the assignment. In fact, when I was first appointed in 1955 to the committee on infractions—the formal name of our unit—I didn't know what the committee was. When I learned that its function was to investigate charges of rules violations, which crop up chiefly in the recruiting and subsidizing of athletes, I was skeptical. I suppose that's a typical lawyer's reaction; I was a practicing attorney for years, and am now dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School. Anyway, my feeling was that while I'd be glad to render what service I could, this sounded like one of those well-intentioned projects that just don't work out in actuality.

Once I got down to cases with the three other members of the group, my attitude quickly changed. I became enthusiastic about the opportunity we had to enforce standards of conduct in intercollegiate-athletic operations. I feel the same way today, although the millennium hasn't yet arrived. New charges of violations keep coming in, and an occasional school still exhibits a depressing reluctance to co-operate with us in cleaning up abuses.

I want to say at the outset that I have always believed that college sports are a very worthwhile part of the educational process. Institutions which have abandoned intercollegiate athletics have come to regret it. I want to help college sports thrive, not break them up.

I happened to come into the picture at a time when the N.C.A.A.'s rules-enforcement activities were entering a new phase. Although the association is fifty-four years old, it's only in the past dozen years that it has attempted any police work. People whose familiarity with college sports goes back much farther than my own tell me that there has been subsidization of athletes for as long as they can remember. However, this used to be a matter for the individual schools and conferences to regulate—or ignore.

The end of World War II brought widespread excesses. The growth of air travel extended the scope of athletic recruiters. I've heard it said that a few schools were bidding for football talent much as the baseball teams do for bonus boys. There was growing demand for national action to reverse the trend toward professionalism, and the N.C.A.A. undertook to provide it with what was called the Sanity Code program.

The code was pretty extreme in certain respects—notably in (Continued on Page 99)

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A Chance To Go Straight

At St. Leonard's House in Chicago, ex-cons find food, beds and guidance for job hunting. More important, they get the chance to regain the dignity that men lose behind bars.

By Robert Cromie

The Rev. James G. Jones, the Episcopal priest who founded Saint Leonard's on Chicago's West Side.

The young, crew-cut Episcopal chaplain, conducting Sunday-afternoon services in Chicago's Cook County jail, found it impossible to keep his mind on the sermon. One of the guards not only failed to remove his uniform cap but also disrupted proceedings several times by ordering members of the congregation back to their cells for some breach of his own version of the rules.

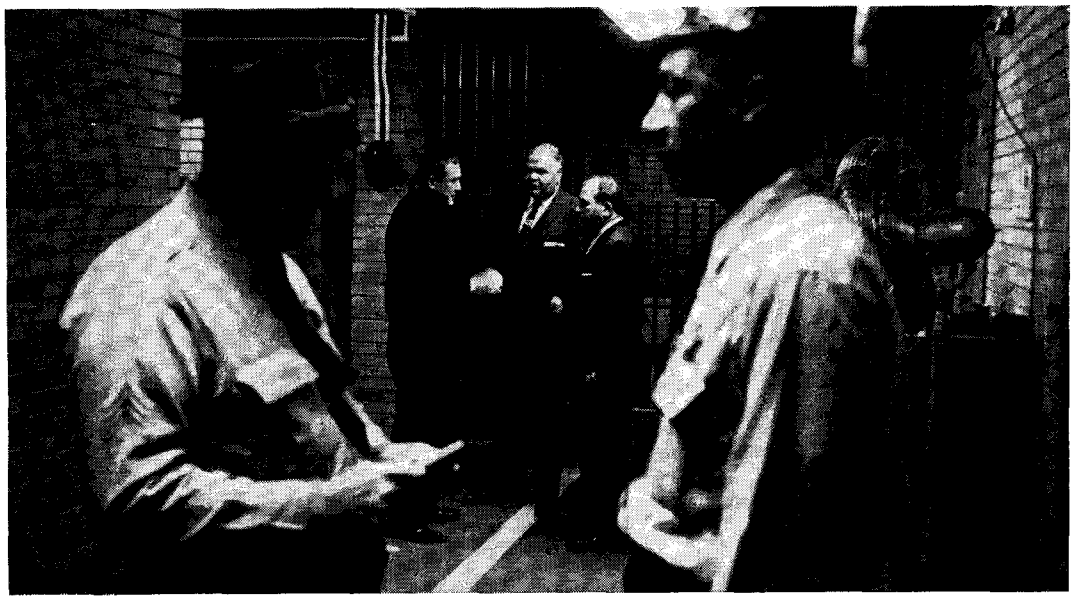
The chaplain, the Rev. James Garrard Jones, became increasingly angry as the disturbances continued, and when the services ended and the prisoners were filing out, Father Jones stopped the guard and asked if he would avoid such needless actions in the future.

"Who do you think *you* are," the guard snapped back, "telling *me* what to do?"

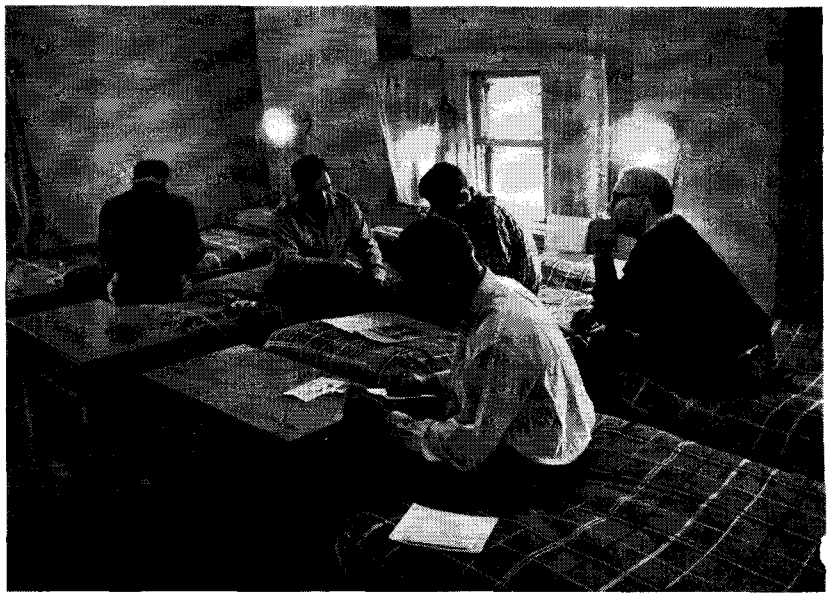
The broad-shouldered chaplain, a 190-pounder with a quick-fused temper, wasted no time arguing. He simply picked up the guard and sent him sprawling out the door.

The incident, understandably, strained relations between the prison staff and the chaplain for a few days, but it also brought a quick increase in the respect for Father Jones by the guards. Father Jones himself gives this cheerful explanation of the skirmish, "I guess you could have called it a battle for power. It seemed to me the security of the institution was the guard's department, and the chaplains should run the religious service. We had been bothered by the guards before, but everyone was more upset than usual this time. It *was* kind of an impetuous thing for me to do."

"Impetuous" is the word for Father Jones. This tendency to think and act simultaneously has provided the major pivots for his career to date. As an enlisted man in the Navy during World War II he landed in the brig for punching an officer. When the war was over he decided, almost on impulse, to study for the priesthood. And in 1954 a seemingly intuitive understanding of the needs of newly released



Father Jones (left, rear) at Cook County jail where he was chaplain from 1952 to 1958. With him are Warden Jack Johnson (center) and State Parole Agent William Evangelista.



Accommodations at St. Leonard's include single and double rooms and a third-floor dormitory (above). The home has a present capacity of 22 men.

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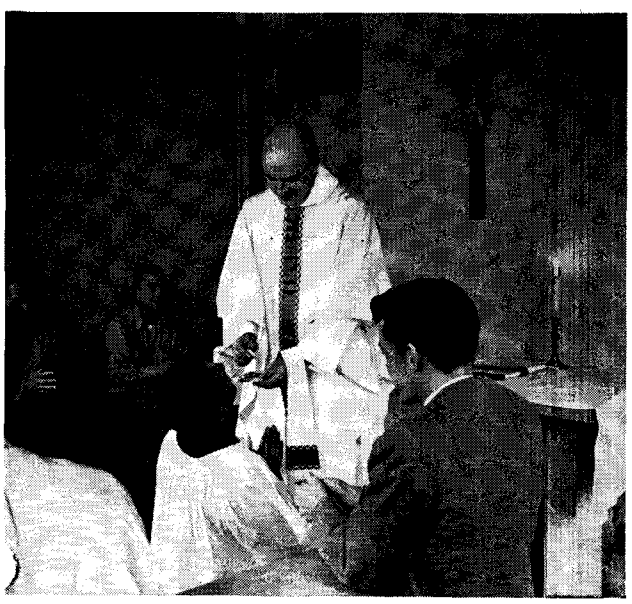
Occasionally, when house discipline has been breached, Father Jones assembles the men for a man-to-man talk. At left is his associate, the Rev. Robert Taylor.

prisoners led him to found St. Leonard's House, a rehabilitation center for ex-convicts.

St. Leonard's, a three-story brick building with paint flaking from the foundations, is at 2100 Warren Avenue, in a tough part of Chicago's crowded West Side. Except for the faded sign near the front gate, which bears the likeness of a saint who died fourteen centuries ago, the building is a perfect companion for its shabby neighbors. But the similarity ends when the door opens.

St. Leonard's is a haven for men who cannot find welcome elsewhere. A framed motto in the entrance (Continued on Page 101)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella



Holy Communion. St. Leonard's resident priest, the Rev. J.F.L. Slee, holds voluntary services daily.

The Joneses have five children and frequently employ one of St. Leonard's ex-convict "guests" to baby-sit. Kitty Jones—a prudent and conscientious mother—says, "I've had lots of 'desperadoes' sit with my children."

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The Face of AMERICA

Merry Milliners

There's nothing like a hat to give a girl a lift—and nothing like a bill from a hat shop to give a husband a letdown. The happy scene at right, however, is bound to satisfy both sides of the household; these ladies are learning how to make their own hats in a millinery class at the Emily Griffith Opportunity School in Denver, Colorado. Here, by starting with "Introduction to Millinery" and advancing to "Spring, Summer and Winter Hats," a clever pupil can master the knack of taking one or two dollars' worth of buckram, felt and fake flowers and turning out a pillbox or cloche that might cost as much as thirty-five dollars in a store. During the recent craze for feather hats, sportsmen husbands even provided pheasant feathers for their wives' homework. Apart from hatmaking instruction, the Opportunity School offers some 300 courses in everything from auto repair to barbering to jet engines. Tuition is free to Denverites over sixteen, and the curriculum is constantly revised to keep up with the times. Fads come and go, but a woman's need for a pretty hat remains basic, and the millinery classes have been a sellout since the school first opened in 1916.

Photograph by Hanson Carroll

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They Call Me Madam

December, 1949: Her Excellency, the American minister plenipotentiary to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, in her legation office.

Perle tells why President Eisenhower fired her from her job as Minister to Luxembourg after she had served there successfully for four years.

By PERLE MESTA

as told to Robert Cahn

PART THREE

We had just finished dinner one night in September of 1949 at the United States Legation in Luxembourg when my sister motioned for me to follow her upstairs. Marguerite, who was visiting me, knew I was anxious about the next morning's formal court presentation of my credentials as minister plenipotentiary to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and nothing else would satisfy her but that I go through a "dress rehearsal." So a few minutes later, dressed in my new velvet gown, I walked over the threshold of my own bedroom and made a deep curtsy.

Seated atop two pillows on one of the Louis XVI armchairs and wearing several bracelets on her head to simulate the crown of the grand duchess, my sister regally motioned for me to rise and take a seat. For a moment I had a mental picture that we had once done this very thing many years ago, when we used to dress up in mother's long gowns and play that we were princesses.

I recited the little speech I had memorized, and Marguerite nodded approvingly. Then I turned to leave the room.

"No, no!" cried Marguerite. "You must never turn your back on the grand duchess."

I started to back toward the door, but stumbled over my long gown. So for the next fifteen minutes Marguerite made me practice backing out of the room until I could have done it with my eyes shut. With Marguerite finally satisfied that I would not make a fool of myself, I sank into a chair exhausted, and we had a good laugh at ourselves. If the legation chargé d'affaires had walked in during that rehearsal, he surely would have had a choice morsel to send back to Washington.

The presentation of my credentials at court the following day turned out to be considerably easier than my rehearsal. Her royal highness, the Grand Duchess Charlotte, was standing in the center of the room with her husband Prince Felix. After I made my deep curtsy, Grand Duchess Charlotte seated herself on a small settee and graciously invited me to sit beside her. We had a short visit, and she put me at ease immediately, saying her country was most honored at having its first minister from the United States. When her royal highness arose, I

(Continued on Page 123)

At her own expense Perle entertained more than 25,000 GI's during her four years in Luxembourg.

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"How about it Margot?" he said.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

By NAOMI LANE BABSON

She knew he would ask. And he had a right to an answer.

The alarm clock burred at four-thirty, a heathenish hour, especially in Montana in November. I knew right away that it had snowed during the night—one of the windless, soft snowfalls I can smell before I see it, cold and sweet. For a moment I lay still under the electric sheet, wondering if my smartest move wouldn't be going cozily back to sleep right here at home. Because if I didn't get up I wouldn't have to get company breakfast for, and then go on a day's hunting trip with, two men—both of whom I was slightly engaged to.

Their names are Cy Curry and Elliot France—the home-town boy, the old dependable; and the new, ah, what? There was the heart of the matter—see what I mean?

My name is Margot Bishop, twenty-two years old, a graduate student in art, equipped with the proper physical attributes and proportions—so I'm told—and supposedly possessed of a high I.Q., although at various moments I doubted it.

Why do I get myself, I asked myself, into such jams? Such as telling Cy yes, I'd go hunting with him; then asking Elliot France to come along on an intended twosome. When would I learn to keep my big mouth shut? Never, most likely. And with a long sigh I got up.

It wasn't, in point of fact, an unusually large mouth receiving a dab of lipstick ten minutes later. Just call it—shall we?—generously wide, under a tiptilted nose dusted with freckles, and brown eyes and cinnamon-colored hair. I was wearing a yellow striped shirt, frontier pants, a wide Indian belt and cowboy boots; and putting it flatly and frankly, I didn't look bad. In spite of my age, I could still have posed as Miss Montana for one of daddy's chamber-of-commerce posters, the way I used to at eighteen. I gave myself a mildly approving smile, then tried a different kind to use on Cy—rueful, but not

(Continued on Page 53)

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Cause, Chance and Creation

By PHILIP MORRISON

What you can read here has little to do with the headlines that tell of applied science, like the space rockets, nor even with discoveries like new atomic particles. Here we discuss instead the very roots of physics, the sources of its strength and its fruit. They are at the same time its anchors. With them physics can sometimes take firmer hold on the real nature of man and universe than even the wisest of the seers and the philosophers can do without its aid.

How wide is the scope of physical law? Do life, thought, history fall within its orderly domain? Or does it describe only the inanimate, the remote and the very tiny? It is the claim of contemporary physics that its laws apply to all natural things, to atoms, stars and men. There are not two worlds: the cold, precise mechanical world of physics, and the surprising, disorderly and growing world of living things or of human existence. They are one.

This is no new claim. Since George Washington was a young man, there has been a view of the world based on Isaac Newton's physics. That view was mechanical; the world was a great clock rather like the newly understood motions of the planets. Feats like the prediction of the time of an eclipse of the sun, possible with high accuracy for a thousand years ahead, became the hallmark of a powerful science. Its proponents claimed that one day they could so explain everything. But there is a clear and common-sense retort. Life is not at all like solar eclipses; novelty and surprise, building a tangled complexity of events, are much more the essence of the world than is the serene dance of the planets, however intricately they weave.

So the physicist's view became first less plausible, then hardly more than absurd. Even in the last decades, the mechanical theory of the world is often taken to be the last word of physics. If this were so, I should make no wide claims for the implications of our science. For the world is patently not clockwork, not even clockwork with a few loose screws. In fact, what has happened is that physics has come nearer maturity; it can understand not only the neat and the mechanical but all the tangle of events in the everyday world in one and the same way, a richer way, a subtler way, than it first learned to chart for the motions of planets. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 110*

About the Author

Philip Morrison, professor of physics at Cornell University, is a forty-four-year-old physicist whose current interests are "the theory of cosmic-ray origins and the related behavior of the material in the solar surface and in interplanetary space." Doctor Morrison is a member of the Physical Science Study Committee which is developing the new physics curriculum for our high schools. Currently on a lecturing sabbatical, Doctor Morrison spread the work on CAUSE, CHANCE AND CREATION over three continents. For details, see KEEPING POSTED.

Photograph by Eric Schaal

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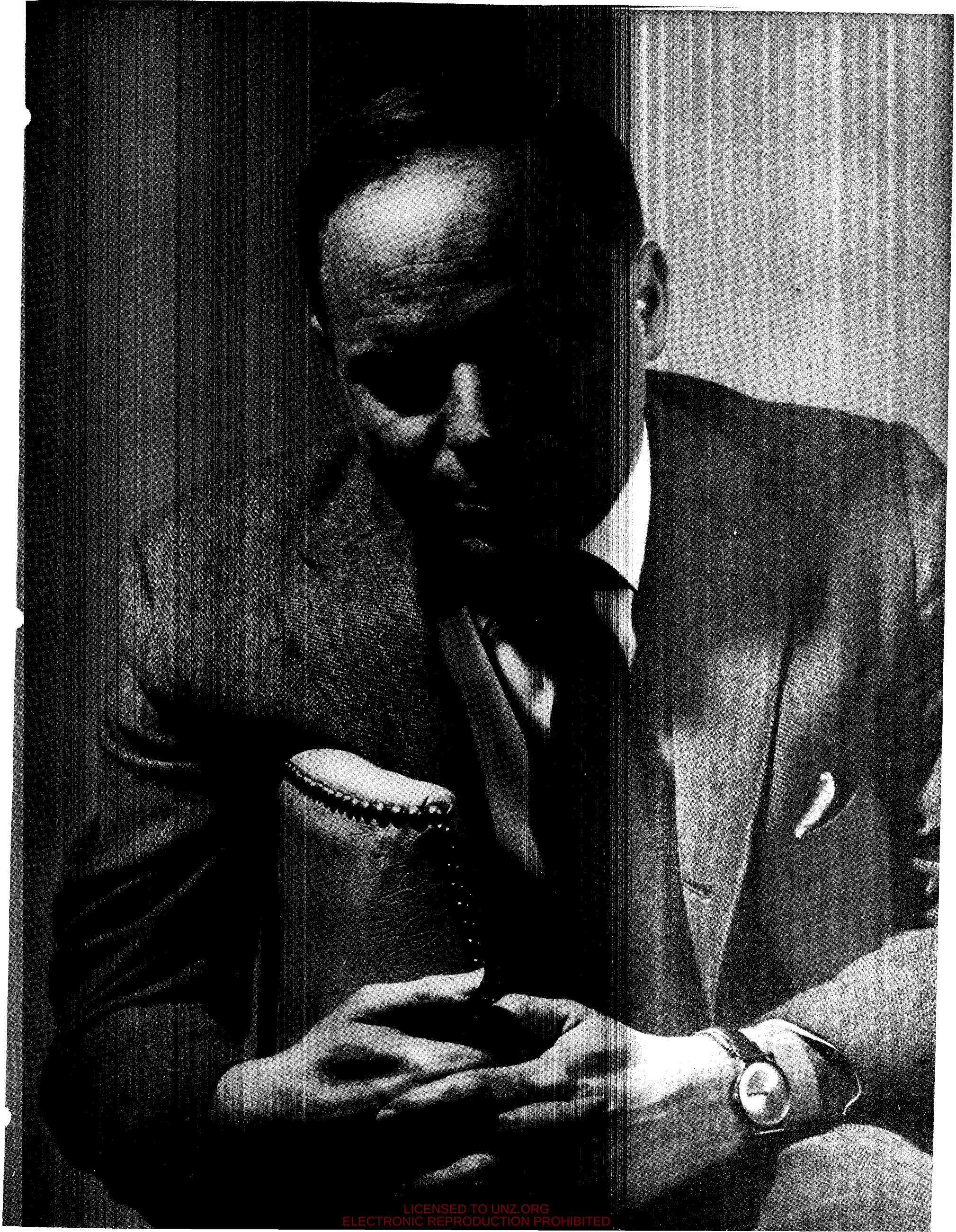

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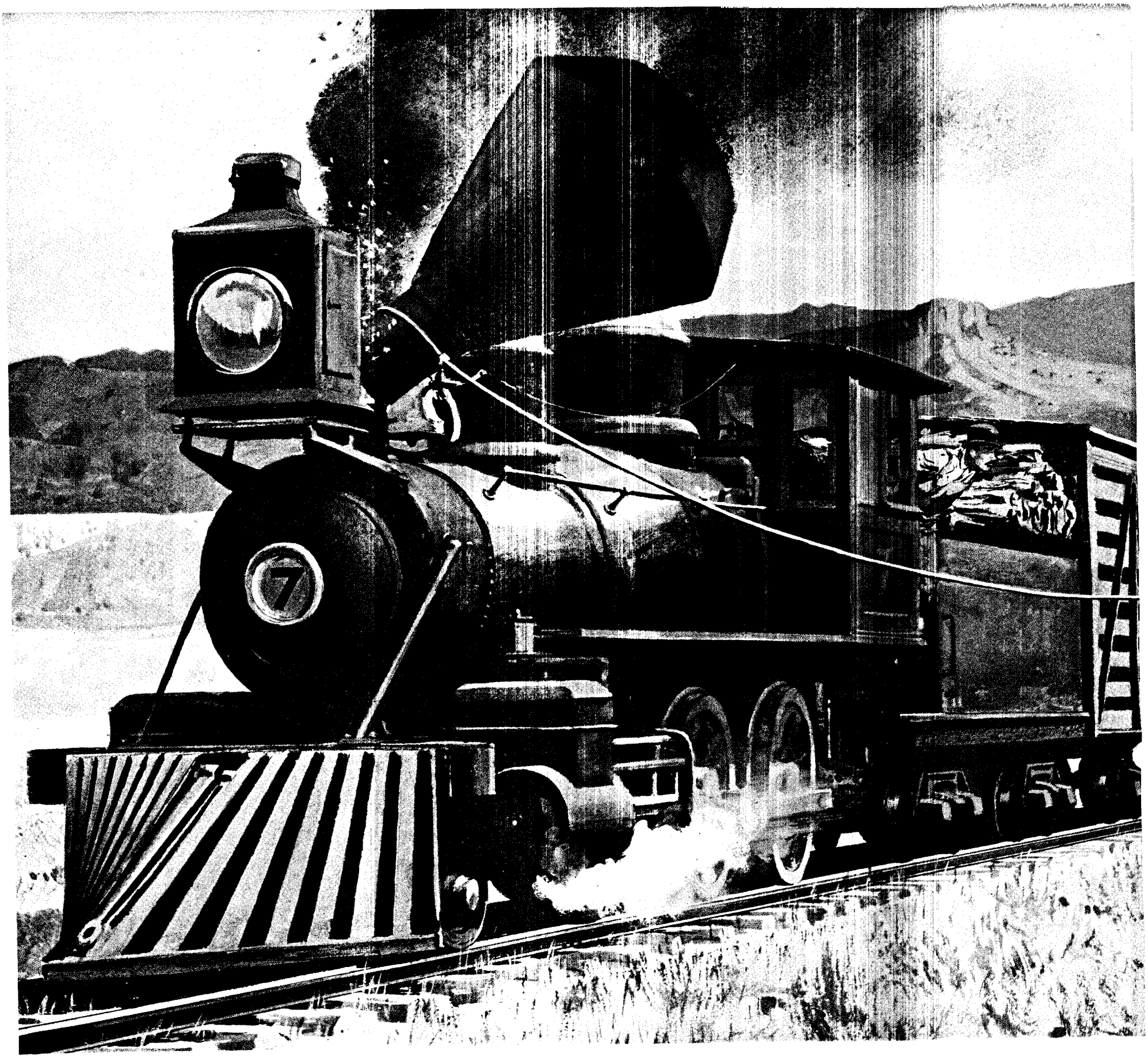

RAID ON THE RAILROAD

No one could make fools of the Slash Y boys and get away with it.

By JACK SCHAEFER

Sunlight and silence lay over the range headquarters of the Consolidated Cattle Company. In the big, squared corral a dozen or more cow ponies drooped in drowsy dejection. Only a thin wisp of smoke from the tin chimney of the small cookhouse adjoining the weathered bunkhouse betrayed any suggestion of activity inside. Over by the straggling adobe ranchhouse, at one end of the shallow front veranda, a light buckboard rested on motionless wheels. Between the shafts was a bony, flea-bitten bay horse drooping into a replica of the cow ponies in the corral.

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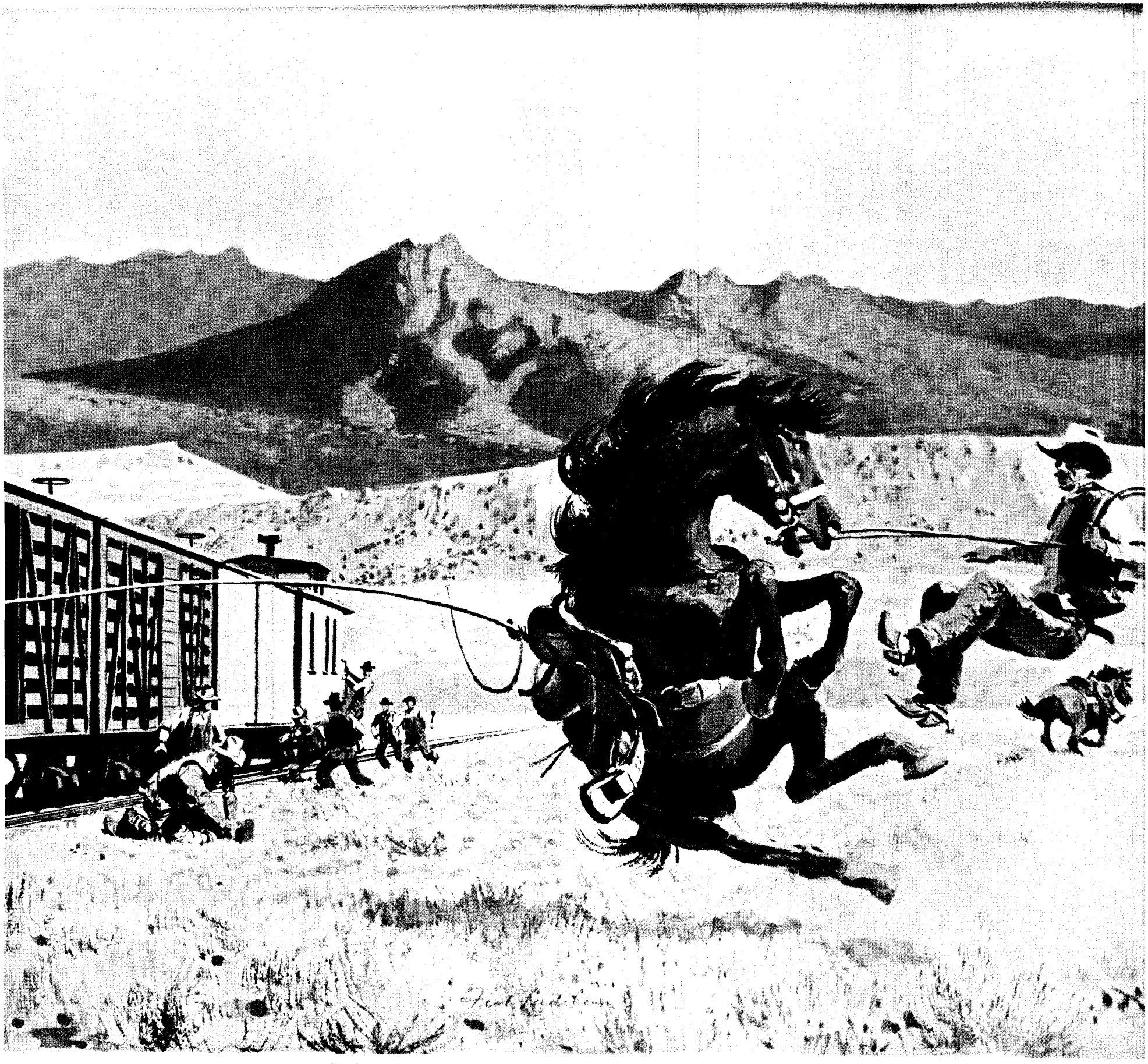

Chet's rope tightened with a jerk, and the locomotive rocked on the tracks.

Inside the ranchhouse, in the dim interior of the main room opening off the veranda, two men occupied two chairs. One, near the door, relaxed in the mouse-chewed remnants of what had once been a leather-covered armchair, was long and lean within old worn range clothes set off by a wide belt with huge silver buckle and absurdly high-curved-heel boots. He was ageless, any age at all past the half-century mark. A bottle half-filled with an amber liquid was on the floor within reach of his left hand. A small glass filled with the amber liquid was in his right hand. The other man, farther into the room, sat on a ladder-back chair behind what had been a rolltop desk, but now was a flattop with the upper structure removed. He was medium in every way, in size, in shape, in apparent age. A tinge of plumpness bulged the cloth of his neat pinstriped suit. He wore, beneath the coat and vest, a white shirt surmounted by a high collar from which protruded a small snap-bow tie. On the desk in front of him lay a derby hat.

The armchair man swirled the amber liquid softly in his glass. "Sure you won't join me?"

The desk man frowned slightly. "You know I don't drink. It interferes with my figuring. I'm not being intentionally rude. It's business, that's all." He sighed and ran a finger around inside the high collar. "An aggravating business, too, I must say. The directors send me out here every year thinking they're giving me a kind of vacation. Nonsense. I have a sensitive nose. There's nothing out here but heat and dust and flies and smells and ——" He stopped.

The body of the armchair man remained still, but his right hand raised to tilt the contents of the little glass into his mouth. "An' rattlesnakes," he said gently. "An' hosses that don't handle easy. An' men that ain't always full civilized."

The desk man tried a small smile. "Well, yes. You're used to it. Maybe you even like it. But me, I'm a city man." He pushed the derby to one side on the desk. "I figure if I get right at this annual accounting I can clean it up this afternoon. Maybe in time to be back in town for the night train. That way I get in a day or two at Kansas City before I have to be back East. Now—where are the books?"

"Where they always are. In the second drawer on the left."

The desk man pulled open the second drawer on the left and took out several dog-eared notebooks and laid them on the desk top. He sighed and took a small pad of paper and a pencil from a side suit (Continued on Page 81)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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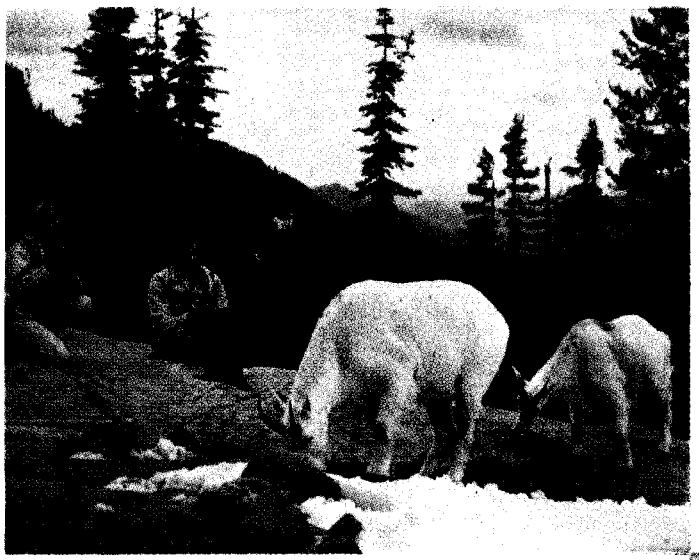
By PAUL SCHUBERT

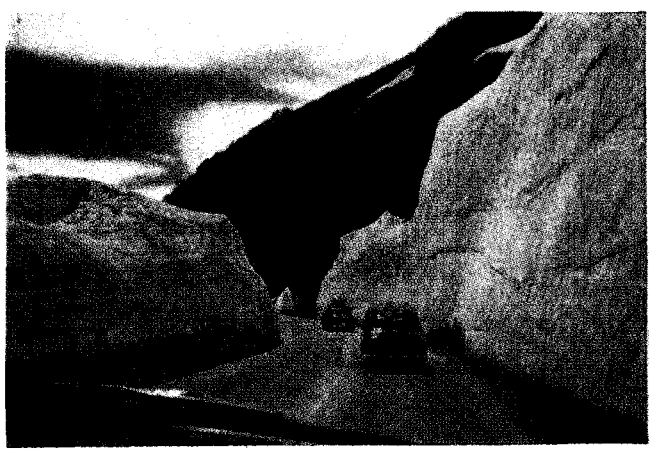
Montana's Tourist Wilderness

Next month Glacier National Park will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. Here is the story of one of America's most spectacular mountain preserves.



Above: Seasonal Ranger Paul Shorrock and his wife used salt to lure these wary mountain goats into camera range. By winter's end, the goats are salt starved.

Swiftcurrent Creek Camp: A black bear on the prowl. Rangers warn campers to leave tents open so that the bears will not rip into them in search of food.



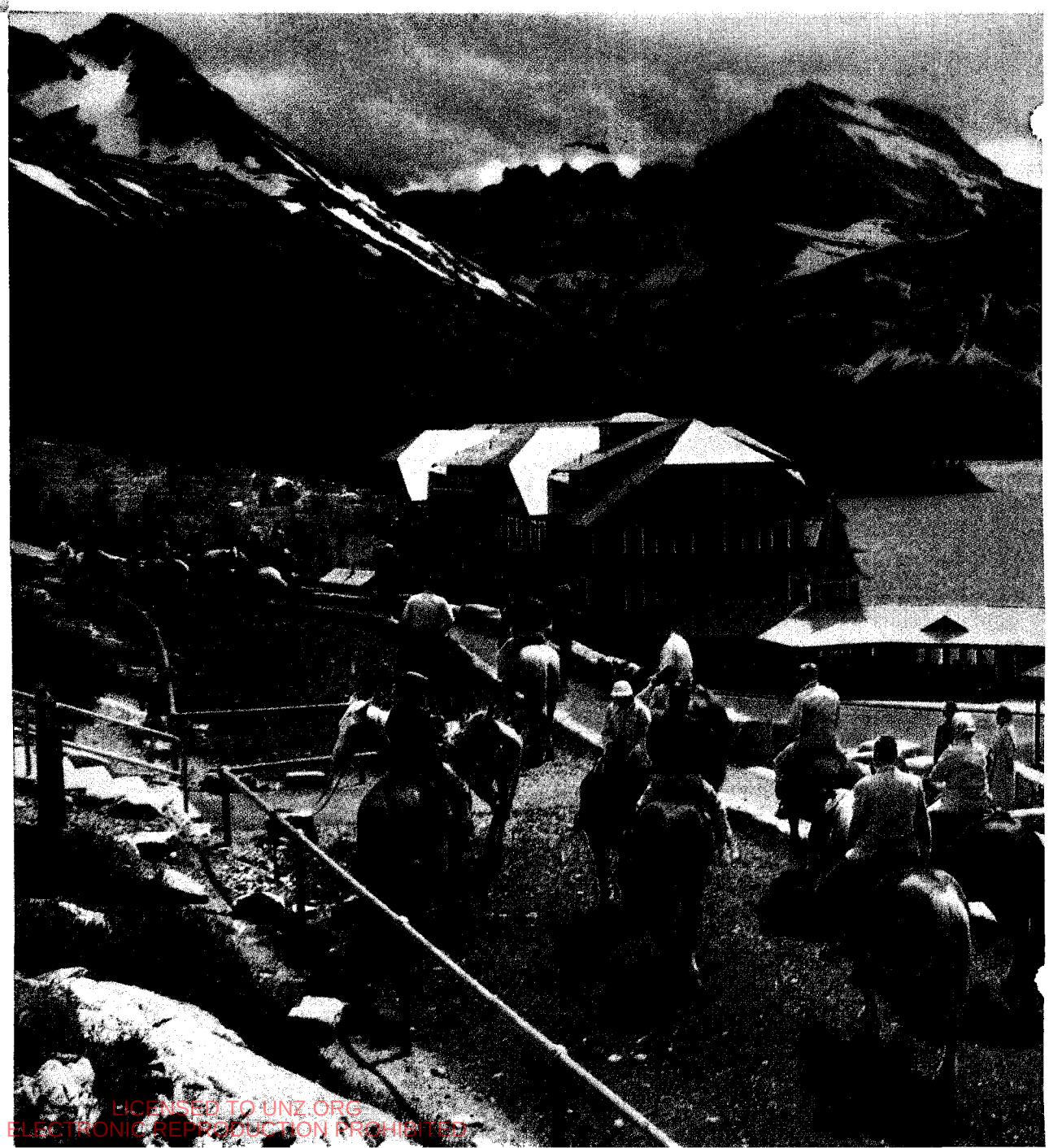
Going-to-the-Sun Drive runs for 50 miles through the 1,000,000-acre park. On the roadsides are remnants of a 75-foot snowdrift which defied snowplows till spring.

The angriest, most bewildered grizzly bear cub in the Rockies looked out from behind the bars of a cage trap on wheels at Glacier National Park's Swiftcurrent campground, while a hundred or more excited campers, youngsters, park rangers and tourists looked back at it.

The baby bear, only three months old, had claws an inch long. It was wilder than wild. If it could have got out of the cage, it would have scattered that crowd in every direction. The baffled creature had been left an orphan four days earlier when its hungry, dangerous mother invaded the campground in search of food—the Swiftcurrent ranger had been forced reluctantly, to shoot her. Unlike the more amiable black bear, the grizzly is never a welcome visitor to camps. For three days the cub had dodged lassos, nets and nooses. It couldn't survive alone in nature, but it was emphatic about not wanting captivity. Smelly fish heads and fat bacon had finally lured it into the trap. When it grabbed at the bacon it tripped the door behind it; and now, bound for a zoo, the cub was the sensation of Swiftcurrent campground on a rainy July evening.

It's tragic to see a bear in a cage at Glacier, where all animals, even the most dangerous,

Below: Horseback riders preparing to hit the trail from Many Glacier Hotel on Lake Sherburne. On the center peak (background) is Grinnell Glacier, one of the largest of the 50 "masses of living ice" in the park.



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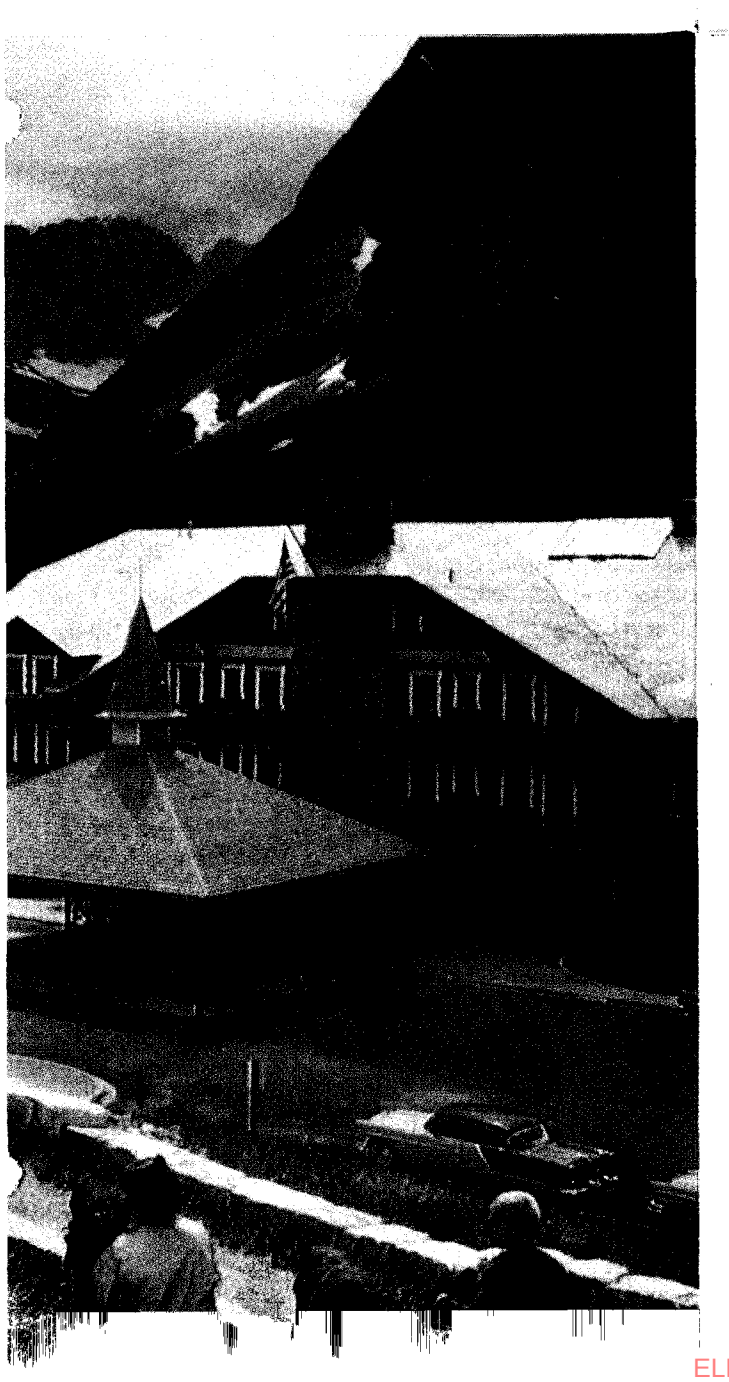
A summer snowball fight at Logan Pass, a 6654-foot divide where climbers have a 100-mile view east and west.

run free just the way they did before white men and red Indians came. The park, set aside a couple of generations ago as one of the most beautiful perpetual preserves in our national-park system, is one of the few places on earth where a grizzly bear has any rights.

Many people—explorers, naturalists, conservationists, politicians—worked for years to have Congress set aside the fabulous Glacier Park region for posterity's benefit. On May 11, 1960, with appropriate éclat, Glacier National Park will celebrate its fiftieth birthday, kicking off the jubilee season in June when the park hosts (Continued on Page 44)

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

College students on a day off from their summer jobs at Glacier Park hotels. Competition for work as busboys, bellhops and waitresses is keen here where students can earn as much as $600 during the three-month season.



A wild-flower hike on the trail from Many Glacier Campground to Iceberg Lake. About 1400 varieties of plants grow in the park, and 50 species of animals roam wild. Free tourist-guide service is provided by park rangers.

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IF HITLER HAD INVADED ENGLAND

The madman who ruled Europe relied once again on his "inspired intuition"...

By C. S. FORESTER

England, which for a thousand years has seen no invader on her shores, is tottering down to destruction," Berlin announced. *Luftwaffe* planes had rained down five hundred tons of explosives on London, murdering a thousand citizens and leaving the city in ruin. German armored columns had advanced to within fifty miles of the city.

But the German report was perhaps overconfident; the English were putting up an incredible defense. The *Luftwaffe*'s air attacks were consistently frustrated by the British Fighter Command, and the German Navy had not escaped the wrath of English ships. The Local Defense Volunteers, outnumbered and outgunned, were recklessly and heroically giving their lives to hold back the precision-trained German troops. Still, the English were haunted by one vital question: How could they hold back the German tanks if they came raging up the roads to London?

CONCLUSION

The *Führer* at his headquarters was chafing no less. He knew what there was at stake. Habitual gambler though he was, he could not keep calm while the dice were still rolling, while he waited for the enemy to show his hand. The first reports had brought elation, but the ones that followed brought first irritation and then anger. By good management the parachute troops had landed; by a miracle of good fortune the invasion flotilla had reached the beaches; by a combination of management and luck there was a squadron of tanks ready for action on British soil; by hard fighting Winchelsea and Rye were in German hands. But then the *Luftwaffe* began to straggle back to the airfields to rearm and refuel—and to count their losses.

At first Göring handed the figures over to his chief without checking them, but the explosion of wrath and the cutting sarcasm which they provoked made him more cautious. After that he edited the figures. He began to allow 10 per cent for planes descending at other than their own airfields; he omitted all mention of the damaged planes which had crawled home and would not fly again for days or weeks; to be on the safe side he added 10 per cent to the estimated British loss, even though that could not be checked and was certainly overestimated already. Then he could show figures that at least made optimism possible.

Now the headquarters signal station was set up at Rye Harbor and the first weak messages from England could be supplemented by later ones, clear and strong, but yet conveying only a faint picture of the disorder on the beach.

No complete unit had yet formed. Unloading was beginning.

"Beginning? Are they asleep over there?"

Civilian snipers were causing loss.

"Civilians? What is he thinking about? Order him to take the strongest measures. Shoot them. Hang them. Take twenty—fifty—a hundred of them and hang them to trees. This village here—Guestling Green—tell him to burn it and teach them the laws of war."

Enemy infantry patrols had appeared at —— The message ended there abruptly, and there followed a long silence, ominous as well as infuriating, before communication was resumed by a weak transmitter. The beaches had been bombed for the fourth time. Headquarters had been hit, the general was dying of his wounds, the whole command apparatus shattered.

"That's a disgrace. Where was our fighter cover? Göring, you must do better than this. See that there is fighter cover continuously over the beaches."

"Very well, *mein Führer*."

Göring, who falsified figures, was not the man to point out that this *Führer* order was impossible to obey, and dreadfully expensive to attempt to obey.

"You, general. Cross at once and take command. Put some life into them."

"Very well, *mein Führer*."

The weak transmitter was still sending messages. Every ship in the bay had been bombed and sunk at anchor, and the *Führer* turned an angry glance at his naval commander in chief.

"*Mein Führer*, I have already stated in writing that a landing by sea was a dangerous operation without complete control of the air. When darkness comes I have ships ready to try again."

"And what about this confusion on the beaches?"

"*Mein Führer*, I have stated in writing also that it was impossible with the means available to land a force in instant readiness to fight."

The naval commander in chief had up to now been in high favor not only on account of his remarkable success in landing the army but also because of that morning's successful battle with the British destroyers off Folkestone. But now a string of reports were coming in not so favorable. The British Fleet had been sighted coming south—an aircraft carrier, battleships, cruisers and destroyer screen. With the fleet moving fast and heavily screened, the U-boats were attacking in vain. The massed onslaught planned for the fleet's exit from Scapa had failed, not unnaturally; the British admiral, called forth by the news of invasion, could expect nothing else and was doubly on his guard. Seven U-boats had made the attempt, and now only one was reporting.

"Is Lütjens ready for them?"

"Yes, *mein Führer*. He will fight to the death."

"Tell him every hour he delays them is precious."

"Yes, *mein Führer*."

"Have you given orders to bomb them, Göring?"

"Not as yet."

"Then why do you wait for me to tell you? Give the orders at once."

"Yes, *mein Führer*."

It was easy enough to say "yes," but not so easy to carry out (Continued on Page 72)

"Why do you wait for me to tell you?" Hitler said. "Give the orders at once."

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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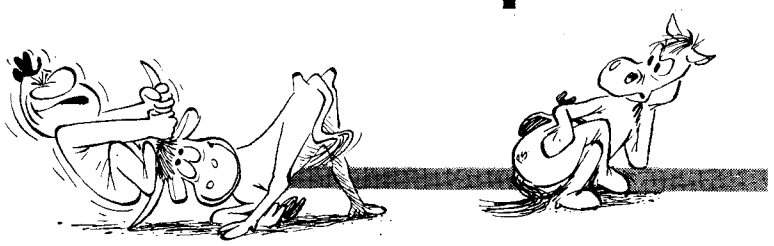
Post Scripts



Words and Music

I rap on the front door of Living Doll's, who is my childhood sweetheart as well as my current fascination, and she comes on the double.

"Big hello!" she says. "And goody—you have your plunk-plunka guitar. Where did you get that old T shirt, the false beard and the beany, boy next door?"

"Not even my own mother dares touch this," I tell her, handing her the guitar. "So I ask you to strum it gently but with feeling."

"But I do not mess with the plunk-plunka," she says. "I sing through my nose like a real scoobie-doobie, so why the switch?"

"Because, Living Doll, I am a teen-age rebel! I want to recite deep and meaningful poetry to the sound of offbeat mood music. We will drift from group to group, you and I, and we will reap a heap of green along the way. Cue me, doll."

"*Je vous* dig," she says, strumming her long nails across the guitar strings. From my pocket I whip a paper and begin reading:

Oh, I've squandered my youth and spent my vigor,
I'm a teen-age kid with a split-level figger.
My song of songs is brushed with the blues.
There's holes in the soles of my blue suède shoes.
I'm agrowin' old, plunk, plunk,
Real old, man, plunk, plunka.

That jukebox thing goes right on spinning ——
Is this the end or just the beginning?
I've parked my gum and cleaned up my comb,
So tell mom her boy is acomin' home.
I'm agrowin' up, plunk, plunk,
'Way up, man, plunk, plunka.

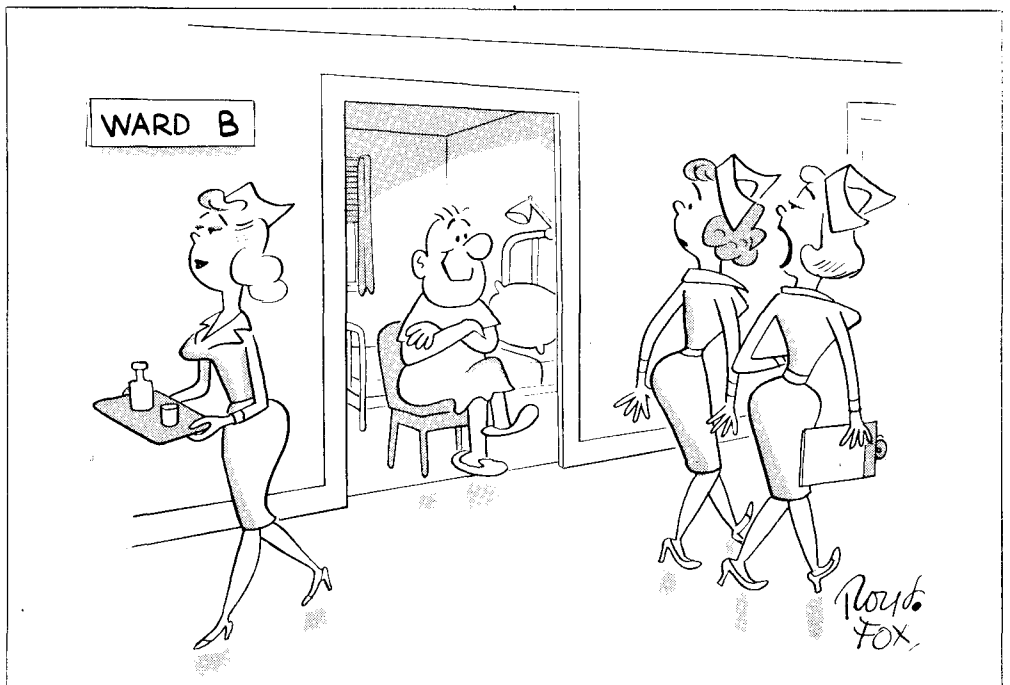
"Real deep purple," says Living Doll. "Let us start drifting from group to group."

At this juncture the father of Living Doll enters, wearing a tortured face. "Good idea," he nods. "Now drift."

I put away my guitar. "Come, Living Doll," I say. "And farewell to you, too, old dad."

"Plunk, plunka," he mutters.

A. R. SWINNERTON



"He comes here twice a year for observation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There's Usually a Pretty Good Reason

"I honestly think the book you wrote is the finest I've ever read, Vern. Unless I miss my guess, it'll win a Pulitzer prize for sure."

"Thanks, mom."

"Did anybody ever tell you that you look an awful lot like Rock Hudson?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Ned; I'm carrying so darned much insurance right now that I don't see how I can possibly afford any more. However, maybe sometime later ——"

"I think you've really got him scared of you, Vern. Did you notice the way he cringed and cowered when you really told him off?"

"Well, I sort of hated to do it, but it was past his bedtime, and tomorrow's a school day and, what with the kindergarten play coming up and all, I ——"

"I really admired the way you stood right up to the boss, Vern. I mean, telling him he was a miserable old grouch and pointing out all the things that needed to be done to make this a halfway decent office, and daring him to fire you, and telling him to go fly a kite and ——"

"Well, I figured it was about time somebody set my uncle straight on a few things."

"Honestly, dear, when I look at you—so smart and handsome and healthy-looking—and compare you with some of these dumb, pasty-faced individuals like the guy next door, I ——"

"Which fender did you say it was?"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Enfeebled English

THE PROPOSAL

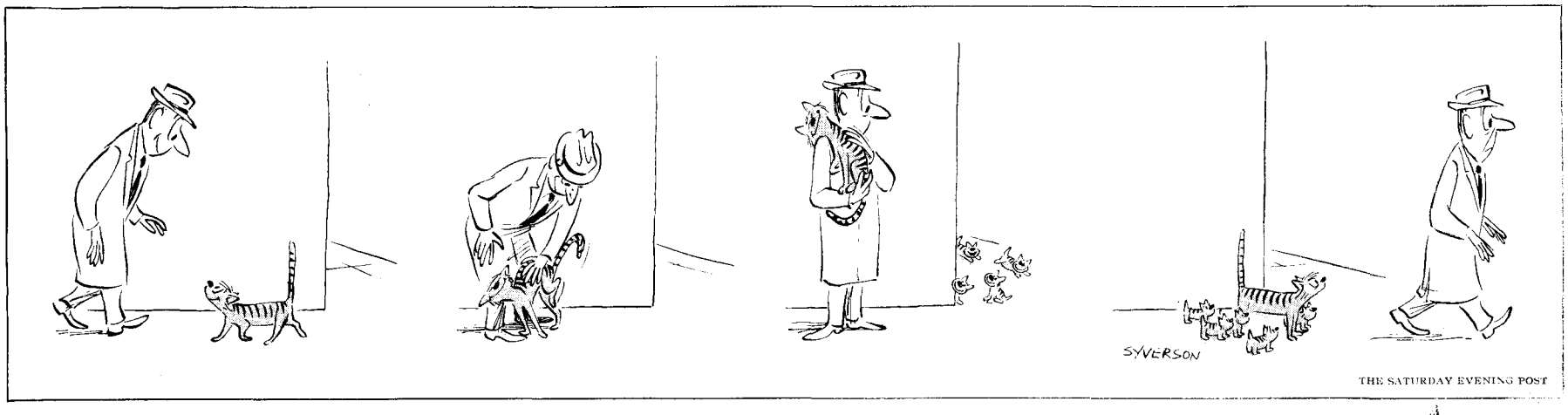
Enna?
Yeh, Jawge.
Enna, we bin goanagether for sem munts.
Sem munts an tennays.
Yeah. Well, I thing we kyna unnerstan e chudder
We do.
We yeach godda sensayuma.
Thaz ride.
We lyg da same thins: TV wezzerns.
Pinics.
Hah dogs en sarkraut.
Plain cards.
Jussa bowed evrythin to mayga perfek mairge.
Wadayuh tryna say, Jawge?
Weeyuh marry me?
Ohyezz. Thizziz the hapyest moment of my lyve.
Enna!
Jawge!

HERB GOCHROS

How to Clean House in a Hurry

While the six-year-old is dusting, pick up all the newspapers, muddy tennis shoes and empty pop bottles and stuff them into the clothes hamper. Put your teen-ager to work vacuuming the carpet. Don't waste time scrubbing the kitchen; *shut the door and keep it shut.* If the rest of the family pitches in on the bathroom while you're changing the bed linen, you can be ready by the time the doorbell rings. Kick off your bedroom slippers, jump into bed and take a deep breath so you'll be able to say hello to the doctor when he walks in.

KAY NELSON



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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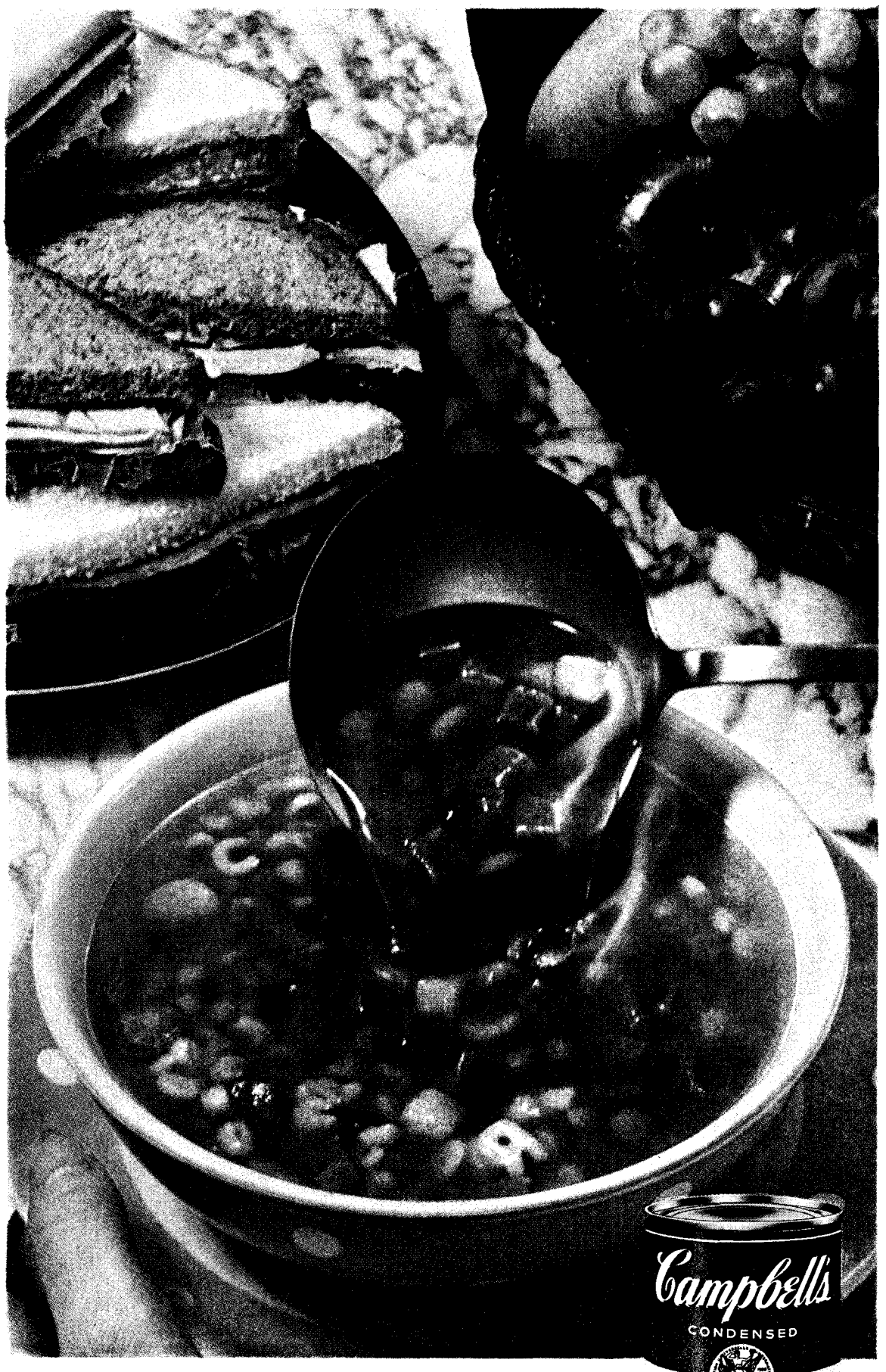
GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...

when there's soup for lunch on Saturday



Everybody home for lunch . . . neighbor children, too? Make lunch quick, make lunch easy. Make lunch a Campbell's Soup kitchen buffet.

It's ready in minutes. Just heat up a kettleful of good Campbell's Soup. Make a stack of sandwiches. Wash some fresh fruit. Then let the crowd come to the kitchen and help themselves.

They'll be a happy crowd, for soup smells so good, tastes so good, it just seems to make folks feel good all over. Appetites pick up; dispositions get nicer . . . soup just seems to warm the way for good times together.

That's Campbell's Vegetable Soup on *our* table, today. Fifteen garden vegetables, picked sun-ripe, in beef-and-vegetable broth so good it's a meal in itself. No wonder it's a favorite with just about everybody, young and old.

And there's nourishment aplenty in every steaming bowlful – proteins, vitamins and minerals everybody needs every day. *All* Campbell's Soups are nourishing, for they're all made of the good, plain, wholesome foods that belong in your daily diet.

How about having a kitchen buffet this Saturday, with soup as your one hot dish? There are 21 Campbell's Soups to choose from . . . and every one is a good main dish for a substantial lunch or supper.

By the way . . . *have you had your soup today?*

Once a day...every day...
enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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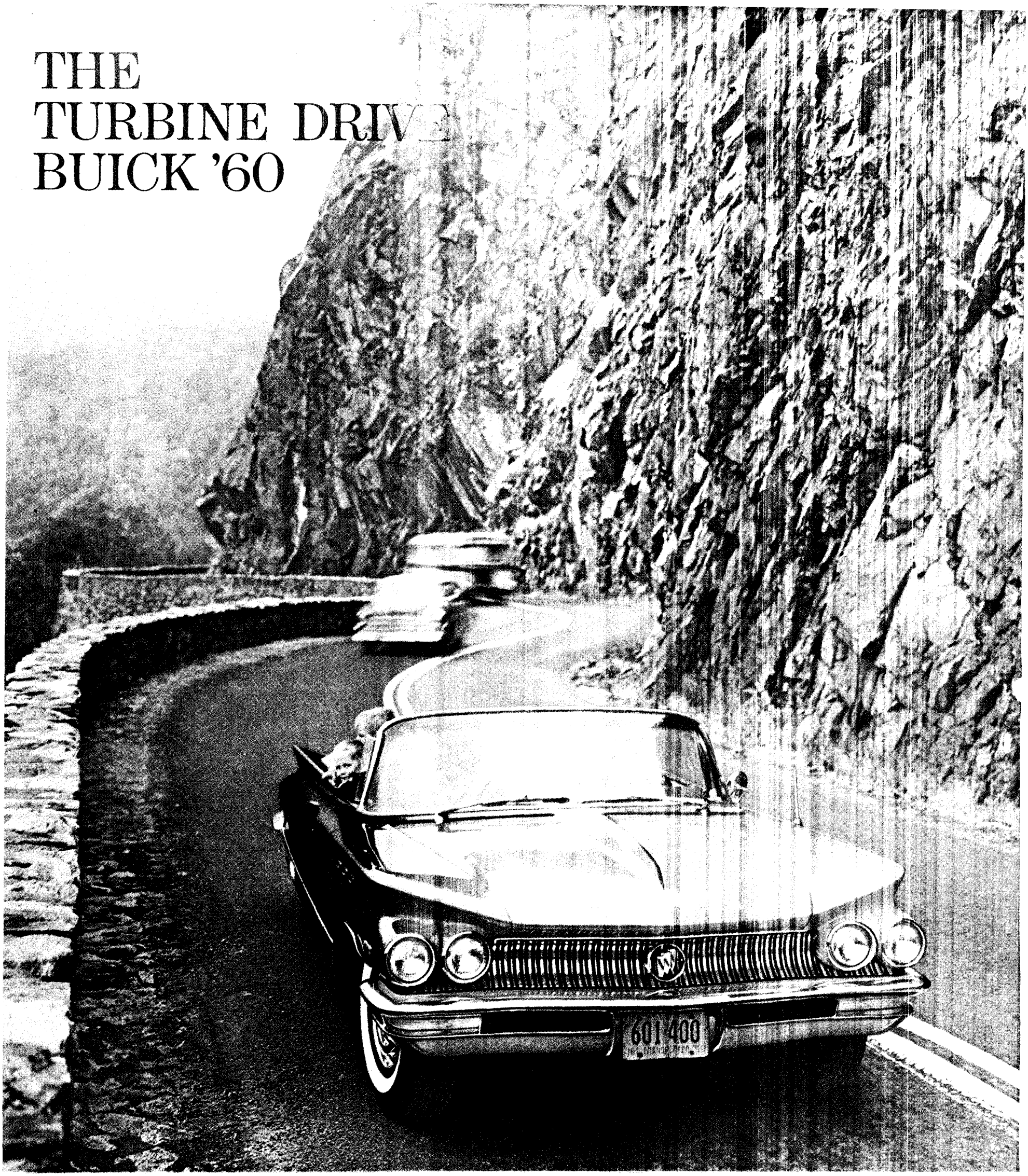
THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60



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THE TEWKSBURY FEUD

Only the Tewksburys would dare bring sheep into cattle country. And the Hash Knife riders were going to stop them.

By AMELIA BEAN

The Tonto Basin moved unavoidably toward a range war. Breed Tewksbury was summoned home. Old Jonathan Tewksbury was ill and Stella, convinced that Breed was lost to her, was now unhappily married to Breed's half-brother Johnny.

When Breed rode into the basin he found a Navajo, Ben Yazzie, and his son grazing sheep on the upper pastures of the rich cattle country—sheep that Ben said belonged to the Tewksburys! Johnny had made a fateful deal with the sheep ranchers.

Andy Cooper and the Hash Knife riders now knew about the sheep too. Breed was riding into a valley of death.

IV

The morning sun was high before it reached and warmed the high meadow directly beneath the rim of the looming Mogollons. The air was chill, but Ben Yazzie and his son, José, did not linger near the comfort of their cooking fire, for the sheep began to stir and graze at first light. Mindful of Breed's order not to move deeper into the basin, the Navajos prepared to herd them up the slopes, away from the meadow.

Rifle in hand, Yazzie strode ahead, moving in a wide arc to examine the ground the herd was slowly approaching. José and the dogs got the sheep under way and remained in the rear, the busy dogs catching up the stragglers. The boy began this day with a new and pleasant sense of adult importance: for the first time his father had entrusted him with a gun. The heavy Colt .45 was now thrust through his belt.

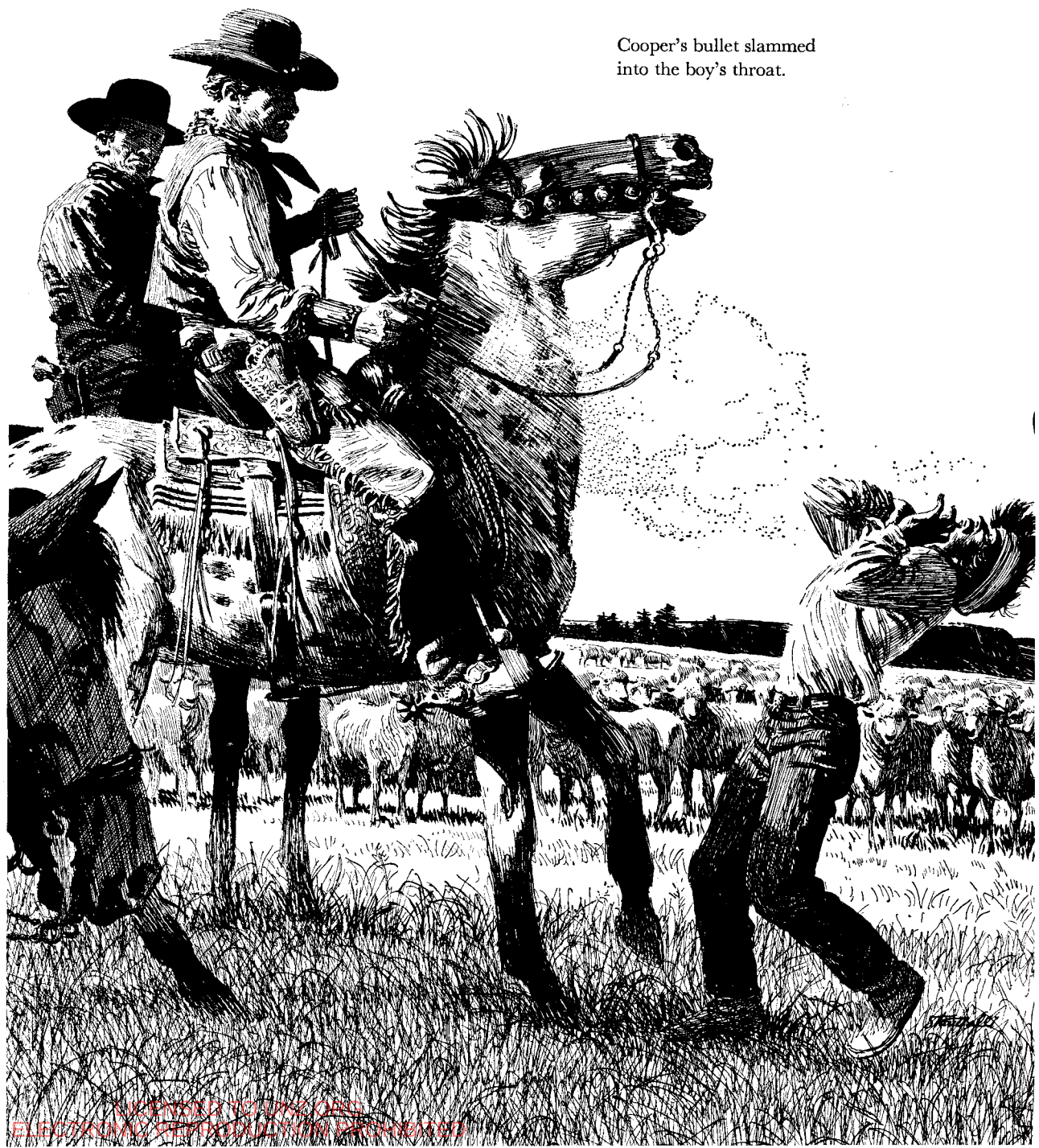
Yazzie moved with swift ease up the slope until he came abruptly to the brink of a cliff, which plunged into a chasm cut by an ancient stream. Its boulder-strewn bed, more than a hundred feet below, held a narrow trickle of water. He arm-signaled José to direct the sheep at a tangent across the slope, widely skirting the vicinity of this dangerous drop off.

The sheep spread out as they grazed slowly along. Yazzie heard a dismal complaint and realized that in spite of his care one of the animals had strayed. He discovered a ewe some fifteen feet down the steep slant of the precipice. She had wandered along a narrow shelf which had petered out, and she was unable to advance or turn back. She stood, bleating feebly.

Yazzie racked his rifle on the limbs of a nearby tree and went to the ewe's rescue. He made no attempt to follow her on the narrow shelf because she might panic and plunge off. A few yards along he spied deer tracks and discovered a game trail which led to the water below and passed beneath the ledge on which the helpless animal waited. With practiced skill he descended the game trail until he was just below the ewe and, by gouging footholds, he raised himself within reach of her. Murmuring soothingly, he supported and turned her around. He smiled as she ambled back up the shelf and disappeared over the rim. He could hear her bleating dolefully about her ordeal as she hastened to rejoin the herd.

Yazzie lowered himself to the game trail and began his return, but he found that whole sections of the trail had crumbled and slid away. Before him was a gap of five feet. He easily leaped across, but the loosened dirt would not support his sudden weight and began to slide with increasing momentum. He rode the avalanche, strenuously keeping his footing, until he could grab a thick root and hold on. He came to a stop far down the almost perpendicular wall and saw that he would have to descend to the bottom and find another place to climb out of the chasm. He made his way down to the creek bed and followed along it, watching for a game trail or a less precipitous spot where he might climb.

José was near the foot of the slope at the edge of the meadow (Continued on Page 88)



Cooper's bullet slammed into the boy's throat.

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"Gee, it's wonderful to hear your voice!"

Sometimes the sound of a voice means even more than words. You can tell right away that everything is fine.

Getting together by Long Distance is rewarding at both ends of the line. Try it soon and see for yourself.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

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Detroit to Pittsburgh	60¢
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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by number. It's twice as fast.

Montana's Tourist Wilderness

(Continued from Page 37)

the 1960 Governors' Conference. Our fifty governors will see a 1562-square-mile treasure in Federal real estate, which is often proclaimed the most spectacularly beautiful of all our mountain parks. In the last fifty years the total United States population has almost doubled. You can make your own guess as to the increase in the value of Glacier Park as a national asset. My guess is that it's worth at least 100 times what it was in 1910, which argues well for the foresight of the sixty-first Congress and President William Howard Taft.

Glacier straddles the snowy ranges and peaks of northern Montana's continental divide and used to be publicized as "the Switzerland of America." But this was before people realized it has a much greater distinction as living American history—as the raw Rocky Mountain world which Meriwether Lewis saw in the distance on July 26, 1806, the world roamed by fur trappers and mountain men, hunters and surveyors, voyageurs, prospectors and homesteaders. During the park's first half century it has attracted millions of tourists. This jubilee year the gates probably will check in around 750,000 more.

Glacier visitors get what they look for, whether it's scenery they're after, or vacation fun, or resort luxury, or back-to-nature simplicity. Some view the park through the windows of posh resort hotels replete with post-card panoramas and all-day entertainment programs. Others use public campgrounds, revel in wood smoke and an atmosphere of holiday good fellowship. Fishermen find excellent fishing—no license required. To hikers the park means 1000 miles of fabulous trails. Alpinists find horn peaks which are a challenge to the best mountain-climbing technique. To lovers of wildlife, Glacier means incredible richness in animals, flowers, birds, shrubs, trees. You can ride horses, launch boats—rent either one or bring in your own. If you're a geologist the park is a living textbook in world history. On any given summer day 25,000 vacationists are busy doing all these things, but Glacier Park is so big that you can easily get away from the few crowded places around the hotels, restaurants and camps to a solitude where the sight of man is rare.

To see the real park, you've got to take to your legs and leave the much-traveled Going-to-the-Sun Highway, which crosses Logan Pass and is fifty miles from park gate to park gate. Many first visitors to the park don't stir from their cars—I didn't either, more's the pity, on my first visit years ago—except to seek a lunch counter or comfort station for the kids, or a leg stretch in the high, thin, chilly air of the pass, where the snow lasts till midsummer and there's a 100-mile view east and west from the 6654-foot divide.

But superficial sight-seers, I have since personally learned, do pass up the park's best treasures. Glacier Park is more than Swiss-type scenery, more than swell hotels or rustic campsites. Off the trail, free for the looking, you'll find what has become one of the rarest things in our modern world—nearly 1,000,000 acres of the earth as God made it.

Contiguous in Alberta across the border is Canada's Waterton Lakes Park, another 204 square miles formally linked to Glacier in 1932 as Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. We couldn't share a more thrilling landscape.

The geological story of how these rocky peaks thrust up and folded over in what the books call "the archetype of overthrusts" is a scientific thriller. There's one visible sharply marked fault line which separates rock strata differing in age by nearly 1,000,000,000 years, with the older rock on top of the newer, just where it ought not to be. This tormented crust is garbed in a modern dress of 1400 varieties of wild flowers, grasses, shrubs and trees of four zones of North American climate, roamed by every important form of wildlife native to our mid-continent—with patience and binoculars you can see half a hundred species of wild animals, from the mighty moose to the minute mouse.

At Glacier Park the wild mountain goat will let you (*Continued on Page 46*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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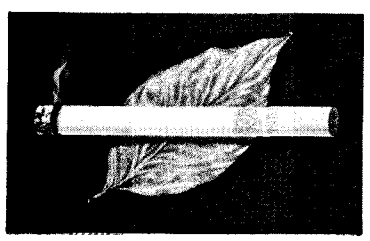

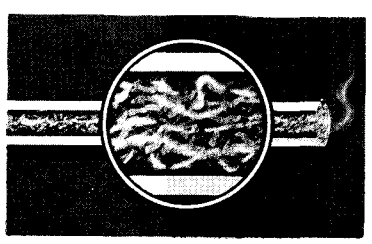

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(*Continued from Page 44*) take its picture if you treat it right. It's been fifty years since anybody aimed firearms at Glacier's goats, and though they're by no means "tame," they have grown tolerant of man. When I visited Glacier with Joern Gerdts, the photographer, park naturalists assured Joern he'd have no trouble making pictures showing goats and people close together.

We found it hard to believe this possible, but decided it was worth a try; so we hired horses and climbed to Sperry Chalet seven miles from Lake McDonald Hotel and 3600 feet higher. We went up on an early-summer morning through forests of cedar, hemlock and larch, a coldish moist day filled with smells of wet evergreens and muddy trail—the damp ground bruised by the horses' hoofs had a wonderful smell. Hikers grinned, stood aside, made cracks about our equitation and about the number of cameras that hung from Joern's saddle and around his neck. As we rode higher we climbed into pines, firs and spruce with lots of wild flowers, strident jays and scolding squirrels. Higher still was open country, with slides, ridges and the gouged-out glacial amphitheaters called cirques, which are common all over the park. And snow. On that summer day we rode through snow fields that grew deeper and deeper.

Sperry Chalet is a stone structure erected years ago as a hikers' shelter on the trail to Sperry Glacier. It has survived the gales and avalanches of half a century—only the winter before, an avalanche had burst open the doors and filled the building with snow. Up above the chalet we saw our first goats, hairy and angular, crossing snow fields on the glacier trail. To our delight—almost to our unbelief—we spotted a second bunch of goats perched on a rocky outcrop right beside the chalet where two hikers were having a picnic lunch.

Joern swung off his horse and headed toward the goats, taking pictures as he went. Though we expected them to spook off at any instant, as they normally would in the world of hunters and guns, they let us get within a few feet of them, while we moved quietly and carefully and talked over their heads to the lunching couple, who identified themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shorrock. Shorrock, a schoolteacher by profession, told us that he spends his summers in the park as a seasonal ranger, collecting fees and issuing car permits at the West Glacier entrance. This was his day off, and he and Mrs. Shorrock had climbed to the chalet afoot.

The goats went on licking rocks at the Shorrocks' feet. Mrs. Shorrock explained the mystery. "I brought a shaker full of salt," she said. "Ordinary table salt."

"To put salt on their tails?"

"No, to lure them close so I could take pictures. They're salt-crazy after the winter—you see how they ignore you to get it."

Most of the salt, I regret to say, was being pre-empted by the boss goat, who lowered his head and butted the rest of his flock to a respectful distance. He was a fine-looking billy in his prime. A she-goat with a cute month-old kid stood by resentfully. I decided that the Chief Goat would butt me away, too, if he thought I had designs on his salt.

Later Glacier's wildlife expert, assistant chief park ranger Dave Cannavina, gave me tips about photographing other wild creatures in a state of nature.

"Don't try to sneak up on them," said Dave. "Animals are much too alert—a sneak only alarms them and makes them take off. The best wildlife photographers tell me they move about quietly in the open, let the animals see them, pretend they're interested in something else until the wild creatures accept them as harmless—then they may get twenty pictures in twenty minutes. But it may take half a day of patience to do this.

"It's rewarding just to sit down at the edge of a clearing. At first nothing stirs; but after a while the world comes to life. There are 2500 elk, lots of deer in the park. We have bighorn sheep, mountain lion, coyotes, even wolves. Of course, bear are all over the place—easy to photograph. Don't overlook the cute, photogenic smaller animals—chipmunks, ground squirrels, marmots, above all the marten."

"How about fishing?" I asked. "Any tips to pass along?"

"Park trout fishing is good, often excellent," Dave said, "either with the fly or the spinner. We have brookies, rainbow, cutthroat, Dolly Varden, lake trout, grayling, salmon. There isn't too much stream fishing—this is really mountain-lake country, with 200 lakes in the park. The more remote lakes are best, of course, though at least 1000 big lake trout were taken right in much-fished Lake McDonald last summer.

"Fish follow definite water layers in lakes, up or down at a temperature that suits them—I expect it's a matter of their food. Good fishermen try fishing at different depths until they hook into them, while another man in the next boat may cast or troll on the surface and never get a bite. Right now I'd say the only real threat to Glacier Park fishing is the inconsiderate sportsman who brings in a speedboat with a high-power outboard and goes tearing around making a big wave and towing a water skier behind him—one joker like that can ruin the day for fifty quiet peace-loving fishermen. We keep park rangers on some of the lakes now, in boats, to deal with the 'hot rudders.' Maybe we'll end up reserving all the back-country lakes for fishing only and keep the water skiers and speedboats on lakes McDonald and St. Mary."

Admission to Glacier Park is free for people. But it costs two dollars for a permit—good fifteen days—to take a car in, four dollars for a season permit, extra for trailer or boat permits. Camping and trailer parking inside the park are free.

Permit fees added up to $194,000 in 1959. The park doesn't get this money, however, as direct income, but passes it on to the Treasury in Washington where, like the fees paid by park concessionaires, it is simply credited as part of the national income. Glacier Park is not in business, nor does the Government try to run the park at a profit. Far from it. It cost $822,000 to run Glacier National Park in 1959, which is more than four times what park visitors paid in fees. The park spent another $24,000 fighting blister rust, a disease of the trees.

Glacier Park's budget is a fixed item in the Federal budget—a part of the money voted by Congress for the National Park Service under the Department of the Interior. Glacier is one of twenty-nine national parks administered by the Park Service.

Some economy-minded citizens feel that parks like Glacier should pay their own way. Users, they aver, ought to pay fees high enough to cover every cent of park-operation costs. In fact, some say we ought to pay much more money and run the parks more munificently, instead of penny-pinching as we inevitably do under the budget system.

One disgruntled camper stormed into the presence of Glacier Superintendent Ed Hummel last summer, complaining that Sprague Creek campground was dirty, overcrowded and the garbage cans needed more frequent emptying. Superintendent Ed explained patiently that his budget for such things is mighty skimpy,

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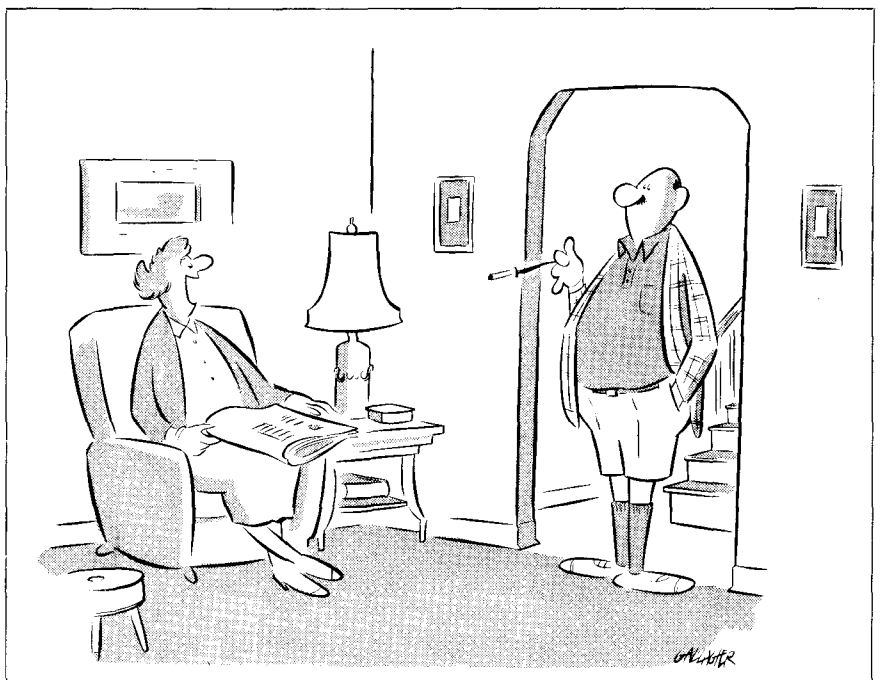
having been pared in Congress's desperate wrestling match with the nation's finances Of course, Sprague Creek campground ought to look better, but ——

"Listen," said the camper, "if it's money you need, why can't we campers pass the hat? I'll give one hundred dollars myself to clean up Sprague Creek campground. I'm not there because I want to save money, but because I like to camp in that spot!"

But the park couldn't accept his $100—not for that purpose, anyway. That's not the way we run the Federal Government. And remember, the reason the National Parks were set aside in the first place was to keep them from being commercialized. They're supposed to be Federal domain preserved and maintained for the good of all. Opponents of the idea that park users ought to pay higher fees say that we should all be deeply grateful that we can still find one bit of God's green earth that we have a right to walk on free because we own it in common.

The park's permanent staff numbers sixty. Superintendent Hummel has two administrative assistants; there are seventeen park rangers and three park naturalists. Rangers protect animals from poachers, guard United States property, have G-man authority. Everybody in the park is trained in fighting forest fires—Glacier's woods get powder-dry every summer and are explosively susceptible to devastating burns. When fire does come, rangers are aided by Forest Service smoke jumpers from Missoula and by other professionals flown in from all over the West.

In winter the rangers' duties require them to do lots of skiing and snowshoeing. They report that the park has a fabulous winter-sport future and even now is used a lot by a few hardy connoisseurs of cross-country and alpine skiing. Maintenance and engineering divisions keep



"Ah! A true harbinger of spring."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

highways plowed free of snow until winter storms make this impossible—the Going-to-the-Sun highway has one "big drift" that accumulated seventy-six feet of snow in the winter of 1958–59.

In mid-June the park staff goes up to 300. Forty seasonal park rangers—most of them schoolteachers in everyday life—come in for summer work at a base pay scale of $1.87 an hour. They pay $125 for a uniform, put up with primitive housing, cope with the whims and foibles of the vacationing public, come back year after year because they love it.

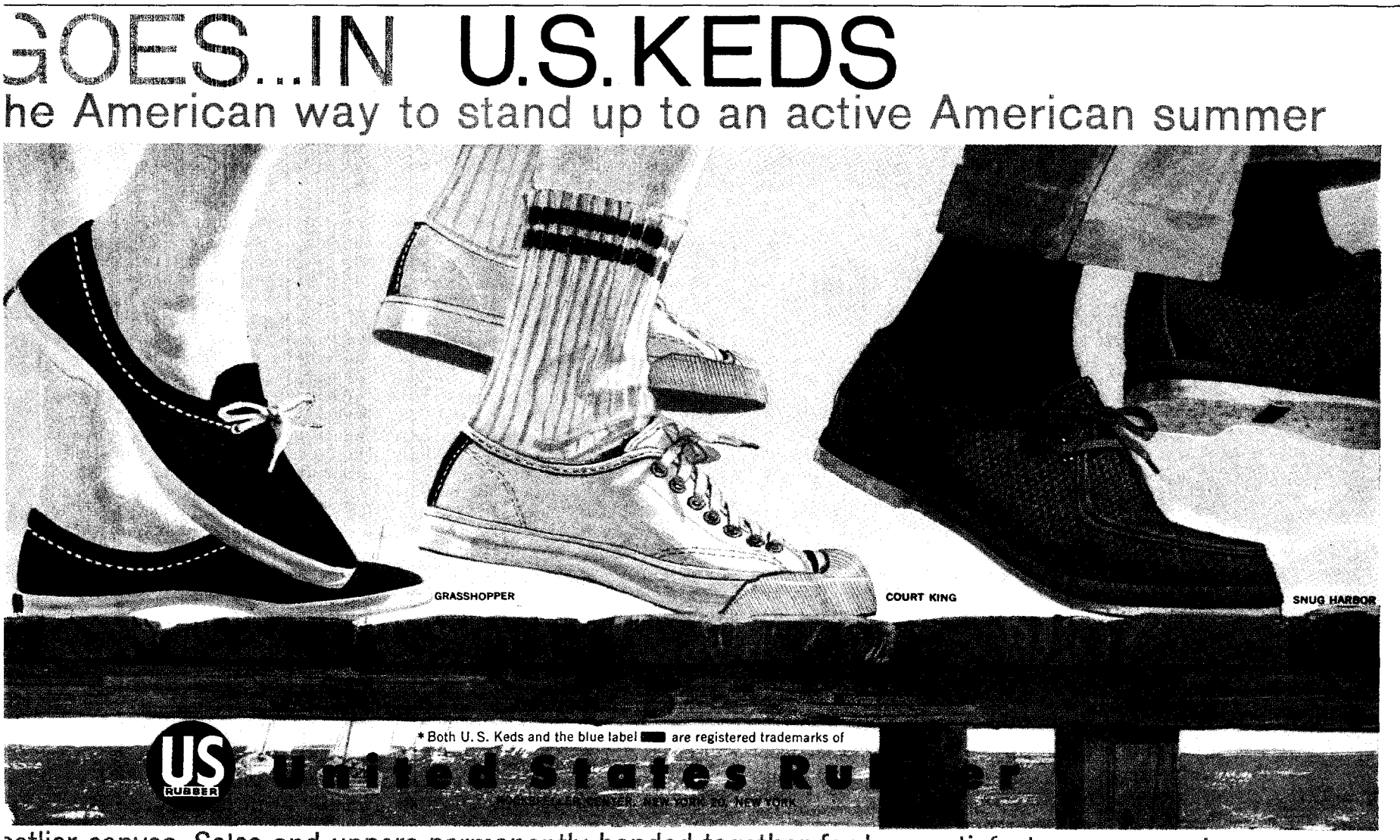
In June, as the tourists arrive, the hotels open—at Many Glacier, Lake McDonald, East Glacier just outside the park, and Prince of Wales in Waterton Lakes Park. The hotels are all owned by the Great Northern Railway through its subsidiary, the Glacier Park Company, which also operates two motels, at Rising Sun and Swiftcurrent Lake—all in all a total of 722 rooms. American-plan accommodations—hotel room and bath with meals—cost thirty-four dollars to thirty-nine dollars a day for two people, plus tips. A motel room for two costs $13, meals extra. The cheapest cabin without bath costs six dollars—showers in a central building.

These rates, authorized by the Park Service which supervises the hotel concession, are explained by the short season—eighty-seven days in 1959. For the rest of the year the enormous hotel investment is idle and unproductive.

Hotels are staffed by several hundred lively, cheerful college students trained and bossed by a nucleus of professionals. Students wait table, cook, wash dishes, act as bus boys, bellhops, desk clerks, chambermaids, double in brass as entertainers and singers. Pay is low, but tips are pretty generous, and a student's take-home runs to $500 or $600. The company, deluged with applications, hand-picks the student staff for looks, talent and character, then mother-hens the kids with solicitous chaperonage and inflexible supervision. Result: scandal is practically nil.

With rail-passenger traffic dwindling, the Great Northern hints that it would be happy to get out of the hotel business, originally seen as bait for summer Pullman travel. Meantime, with automobile travel booming, a number of conventional motels have sprung up on highways near the park, and restaurants and cafés just outside the gates do a thriving summer business.

Most experienced Glacier Park visitors use the park's six major and eight smaller public campgrounds—haul in every kind of tent and house trailer, every variety of portable camping equipment made by the sporting-goods fraternity. They get maps at park entrances, explore the campsites like birds looking for nesting places, settle down and make themselves at home with great good humor. Canadians from every province mingle with Americans from every state. We talked to Elaine Marshall and Margaret Urquhart from Melbourne, Australia, Ruby Balls from Edinburgh, and Diana McDonald—born in Maghull, England, and now living in Kitchener,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Ontario—who met the other girls while working in Vancouver, British Columbia. The four had pooled their resources and were on a vacation trip which had taken them all over the Western United States. Down the row was Herbert Roth from Lower Lake, California, and near him Willis and Mary Hollister and three youngsters from Hartford, Connecticut.

Campgrounds have good water, fireplaces, tables, garbage cans and pits, and toilets. Trailers are admitted except at Sprague Creek—if your trailer is very large, though, you'd better not tackle the North Fork road. Camping limit is fifteen days at Sprague Creek, thirty days elsewhere. Hikers can secure campfire permits and go off and camp anywhere in the park.

Kids play Indian, men go fishing, women hover over campfires and stoves—the smell of coffee and steak and beans and bacon rises into the summer air and brings on the bears. Bears prowl the campgrounds, a delight to the campers, a headache to the park rangers—and a sensation when they misbehave.

Joern Gerdts and I watched a bold black bear climb on tables at Swiftcurrent camp, push over garbage cans, enter open tents—they warn you to leave tents open, otherwise bears may rip their way in. The bear stopped and looked searchingly at Joern, and Joern got behind me—as if that would do any good. Finally the bear ripped open a new umbrella tent, which was buttoned up tight, and climbed in to see what it could find. It left the tent battered and torn, half a dozen apples in its stomach and half a loaf of bread in its mouth.

Some campers make claims for damages after these bear invasions, but they never get them. Some get very angry and go to court, but get nowhere. Last summer one gent told park authorities loudly that he ought to have fifteen dollars for damage to food and ten dollars more for cleaning up the mess! He got sympathy, polite treatment, but no damages. For fifty years the park has warned people not to feed bears, not to trust bears, not to leave food where bears can get it, never to treat bears as "tame." Visitors still ignore the warnings, still think it's good clean fun when somebody else gets hurt, still squawk when they get hurt themselves.

Occasionally deer come into camps. Chipmunks and squirrels run about boldly. Jays flash through the trees; they live up to their nickname, "camp robber." At the height of the season Glacier Park's campgrounds are friendly, heart-warming places.

Glacier Park gets its name from fifty living glaciers in the high peaks. Relatively mild weather during the half century of the park's existence has shrunk many of them considerably, but Sperry and Grinnell glaciers are still sizable, dramatic masses of living ice, and both are readily accessible to hikers.

Park naturalists conduct daily walks to Grinnell. It's an all-day trip, free, starting at Many Glacier Hotel lobby and is twelve miles to the glacier and back, complete with crevasses, moulins, glacier cones and the milky glacial lake.

Other conducted walks go off daily in every direction all over the park. I joined the one at Swiftcurrent campground bound for Iceberg Lake. Half a dozen, a dozen, then two dozen tourists gathered self-consciously together, finally a brisk naturalist appeared in park-service uniform and flat-brimmed hat, looked us over like a schoolteacher with a new class—he really was, it developed, a schoolteacher most of the year, and I learned later that this was his first week in the Park—and started off up the mountain.

I am not ordinarily a person who goes on conducted nature walks, but before we had been under way ten minutes I was humbly glad I had come. It was friendly and simple and informative. Our naturalist guide was pleasant and knew a good deal about his subject and people asked him questions, which he answered intelligently and helpfully. Next to me were Leon and Frances Benham from Rochester, New York, who promptly displayed an extraordinary knowledge of wild flowers—they walked through a world carpeted with old friends. A lady with a camera took dozens of pictures of flowers to show to her garden club back home. Another lady swapped technical lingo about geology with the naturalist, discussing U-shaped glacial valleys and the like, and we walked upward in a leisurely comfortable way while the magnificent mountain world broadened in a panorama of ever-increasing majesty. I had a very good time.

While we were being thus civilized and cultivated we looked up the slopes toward Appekunny, and the naturalist told us the saga of Joe Williams, who had come up that same trail with another young man a couple of weeks earlier.

Joe and his companion were tenderfeet, unescorted. Joe was from New Jersey and had arrived twenty-four hours earlier for a summer job at Many Glacier Hotel. The two young men, turning from the trail, started climbing the mountainside overlooking Swiftcurrent Lake, and Joe hadn't gone very far when the climb and the thin air wearied him and he sat down to rest.

In the Rocky Mountains it's good to remember that man is always an invader—he's an invader even in a National Park, which he personally believes he owns. Experienced people who go into the mountains look around a lot, take note of everything.

Joe didn't look around. Joe did not see the female grizzly bear there on the mountainside. Ordinarily grizzlies avoid human beings, don't make unprovoked attacks. But whatever her reasoning, this female grizzly didn't like Joe Williams' presence on the mountainside—and when a grizzly comes to a decision like that, it's bad.

Joe didn't hear the grizzly coming. When she sniffed at him from behind he jumped up in great panic and tried to run. She ran after him and knocked him down, mauling and mouthing him.

Joe's companion ran down the mountain to get help, and Ranger Don Dayton came out of Swiftcurrent Ranger Station with a 30-06 rifle. Dayton plowed up the mountain to try to spook the bear away.

When the bear didn't spook, Dayton fired two shots over her back, and as she still stood her ground, he took careful aim and broke her spine with a rifle bullet, saving Joe Williams' life. Joe was released from the hospital many weeks later and faces three years of plastic surgery to make good the damage done by that bear. The miracle is that he's alive at all.

Glacier Park is wild—despite the parklike civilized appearance of its main roads and trails—as wild as it was when Meriwether Lewis saw it in the distance that day in 1806. Wonder what Meriwether would think of today's park!

Climb Glacier's peaks with caution. Venture upon its glacial ice with respect. Walk its trails warily in the spirit of the mountain men who first saw it. It's big, rugged, primitive despite all our civilizing. As you grow in knowledge of it, Glacier Park grows on you. Thank Heaven, we've kept the park from change, however much the world about it changes. This high mountain world cuts you down to size, but paradoxically makes you feel bigger for having visited it. THE END

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Life Among the Pioneers (Continued from Page 21)

alone. It is her belief that she is getting too round, and so she has taken to eating a substance called yogurt, thought by the aborigines to evaporate flesh. Whenever one of her friends calls her for a chat on the telephone and asks what she has been doing, she usually replies in disconsolate tones, "Oh, I just sit around here eating my yogurt." Almost always this arouses a flash flood of sympathy in the heart of the caller, who will say, "Marie, I just can't bear the thought of it—all alone up there with that yogurt. You just forget your darned figure for one evening and get right over here and have dinner with us."

Marie manages to eat heartily two or three times a week by using the yogurt-plus-loneliness ploy. I am happy to say that she learned the trick from me. My wife occasionally goes away to visit relatives for a couple of weeks, leaving me at home alone. Sometimes, as the afternoon wears on and I find myself growing hungry, I'll telephone one of the neighbor ladies and say, "Listen, Evelyn, tell me something. When you cook a head of cabbage, do you have the water boiling first and then drop it in, or the other way round?"

Evelyn, who already knows that I am a temporary bachelor, will respond, "Oh, it really doesn't make much difference about the—say, just a minute! What are you doing boiling a whole head of cabbage?" I reply that I am getting ready to cook my dinner. And she almost always says, "Good grief, you turn that stove off and get in your car and come over here and have dinner with us. We're having fried chicken, and there's plenty."

The next night I may work it with another friend, calling up and asking what kind of cheese to cook with macaroni, or what is a "medium oven," or how much flour to put in gravy; and so I get invited over to eat steak.

Yes, we have had to learn to use our mother wit here in the wilderness. Conditions are rugged, and many of us find it hard to survive on what we are able to scrape from the earth. Take the boys down at the garage. One day it occurred to me that I am forever spilling money out of my pants pocket into the front seat of my car, and some of that money drops down into the crevices. I thought that if I were employed at a garage where people bring their cars in for servicing, the moment the owners departed I would yank out the car seats and look for money. And so I made some inquiries and finally found a mechanic who knew I was not the district attorney.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Seat money. That's what we call it—seat money. We got a system of rotating, so each guy gets a car in turn. It becomes a sorta game. My car comes in, and I jerk out the seats and find maybe six cents or maybe nothing. So the next car is Charley's and he finds three quarters and two dimes. I keep my wife and me in cigarettes with seat money."

You see? In almost every direction you will encounter people here on the frontier who eke out their miserable existence by toil, stratagem, hook, crook or little white lies. I have a neighbor whose business is such that people often telephone him at his home in the evenings. He is a shrewd frontiersman, and he has worked out a technique for getting rid of these callers. He keeps a bowl of oyster crackers beside his telephone and, before picking up the instrument, he pops a few crackers into his mouth. If the caller is an unwelcome one, he begins chewing vigorously and noisily and speaking indistinctly, spitting cracker crumbs; and usually the caller will say, "Oh, you must be having your dinner. I won't bother you now—this thing can wait till tomorrow." And so my neighbor abates a nuisance at the cost of a few oyster crackers. We may be rubes, but we know a trick or two.

I have another neighbor, named Bennett, who is a lawyer. He has a peculiar hobby—plumbing. Whereas many men are intimidated by U-bend traps and Fuller faucets and compression-cock washers, Bennett loves nothing more than to tinker with such things, and usually he knows what he's doing. After I found out about his hobby I worked up a little game. Oh, all right—a little racket. Suppose the kitchen sink at my house gets clogged up or springs a leak. I phone Bennett and ask him if he'd like to come by for a drink. Just before he is due at my house, I get out an old rusty wrench I found one day on the road—an enormous wrench that could only be used by sewer builders or oil drillers. I get some black grease and make a few smears on my face and hands, and then muss up my hair and spread some additional tools and dirty rags around on the floor. Finally, when I hear his car, I put a look on my face as if I were about to bust out crying.

In comes Bennett, friendly and vigorous. "Whatya doin' there, pal?" he cries out. Then he looks closer and sees that I am trying to cope with a trap beneath the sink. Off comes his coat, and he cries, "Put that wrench down! Give me that thing! Stand aside, boy, and leave a man go to work!" And in no time at all he has the sink fixed.

Bennett really enjoys those plumbing repairs. The same way that Charley B —— enjoys working with his tube tester. Several years ago Charley bought this nice tube tester for seventy-nine dollars. It is all loaded with dials and leaping needles and outlets and inlets and uplets. Charley's trouble seems to be that he doesn't have enough tubes to test. On the other hand, I have more tubes around my premises than ought to be allowed to one man. I have an electric organ and two TV sets and a hi-fi and various other contrivances which make my house go woof and tweet. Naturally the tubes are always getting out of whack, and if I resorted to a professional serviceman each time I had trouble, I'd soon be broke. All I have to do is phone Charley. He comes racing over with his tube tester and, while he's at it, he tests every tube in the house;

• •

Out of Order

By Richard Armour

Those pictures of Before and
After
Once sent me off in gales of
laughter—
The baldish head become
all hairy,
The hippo hips grown
slender, very,
The double chin so nicely
one again,
The run-down feeling
wound to run again.

I used to laugh, I laugh no
more now.
I once was After. I'm
Before now.

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and I have to restrain him from testing the broom. The trick of keeping him happy and contented while he does this job is to follow him around and point at the dials and needles and say, "What's that?" He loves to explain these things, using highly technical terms, and that is part of the fun he gets out of his tube tester, being able to talk about oscillations and ohms and Slo-Blo fuses and one-quarter-ampere pigtail units.

Sometimes, here on the frontier, we discover new procedures—rackets—by accident. You want to hear about my trip to Mexico? You don't? O.K., I'll tell you about it.

One casual telephone call changed my whole life—and for the better. My wife and I had decided we wanted to go on a nice vacation in some foreign clime, and we had discussed a dozen different possibilities. Then one evening I was reading the local weekly newspaper and saw a three-line item which said, "Mr. and Mrs. C —— M —— of Millwood Road have just returned from a 10,000-mile auto trip through Mexico." That was all. I sat and looked at that item and read it over a few times. It occurred to me that people who have been on a long trip love to talk about it to other people. But an unwritten law has come into being, saying that to talk in detail about your trip is to become a crashing bore. You must never babble about your travels unless people ask you to do it.

Millwood Road is near us, and impulsively I got up and looked in the phone book and found their number and called it. I identified myself to Mrs. M and apologized for disturbing her; but I said we had been thinking about a trip to Mexico and would they like to come by for cider and tell us something of their experience? Mrs. M —— said better yet, we should come to their house for dinner two nights later and they'd introduce us to some other people who had been to Mexico and loved it and would enjoy talking about it.

And so we went to dinner, and there were about twenty people, all Mexico buffs, some with books to lend us, some with pictures they had taken, all with anecdotes and advice.

We traveled to Mexico and then went back a second time and even a third, and learned to speak some Spanish and doubled the number of our friends; and I wrote a book about our adventures and a story for motion pictures, and learned to play Mexican music on the organ and to cook Mexican food. And people began classifying me as an authority on Mexico and sending me books to review, and so on and on—all from one impulsive phone call to some people on Millwood Road. If you want to widen your circle, just call up somebody who's been abroad and tell them you'd enjoy hearing all about it.

We on the frontier are rugged individualists, sharper than most people, quick to recognize the main chance. Know why I was standing down in the settlement today when Mrs. George Skoob came through the plaza, shopping for a meter with the most on it? Well, I had gone down to cash a check at the bank and I had put a penny in the meter for twelve minutes of parking. I twisted the knob and the arrow swung clear over; it must have been a thin penny, because I got a dime's worth of time—two hours. It took me but a few minutes to go into the bank and cash my check. When I came out I looked at all the beautiful time on the meter and decided I would loaf around town for a while. I had important work waiting for me at home, but I'm no fool. You think I'd drive away from a meter where I was getting two hours for a penny? Not me! Not anybody else in this community! We have to be just a shade shrewder than the rest of you, and so I stayed downtown the full two hours.

THE END

"Now."

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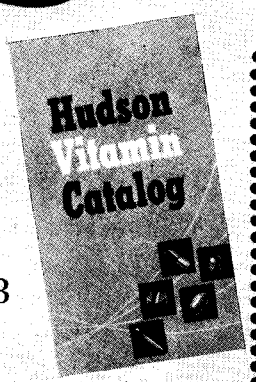

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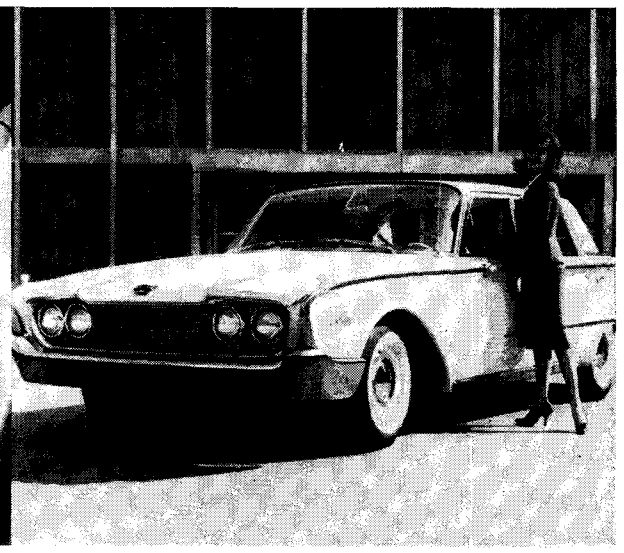

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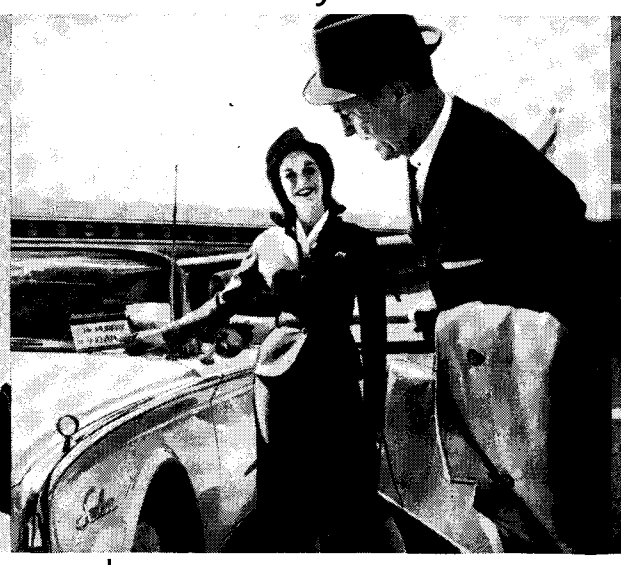

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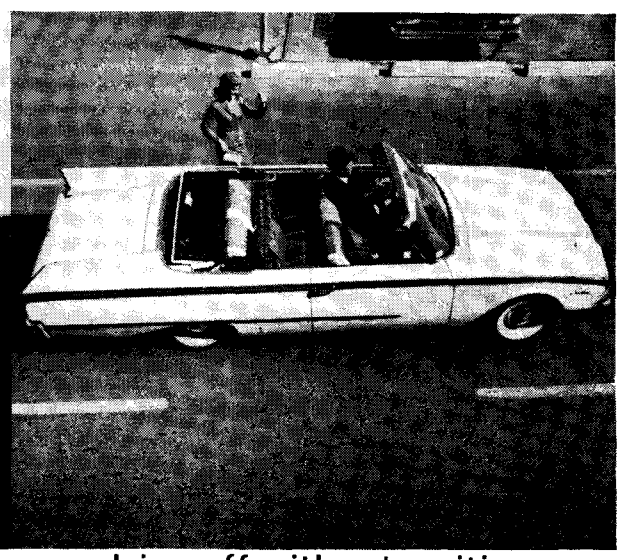

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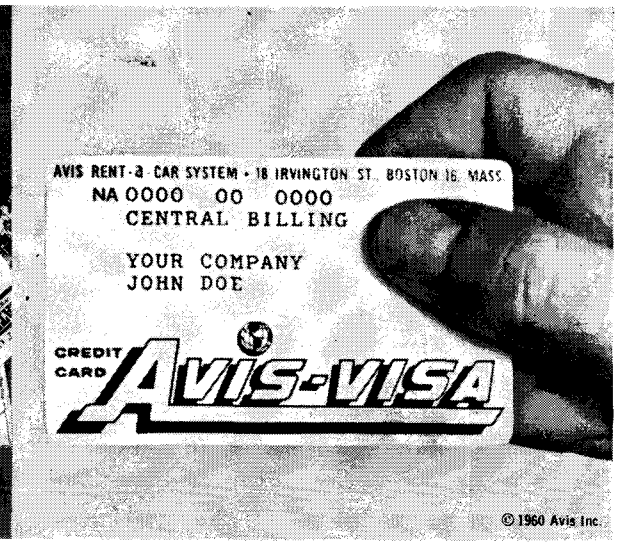

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Make Up Your Mind! (Continued from Page 31)

overdoing it. Perhaps a touch of mischief—"I couldn't help inviting Elliot." But a fib—Cy would know it.

Moreover, I had no time to waste practicing smiles, with two hungry men coming for breakfast, and ma not there to get it. Breakfast at five, because this was the first day of deer hunting, when daddy always tried to get his buck. "Yours, indeed," ma would say. "As if the poor little things had name tags on."

I didn't hunt; but weather permitting, I had been allowed to go along since teeth-in-braces days, first with a camera and then my paints—and self-importantly in charge of lunch and, back in the beginning, silently, hopelessly adoring Cy, who hardly knew I was there, unless as a sister. He was five years older than I, and daddy had started taking him out because his grandfather was too old, and his own father had not come back from the South Pacific long ago. And all of it got to be—you know how it is—one of those family traditions.

Daddy would not be hunting this year. He had had a mildish heart attack, followed by warnings of let up or give up, and he and ma were on vacation in Hawaii. I was staying home to finish my M.A., plus certain other reasons not divulged to parents. And, yes, I would be careful about the furnace. No, I didn't want Aunt Agnes to come and I wasn't intending to live in a dormitory and keep house rules, not at my age.

"For Pete's sake, ma, I'm a big girl now."

"And of course there's Cy," ma had said. "I mean, if anything came up. He's just as steady as a rock."

Which he certainly was. Took after the old judge, everyone said, and bound to be judge himself if he lived long enough—and I couldn't imagine he wouldn't. Sometimes I found it easier to think of Cy as a judge and grandfather than as an eligible young man, mine for the taking. Life can be queer, you know? Cy was the shiniest prize on the Christmas tree if he had asked me a few years ago. But he hadn't—nor even yet, in so many words. He just acted as if there weren't any doubt about it, and all our friends said "Cy and Margot," and I didn't say not. I hadn't minded being taken for granted till Elliot France came into the art department at State; and the world, instead of turning tidily on its axis day after day, got spells of going round rather more like a pin wheel.

Elliot would never be a judge—perhaps not a grandfather either. He didn't have the Curry money back of him, and his salary as an art instructor was probably half what Cy made from his law practice. But he had fun. He had studied in Paris. He had been to Bali and the North Cape and all over Ireland by bicycle.

"Naturally on a shoestring," he explained. "But when it breaks, I teach school for a while—a simple system, very workable." And he had recently been persuading me that it would work for two as well as one. "How about that, Margot? We'd have wonderful times."

Whereupon my heart did flip-flops, but I didn't say yes and I didn't say no. It sounded dreamy—only how about the five children I wanted? Traveling round the world on shoestrings didn't seem quite right for babies. And there was Cy, I'd think, with no flip-flops, but such a deep, strong tugging at my heart. Ten years were not forgotten in three months—not in my case. So that must mean —— "If you love two, you love neither," someone has said, making me wonder if I am just a flirt or a born old maid, fated to get my degree, live with my parents, teach art for forty years, retire with dignity and silver hair, with my portrait in the Fireplace Room and coeds asking, "Who in heck was that?"

No! I thought. "Never!" I said, dealing with eggs, flour, milk and melted butter in a way that might have surprised ma, conditioned as she was to a daughter breakfasting on black coffee and two bites of toast ten minutes before a class. Sausage as well as bacon? I wondered. Toast and jam to go with the pancakes? Better, at least, have a good meal for possibly ruffled tempers, I told myself.

"So it's just us this year," Cy had said yesterday. "We can go up Lone Creek—and you'll have another chance to paint the deserted cabin."

"You needn't laugh at my painting," I said.

"I'm not, and you know it. What makes you so prickly lately?"

"Nothing—I mean, I'm not prickly."

"O.K., you're not. And how about tomorrow?"

"Well," I began, "all right, I guess." It was for old times' sake, if nothing else; and even if I should break off with Cy, I wanted to do it gently and stay friends. "I'll pack the lunch, and you'd better come over for breakfast, same as always."

"You bet. See you at five A.M. I'm busy tonight," he said and gave me a quick kiss—he was careful of kisses since I had been alone—and went away.

And that was that, till in the evening here came Elliot, bringing a record I wanted. I was just making sandwiches, as it happened, and naturally I told him why, and one thing led to another—as for example, he was a hunter and had bought a Montana license, but had made no special plans. Elliot began to talk about hunting deer in Massachusetts, where I had not supposed there were any.

He has the knack of telling a good story. I could see woods where I have never been, maple and oak in tattered autumn colors, gently rounded hills instead of mountains, and streams called "brooks," not "cricks." I even saw the deer on a little knoll, standing so proud and unaware, and I almost cried, "Oh, no!" as the gun cracked. Because in my secret heart I've always felt deer are too beautiful to kill.

"Sheer luck, at that distance," Elliot said. "And I'm not all that good—fellow with me was better, matter of fact. It just didn't happen to be his day."

"You're too modest," I said.

"Just lucky," he repeated. "Wish I could do as well here in Montana."

And that's when I said, "Elliot, why not come with us tomorrow? Lone Creek is a good place for deer."

"But wouldn't that be ——"

"It would be just fine," I broke in, naturally knowing it wouldn't. And hadn't I heard all my life that you'd better be off with the old love, dear, before you are on with the new. *Yes*, I admitted. *But*, I thought, *I can't make up my mind.*

I was setting a third place at the kitchen table when I heard Cy's confident step on the back porch.

And he came in—dark eyes, dark hair, face ruddy from the cold and a pleased expression destined not to last long. "Morning. Smells good. You really got up on time."

"I told you I would." I turned my head, offering only a cheek for his good-morning kiss. Then I turned back, a little surprised because nothing had happened.

Cy stood looking at the table. "Three?" he asked.

"Well, yes. You see ——" Eyelashes went down, then up, and then came the half-rueful smile. But it was wasted effort. He was taking off his coat, an old Mackinaw familiar from many other first-hunting days, hanging it carefully over a chair back. And for a blink I saw all the other Cy's—the high-school basketball player and college skier, the Army lieutenant and law student I had loved—all different, all the same. He was the one and only, and why had I ever doubted?

I took an impulsive step. "Oh Cy ——"

If he had come halfway right then, who knows? But all he said was, "And who is number three?"

"Elliot France."

"And why?"

"Why not?"

"He wasn't invited is a possible reason."

"I invited him. It's my breakfast party, and I packed lunch, and you weren't here, and he just happened to drop by. He wants to hunt in Montana and he's never been up Lone Creek. He's new out here, and we're supposed to be nice ——"

"Stop floundering," Cy said. "You'll drown yourself."

I was in no danger of drowning, but I had certainly burned my hand on the hot griddle. "Oh, darn!" I cried. "Darn it all. You needn't be so darn superior."

"Your vocabulary, my dear, seems a bit limited for a rising young mistress of arts."

"Don't be so darn—I mean, so infernally smug!"

"May I come in?" asked Elliot, who was in. "I knocked, you know," he said and grinned at us, then suddenly bent and kissed my nose. "Mustn't upset my girl, judge, not before breakfast."

"If she's your girl, professor, how could I upset her?"

I said, "Oh—" and bit off the "darn." Then I said, "You make me glad I'm nobody's girl and don't intend to be. Please sit down, breakfast is ready; I'll be with you in a minute. And let's be civilized."

"You betcha," Elliot said and smiled at me.

He isn't taller than Cy, but looks it, being slimmer and wearing his thick, fair hair in a different style. His eyes are very blue, and when he smiled at me I smiled right back and thought, *Of course.* Except that about two minutes ago, there was Cy and the old Mackinaw. So what ailed me? Why couldn't I be like other girls, sure from the very start? Love was supposed to be a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning, no questions asked, none needed.

I sipped black coffee, Cy ate stolidly, Elliot asked for more of everything and carried on the conversation, too, and I was grateful. He talked about hunting deer other places and told his Massachusetts story over again—same autumn woods and deer and marvelous shot, same explanation that it was mere luck. Then he met my eyes and smiled disarmingly. "But you've heard this before."

And I forgave him on the spot. Telling a good story twice is not a crime, and better than Cy's glum silence anyway. Of course, it had been his party in the beginning. *Oh, dear*, I thought. *We're certainly going to have a peach of a day.*

"Time we were in the saddle," Cy announced. "What's for the car?"

He went out with a load, and Elliot asked, "Anything left for me?"

"Well," I began.

"You are," he said and pulled me close and kissed me good and hard. "My girl. And in your heart you know it."

"Sometimes I think I don't know anything."

"Because of Cy," he said. "Will you believe I understand? But, Margot, these things happen."

Just what I read, I thought, *in all the books.* But it hadn't happened to me, not the way he meant; and I gave him two vacuum bottles and said, "Let's go."

Daylight was coming as we drove through town. There were a few people stirring—milk trucks, a newsboy on a bicycle, a florist's van outside St. Matthew's where there would be an early-morning wedding. It was Darlene Starbooth; she was eighteen and not the youngest bride I knew, at that. I felt very old and withering-on-the-bough and gave a little shiver, and Cy said, "Heater?"

"No. Quite comfortable, thank you. The snow's already melting, isn't it?"

"That's right. Bad luck for hunting—game will stay in the high mountains."

"I hope it does," I said.

He gave me a crooked smile. "I know you do. . . . Margot," he told Elliot, "always wishes the deer would get away."

Suddenly, so it seemed, we were in the canyon—piney, prickly mountains close on either hand and snow capped peaks above. The river chuckled between ice-fringed banks. The air was tingly. I saw Sheep Rock lifting its humpy head above the forest as it had done in Indian days.

"Here's our turn," I said.

"I know," said Cy.

We left the highway for a winding dirt road that followed Lone Creek southeast into the mountains. Pretty soon it was trail, not road, then dwindled out in a small clearing. Here was the silvery log cabin I liked to paint, with a lilac bush against its fallen-in window and traces of mine diggings across the creek. *The gold that wasn't there*, I always thought. *Somebody's dream that never had come true.*

Cy stopped the car. I would stay here while they went off on foot, one on each side of the creek, leaving me with the car, my paints and the lunch. There was the formal (*Continued on Page 56*)

Point Reyes

On the California Coast

By Elijah L. Jacobs

The wind is stiffening;
whitecaps rise and run,
Though farther out they hardly
move at all—
Minute white dapples under
the half-dimmed sun.
A faint fog thickens, brushing
the cliff, to crawl
In clots and streamers above
the continent's edge.
In fallen rocks to windward the
rollers tumble,
Exploding in hard, white
spray, drenching a ledge
And driving the sea birds
away. Above the jumble
Of boulders and thrashing
foam, a gull drifts, mewing
Its petulant cry. In the lee of
the Point, below,
The seals are playing, diving,
fleeing, pursuing.
What things are these! Gull
and seal, the flow
Of wind and cloud and water,
tumult and space—
The casual power of Creation,
the casual grace!

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(*Continued from Page 53*) business of tossing a coin for choice of territory; there were good-bys, and don't be bored and build a fire if I needed one. I said no need, because it was already warming up. It was one of the sharply mild November days that sometimes return in late fall like a ghost of summer.

I watched two red caps go out of sight, then spread a blanket where the snow had melted south of the cabin, set up a camp chair and took out my paints. It was no use, however; an unquiet heart gave me an unsure hand. *Wait a while,* I thought and walked down to the water.

I found a sunny boulder and sat watching the swirl and eddies of the stream. A trout jumped, scattering rhinestone beads. Waterbugs soon to die drew delirious patterns, defying eternity. I sat so still that a chipmunk ran unafraid across my boot, found a pine cone and hooked a meal of seeds from it. A water snake was swimming toward the bank, holding a small fish crosswise in its mouth. There was a clean, cold smell I liked under the high-arched, cloudless sky. In so much beauty, so much peace, I thought, there must be an answer for every question. But none came.

After a time I went back up the hill, parted the rustly leaves of the lilac bush and looked into the cabin. Nothing had changed since the last time I was here—nor since the first, barring more signs of weather and pack rats. A dusty, fusty smell, a fireplace blackened with smoke from long ago, an empty room except for a rustic rocking chair and sewing stand someone had made for somebody once upon a time—a labor of love, said every curlicue. My knuckles whitened on the window sill. *Tell me,* I said, *what's love?*

"Margot," Cy said from behind me. "Let's have a talk."

I whirled around and there he was, though there had been no sound of rifle shot. "You didn't get your deer," I said.

He said, "That doesn't matter." But it had always mattered before on the first day of hunting, and I felt guilty. "Let's sit down," Cy said.

It was almost hot by then, south of the cabin. We sat on the blanket, hugging our knees. Cy said we couldn't go on this way. I asked what way. He said he wasn't playing games, and we were silent for a time. There is a waiting stillness in autumn woods. A something-about-to-happen kind of feeling, and my heart began to pound. Cy's hand came out of his pocket holding a box. He clicked it open, and I saw the ring—a diamond like a raindrop, like a tear. He said, "How about it, Margot?"

And I said, "I just don't know."

"Then that's my answer." His voice sounded crisp enough, but his lips had tightened. The ring went into his pocket again, and he took an apple from the lunch basket. "Want one?" Cy asked politely. I shook my head. I thought, *if he were much hurt* —— But then I thought, *Perhaps to hide his hurt.* Had he been sure of me, to buy the ring, or suddenly unsure?

There was no answer in his face. He ate his apple with good appetite and said in a cheerful voice, "No deer today."

"And nothing else matters," I said.

"If you choose to think so."

"But, Cy, I only want a little more time."

"You've had all the time there was, Margot," in what I called his courtroom voice. And that was that. While I was making up my mind, he had decided. I guess my mouth hung open for a minute—love stories don't teach girls to expect this. I felt a nameless pain and emptiness. Cy had been part of my life such a long while, how could I let him go? But he had gone, though we sat side by side, the cabin back of us, the creek in front, its ripples shot with gold as noon came on. And I knew too late what I wanted.

Marriage is not a trip around the world. And it isn't a diamond ring as big as a raindrop. *Five children,* I thought. *But what if I married Cy, and we had none? Or married Elliot, had five or six, and he'd have to be a schoolteacher all his life? Choose the right one—that's all that counts.* It is a person you marry, not a dream; and I had just waked up, but whether soon enough, I didn't know. Cy's face had a tight, closed look. He does not blow hot and cold like me, and he would never understand. He made up his mind slowly, made it up for keeps, and I was a document filed under FINISHED BUSINESS. This is the end, I thought, of hunting trips, the end of everything—and at that very moment I saw the deer.

It hadn't come; it had simply appeared, standing aloof and proud at the edge of the clearing, its antlered head lifted, one foreleg poised for a step not taken, as if our alien presence had been sensed. It was the first day of hunting, but deer have no calendars to warn them. This was its place, and we the intruders.

A yell would have scared it off, but I was silent as Cy's hand moved toward his rifle. First day of hunting, and there was his buck—but Cy didn't touch the gun. He took my hand—cold fingers, but a warm clasp, if this can be. "All right, Margot," he said in a low voice. "I'm going to let it go."

A shot came from across the stream. The deer gave a single, surprised bound, then fell without a twitch, instantly and completely dead. We heard a cheerful shout, and Elliot came out of the woods, his boots crunching the crust of snow that still remained under the trees. He splashed through shallow water, scattering gold. He was tall, yellow-haired, blue-eyed—and a stranger to me.

"How's that for luck? Not a bad shot?"

"About as difficult," I said, "as shooting a calf in a barnyard."

"Not from where I was. First shot, and my first day out."

And now, I thought, *you'll have another story.* "This is Cy's side of the creek," I said.

"Oh, that," said Elliot lightly. "Sorry, old man, but you were going to let it get away."

He gave us his disarming glance—that didn't disarm me this time. There was a faint wonder in me because I had ever wondered. And pretty soon I would forget I had. I felt a smile beginning deep inside, and not the kind practiced before a mirror. I wanted to see that diamond ring again—somehow, sometime, another chance.

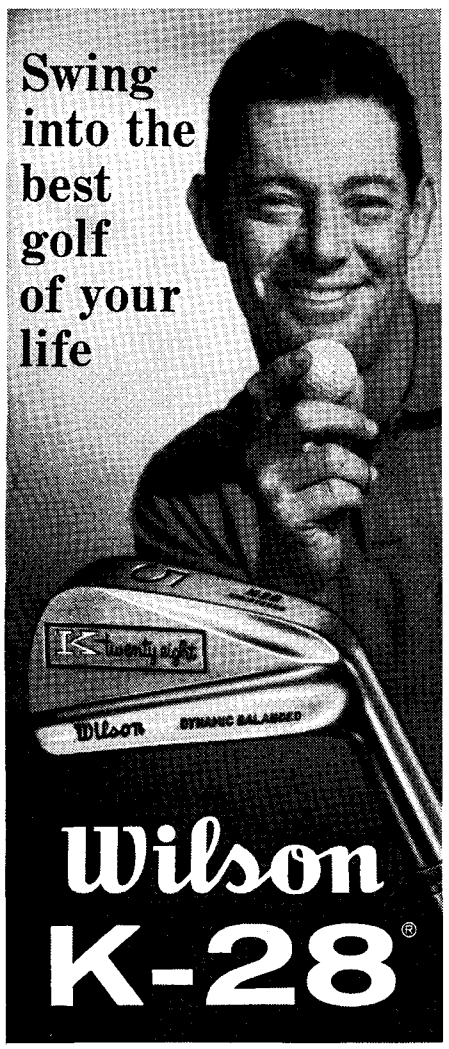
"Just wasn't your day," Elliot said to Cy. "But no hard feelings? You can have the meat, of course."

I'll always have to wonder whether he knew how close he came to getting hit. Cy had jumped up, but so did I, and caught his arm. "Don't, please."

He said, "But I——"

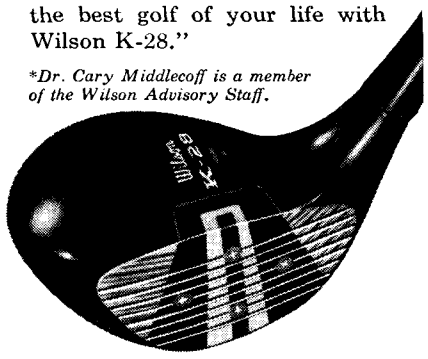
I said, "But it's not important." And when he looked at me, I knew he knew, sure as I did myself, whose day it was.

THE END



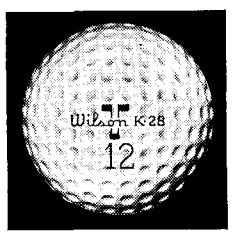
"You'll smile, too," says Dr. Cary Middlecoff*, "when you see how Wilson K-28 golf equipment can improve your game. You get maximum distance, better control, and a big bonus in confidence from these top woods, irons, and balls. You'll swing into the best golf of your life with Wilson K-28."

**Dr. Cary Middlecoff is a member of the Wilson Advisory Staff.*

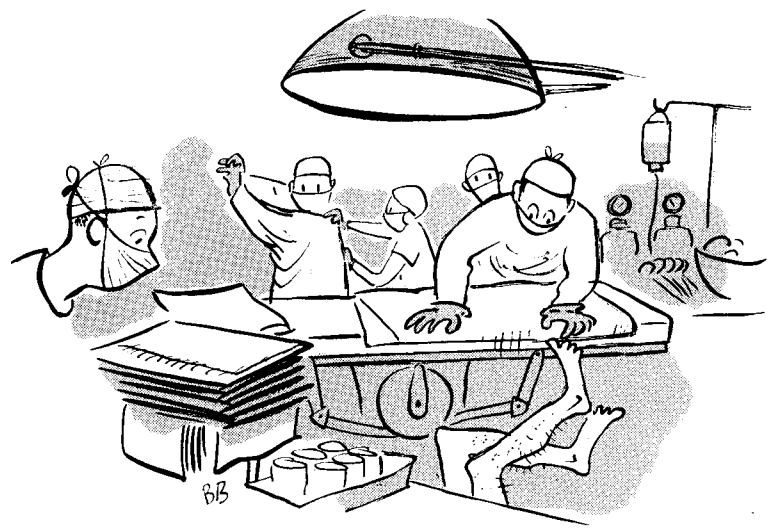


Win With Wilson

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)



At your favorite sporting goods store or department



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The surgeon, on entering the operating room, was shocked to see the unconscious patient lying on the operating table unstrapped. He snapped directions to the orderly to get a strap. The orderly, who had been holding onto the patient, let go to comply. The patient rolled to the floor and was injured. Upon recovering, he sued the surgeon.

"It was the surgeon's fault because he instructed the orderly to leave me lying there unconscious and helpless while getting a strap," the patient argued. "He should have had someone else look after me meanwhile."

"It wasn't my fault if the orderly was too stupid to ask someone else to hold you down while he got the strap," the surgeon replied. "I didn't hire the operating-room staff, nor should I be expected to do their jobs in addition to my own."

If you were the judge, would you make the surgeon pay?

• •

The surgeon paid. The court said that the patient, "helpless under the anesthetic, is absolutely at the mercy of the surgeon who is the master of the operating room. If the surgeon were not held responsible for the negligent performance of those working under him, the law would fail in affording a means of redress for preventable injuries sustained from surgical operations."

Based upon a 1957 Colorado decision.

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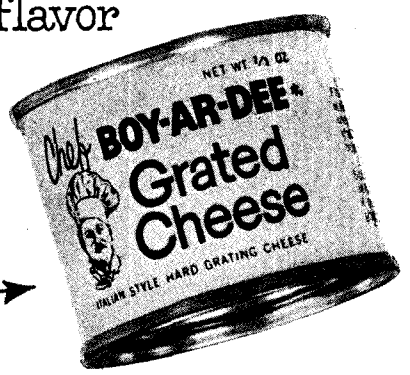
Complete spaghetti dinner with the sauce all made:

1. Spaghetti Sauce all made with the Chef's touch in it. 10 full ounces of complete sauce with lots of meat (or mushrooms). Nothing else to buy. Saves time – work – money!

2. Cheese – lots of it. Aged and grated with the flavor of Italy in every sprinkle.


NET WT. 10 OZS.
Chef
BOY-AR-DEE*
SPAGHETTI
SAUCE
WITH MEAT
INGREDIENTS
Tomato Puree, Beef, Sugar, Salt, Wheat Flour, Cornstarch, Flavorings, Onions, and Caramel Coloring.
MADE IN
Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Kitchens of AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.
MILTON, PA., U.S.A.
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND REG. TRADEMARKS OF RELATED COMPANY
NET WT. 1/4 OZ.
Chef BOY-AR-DEE* Grated Cheese
ITALIAN STYLE HARD GRATING CHEESE

3. Spaghetti – a full 8 ounces – cooks up quick and tender.

Everywhere in U. S. and Canada.

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Complete SPAGHETTI DINNERS – MEAT or MUSHROOM

A meal in a minute with the Chef's touch in it.

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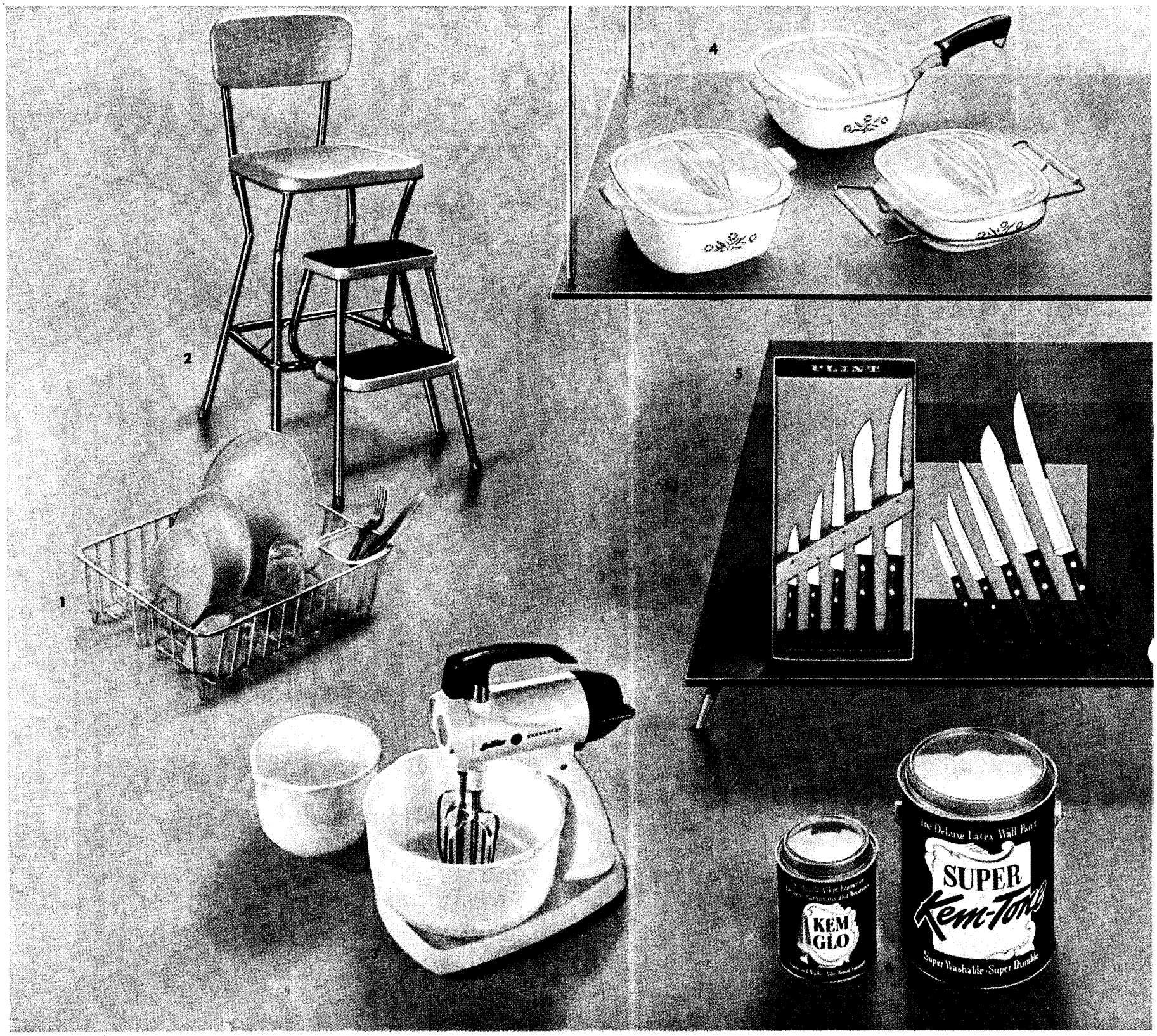
HARDWARE WEEK GOL



1. Rubbermaid Special Dish Drainer ends dishwiping. Dishes drain and air-dry in cushioned coated safety. Detachable silverware cup permits stand-up drying. $2.29 value. Special . . . $1.59.

2. Cosco step stool with smart, hourglass shape. Roomy, swingaway steps put everything in easy reach. Restful, padded seat. Sturdy, all-steel construction. Washable, stain-resistant upholstery. $14.95.

3. De Luxe Sunbeam Automatic Mixmaster Mixer with Bowl-Fit beaters mixes more thoroughly. 12-speed MIX-FINDER dial is easy to see, set. Automatic bowl speed control; beautiful, streamlined styling.

4. Corning Ware Saucepan Set of amazing Pyroceram can't crack from heat or cold. 1, 1½, 1¾-quart saucepans, covers, gold-colored mounter, detachable handle. Regularly $14.95, now $12.88 (till May 14).

5. Flint Stainless Vanadium Waverly Edge Knives with Pakkawood® handles. Gift-boxed set contains the right knife for every cutting job. Another fine product by EKCO. $11.43 value, special $8.88.

6. Super Kem-Tone® wall paint and Kem-Glo® enamel for woodwork—America's favorite interior paints. Both are easy to apply. Guaranteed washable. See beautiful, new 1960 colors at your irha Dealer.

7. True Temper Jet Rocket Hammer feels *alive* in your hand. Precision balance for a power-centered blow. Head locked to tough, tubular-steel handle; cushion grip won't slip. Regularly $4.50, now $3.49.

8. Lufkin Gold Key Tape. 50′ smooth-action steel tape. Vinyl-finished, rustproof case. Easy-to-read black markings on snow-white line with tough, plastic coating. This is a special value: only $4.79.

9. New Remington Nylon 66. Structural-nylon and ordnance-steel construction. Most accurate, dependable 22 autoloader made. Fast, easy loading. Adjustable rear sight. Gun is a real lightweight—only 4 lbs!

10. Skilsaw 6½" Power Saw has extra power and speed—over one h.p. motor. Easy-adjust depth and bevel controls for *accurate* 45° to 90° cuts in lumber up to 2" thick. Regularly $49.95, special $44.95.

11. Super 888 Bernz-O-Matic Propane Torch Kit with FREE steel workshop wall rack. Just flick a match, and you're ready to go. No filling, no spilling, no pumping or priming. $11.95 value, only $8.88.

12. New Black & Decker Dustless Finishing Sander—*no dust—no dirt—no fuss!* Get satin-smooth surfaces in 1/10 time of hand sanding. Works with vacuum cleaner. Save $6.00! Regularly $45.95, special $39.95.

12 FAMOUS BRANDS BRING YOU STILL MOR

GOLD KEY VALUES

AT *irha* HARDWARE STORE

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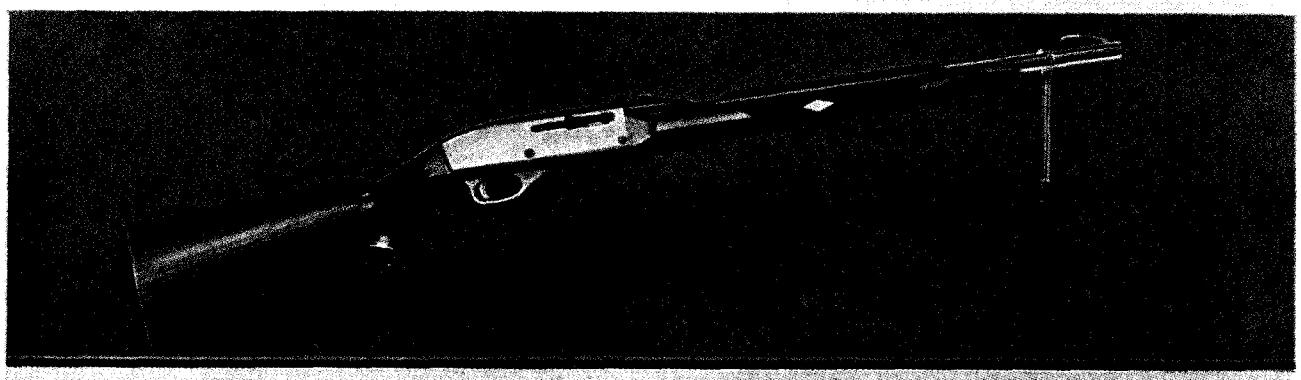
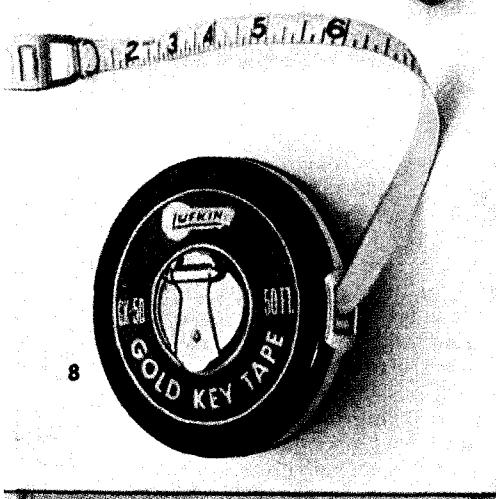
KEY VALUES

APRIL 28TH ... MAY 7TH FEATURING
HOUSEWARES TOOLS
SPORTING GOODS PAINTS

7





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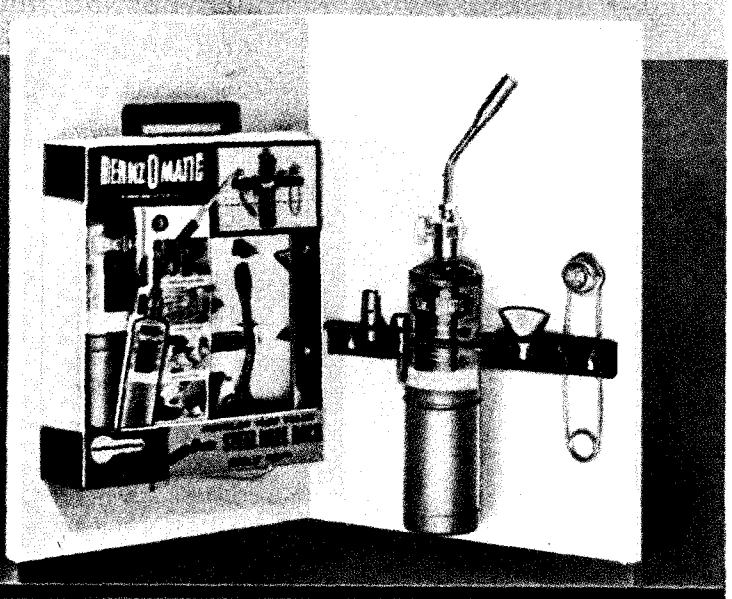

ENTRY BLANKS AT *irha* HARDWARE STORES

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Just sign your entry blank at your irha hardware store. While you're there, look over the spectacular values featured all during Hardware Week. Every item is a known and respected quality brand.

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HARDWARE WEEK is sponsored by the National Retail Hardware Association and its 37 affiliated hardware associations.

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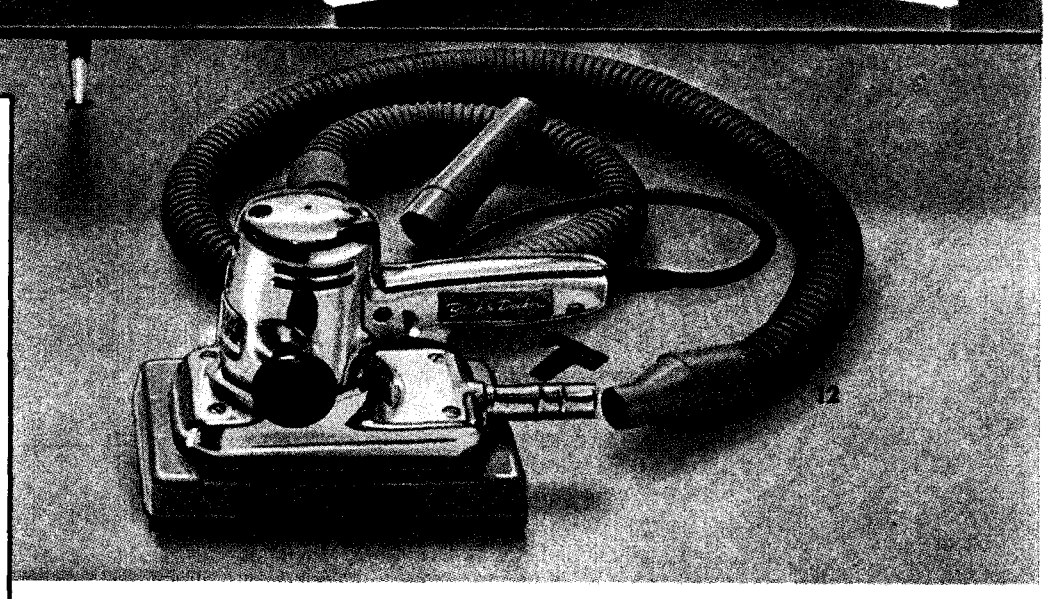
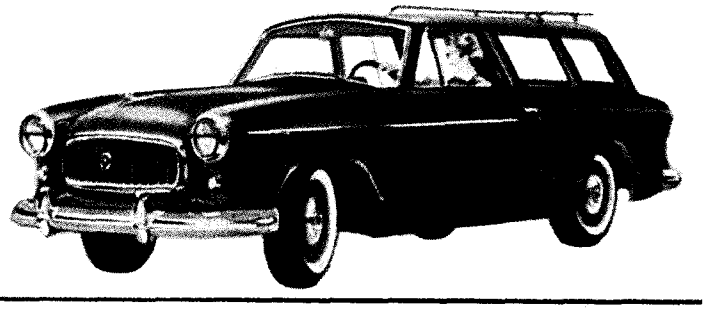


12

WIN A GOLD KEY AND A 1960 RAMBLER AMERICAN SUPER STATION WAGON TO GO WITH IT

3

RAMBLER AMERICANS
...the most imitated car in America



448 OTHER PRIZES

1960 HARDWARE WEEK GOLD KEY VALUES

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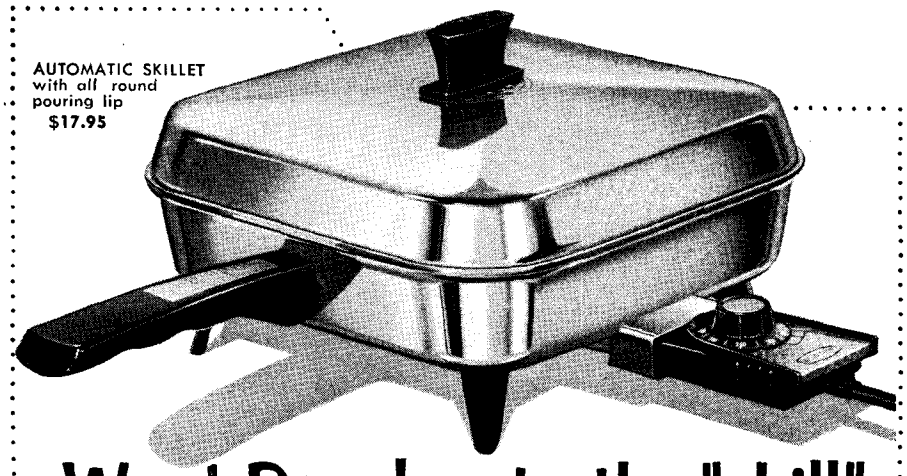

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just set the dial . . . and enjoy automatic cooking with *balanced heat* over every square inch

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ONE AUTOMATIC CONTROL
operates skillet, griddle, waterless cooker, sauce pan
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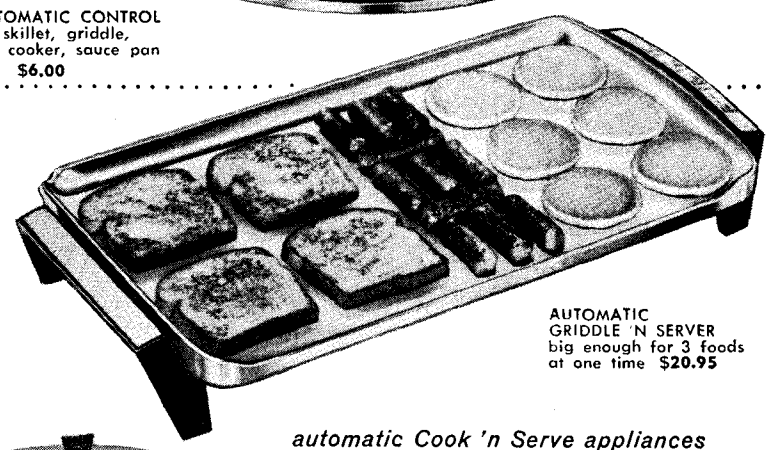
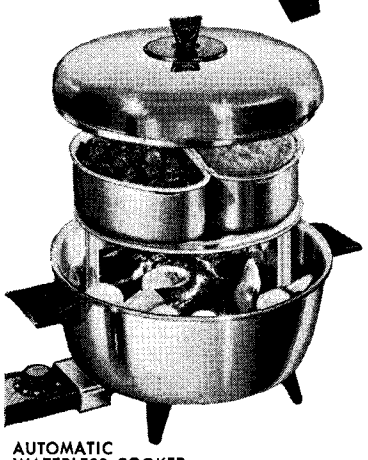


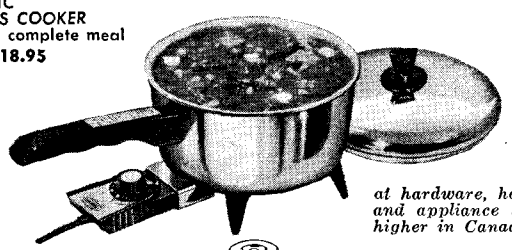
AUTOMATIC
GRIDDLE 'N SERVER
big enough for 3 foods at one time $20.95

automatic Cook 'n Serve appliances

West Bend not only gives you exact heat control but puts the "frosting on the cake" with *balanced heat*. Food is done just as tenderly and uniformly at each corner of the cooking surface as in the center. The temperature you dial is evenly distributed *over every square inch!* Never a hint of hot spots. *Balanced heat* is a happy discovery you'll make with any West Bend Cook 'n Serve appliance. Your recipes get such gentle care it seems almost like someone is doing your cooking for you. *Try it!*



AUTOMATIC
WATERLESS COOKER
prepares a complete meal
$18.95



AUTOMATIC
3 QT SAUCE PAN
sauces, stews, pops corn, too
$13.95

at hardware, housewares, gift and appliance stores; prices slightly higher in Canada and Hawaii

stainless steel
SINGING TRIG
TEA KETTLE
$4.95

"copper 'n snow"
4-PIECE
CANISTER SET
$9.95

8 cup
IMMERSIBLE
AUTOMATIC
PERCOLATOR
$15.95

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., Dept. 574, West Bend, Wis.

1960 HARDWARE WEEK GOLD KEY VALUES

If Hitler Had Invaded England

(Continued from Page 38)

the promise. Göring's forces were at full stretch already. But Göring was Göring, who would never admit that anything was beyond the powers of the *Luftwaffe*, and he said, "Yes, *mein Führer*." The mere effort of trying to maintain fighter cover over the invasion beaches while the transport planes dropped supplies was something a trifle beyond the *Luftwaffe*'s strength, but here was Göring launching air raids on London and diversions from Norway and endeavoring to play a part in the naval fighting in the North Sea and in the channel all at the same time.

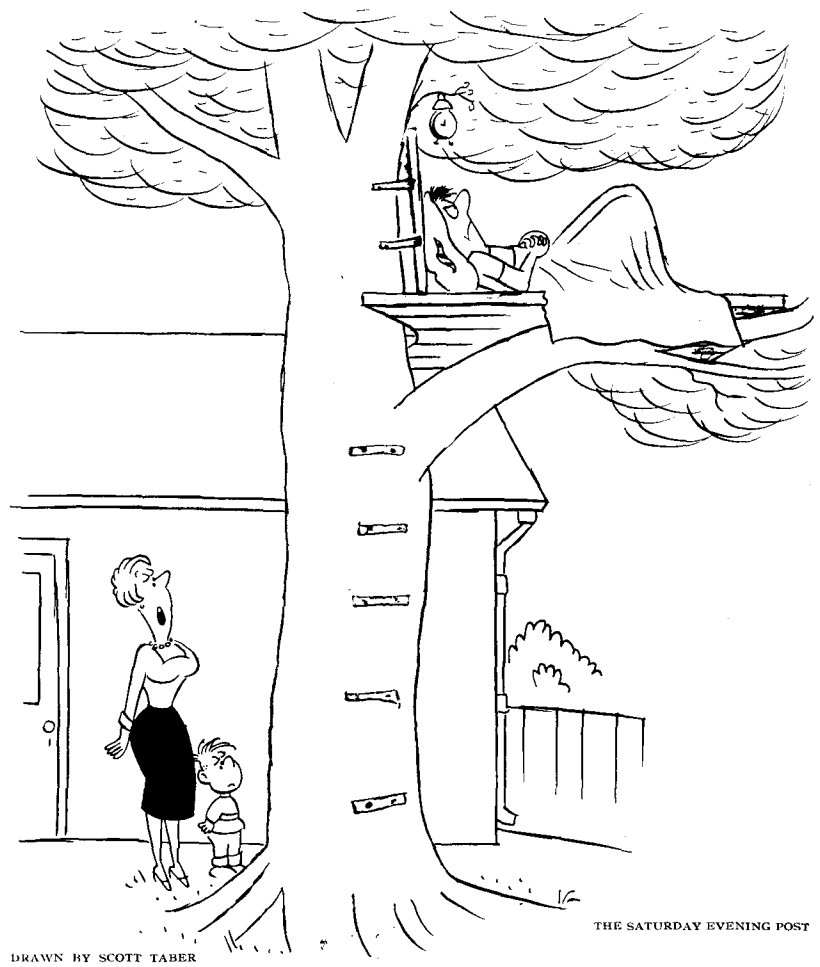
The dashing young general commanding the armor on the invasion beaches was already fretting and champing at the bit. He had forty heavy tanks at his disposal now, armed and fueled and ready to march, and London was no more than two long marches away from where he waited at Playden, his tanks distributed through the village, while the battle in the air still raged above him. But even forty heavy tanks were not sufficient for a decisive blow. Between him and London there was infantry, he knew; there would be roadblocks, there were a few guns, possibly. He needed artillery to help him on his way and motorized infantry to follow him up; he needed bridging equipment and air reconnaissance, and none of this was available as yet. Moreover, he had only to look behind him, down the hill from Playden, to see a huge column of smoke mounting up into the blue sky from the beaches; the last bombing attack there had hit two of his invaluable tank barges, and that smoke was rising from a million gallons of gasoline pouring in blazing rivers down into the sea. He drummed with his fingers as he sat high up in his command car in the shadow of Playden church.

That was when the old gentleman came along, the colonel, who had first been under fire in the Boer War and who had survived three wounds at Arras and the Somme. He was the only civilian in sight; such of the other inhabitants of Playden who had not fled before the parachutists were sitting apprehensively in cellars and kitchens. But the colonel walked boldly along. The empty sleeve showed that he was only a crippled noncombatant; his remaining hand was in the side pocket of his tweed coat. And running through his mind was Churchill's phrase, "You can always take one with you."

The keen blue eyes recognized the command car and the general with the Iron Cross under his chin. The old Mauser pistol, which had been his mascot on the Somme, had three rounds still in the magazine—thirty years old, but when he pulled out the pistol and pressed the trigger, they did their work. The young general fell head first out of the command car, tumbling to the road with a look of surprise still on his face, and the colonel fell four yards away from him, riddled by bursts from the pistols of the general's infuriated staff.

So when von Rundstedt climbed out of the Storch plane that put him down beside the Rye road, the first news that greeted him was that his general commanding his armor was dead—a piece of news almost as depressing as the sight of the confusion on the beaches and the smoldering wrecks of planes that littered the fields wherever he looked. Those fields were patched like Joseph's coat in many colors, when ten thousand parachutes lay scattered over them; and among the parachutes and the smoking wrecks and the guerrillas creeping from one cover to another there were still the sheep grazing industriously and lifting their noses to baa to their half-grown lambs.

The divisional general commanding the parachute troops made his report to von Rundstedt. (*Continued on Page 74*)



DRAWN BY SCOTT TABER

"I didn't act like that when your mother came to visit."

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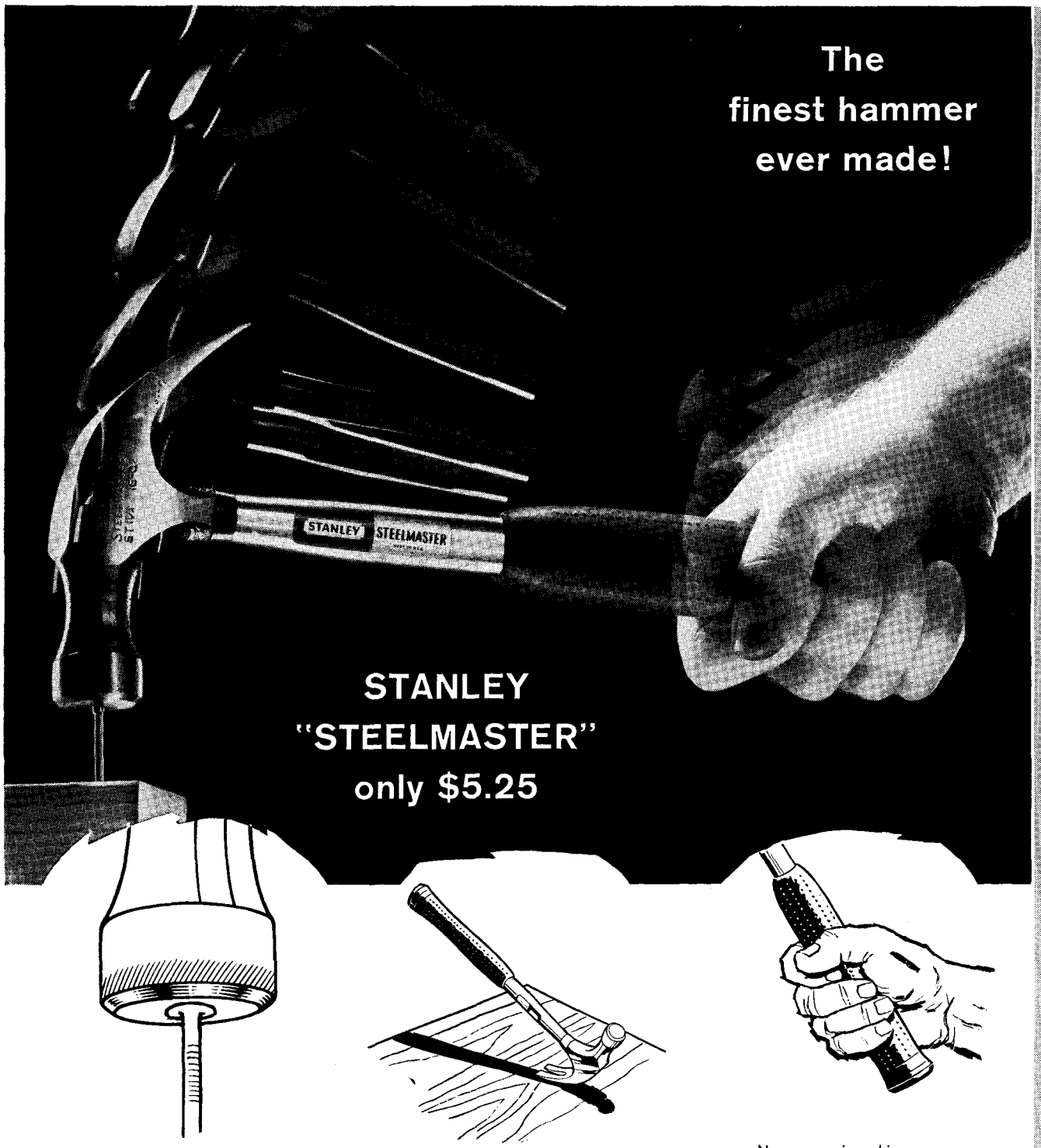

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Perfectly balanced — less tiring to use

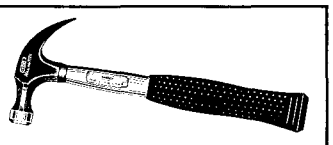
Neoprene grip cushions grasp

Heft it . . . swing it . . . smack it . . . this one has the right "feel" for work!

You instantly get the feel of balance and power when you pick up a Stanley *Steelmaster* hammer. And you like the cushioned, non-slip Neoprene grip. Now whack away with confidence — the head is super heat-treated — extra tough from face to claw, and the exclusive tempered rim minimizes chipping.

Your hardware dealer is now featuring Stanley hammers of every kind for every kind of work. But by all means try the finest nail hammer ever made — *Steelmaster*, a great hammer from Stanley.

HARDWARE WEEK SPECIAL



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Popular priced companion to the STEELMASTER hammer

Reg. Price — $4.50
NOW — 3.48
YOU SAVE — $1.02

Prices slightly higher in Canada

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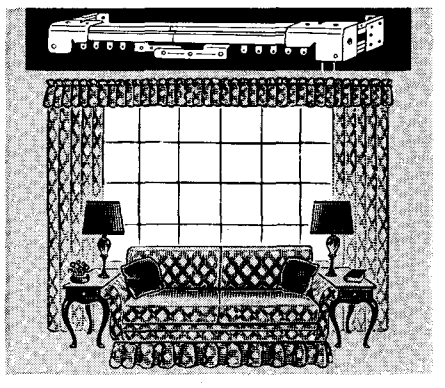
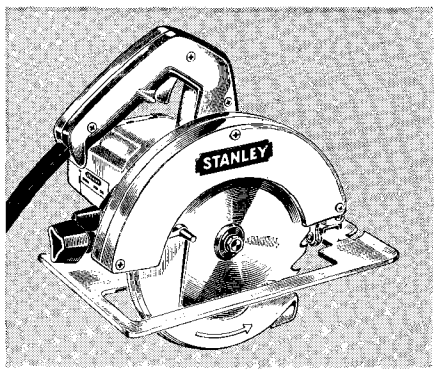
***T.M.**



Drapery Hardware—decorator-approved traverse and cafe rods and accessories. Special values, Hdwe.Wk, Apr. 28—May 7.

New Stanley All-Aluminum "Take-Out" Window — both exterior and interior surfaces can be cleaned from the inside.



Heavy-Duty Builders Saws from $49.95. Save up to $15.00 on complete saw kits during Stanley's Spring Special Sale.

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This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.—hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping—made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.
CANADIAN PLANTS: HAMILTON, ONTARIO AND ROXTON POND, P. Q.

1960 HARDWARE WEEK GOLD KEY VALUES

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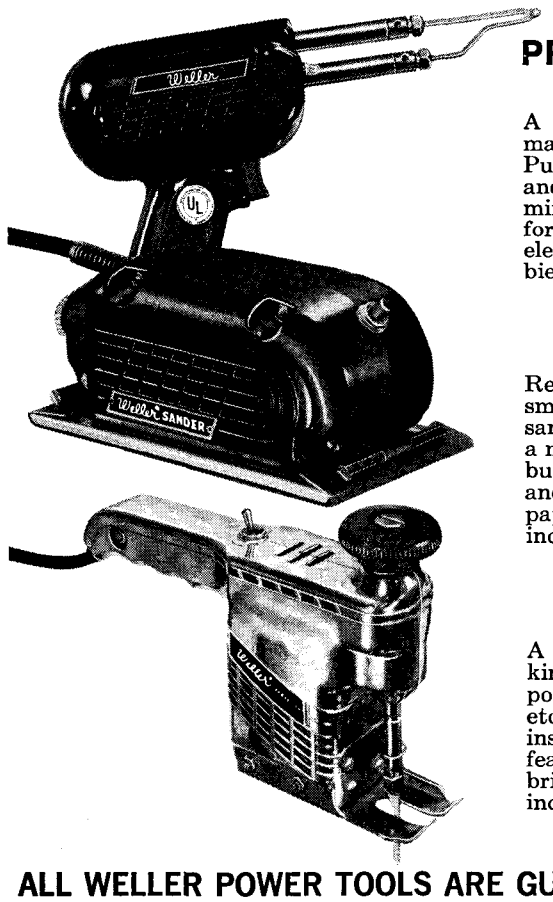

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A heavy duty, 250-watt gun that makes anyone a soldering expert. Pull the trigger—tip heats instantly and twin spotlights flick on to illuminate your work. Use the gun for money-saving household repairs, electrical work and hobbies. Model 8250A— $12.95

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ALL WELLER POWER TOOLS ARE GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

WELLER ELECTRIC CORP., EASTON, PA.

(*Continued from Page 72*) British armored cars had made their appearance at Beckley, exchanging shots with the battalion there; the guerrilla troops were harassing the perimeter at all points from the sea round to the sea again. A single order from von Rundstedt was sufficient to send the armor rolling forward under a new general. The people of Playden heard the engines roar and heard the ponderous clank of the armor getting under way. Up the road they rolled in a monstrous column, probing forward toward London, clanking in their mechanized might through Peasmarsh and bursting out of the perimeter at Four Oaks and at Beckley. The Local Defense Volunteers strung along ditches and hedges saw the monsters charging down at them by lane and field, and their bullets rang impotently against their steel sides. Some of the volunteers died, some ran for their lives, and some few, crouching in coppices, let the wave roll by and waited on in ambush for more vulnerable targets. In Northiam they fought to the death, holding their pitifully incomplete defense works as the armor came pouring in from all sides into the village. The "sticky bombs" had not been delivered here yet; the few hastily contrived antitank weapons—bottles of gasoline—were ineffective, although some unknown good soldier set fire to the small amounts of gasoline at the filling stations, thus keeping it out of the hands of the Germans. The German armor suffered no loss at all, but at Bodiam and Newendem and Udiam men working furiously with picks and shovels, and helped at the last moment by engineer detachments arriving by car with explosives, destroyed the bridges over the Rother. Von Rundstedt had pushed out his perimeter by half a dozen miles; he had dealt a severe blow to the morale of the Local Defense Volunteers in this sector, and he had provided a line for a bulletin, but he had done no more.

And meanwhile by road and by railway the British army was slowly moving forward to the point of danger. Forty trains could transport a division, and there were a thousand trains available, chugging along branch lines and thumping over points at obscure junctions as trains took unprecedented routes from north to south and from west to east, as Montgomery gathered the Second Corps together to move in from Hampshire and the Second Armored circled London on its way from Lincolnshire.

And the Fleet was steaming south from Scapa, picking its way through the mine fields; and from the west a hastily gathered force of cruisers and destroyers was already moving up the channel to make an abrupt end of the momentary German command of the sea there.

Yet in a sense none of this was as important as the air battle which was still raging over the invasion area. It was here that the vital decision would be reached, and victory would be owed—if victory were to be won—by the few hundred fighter pilots at the disposal of the R.A.F. It could be argued that Hitler would have done better for himself if he had held back from launching his invading force and had attacked solely from the air. A great victory by the *Luftwaffe* over the Royal Air Force might well have been decisive and settled the whole war; with undisputed command of the air the German army and navy would at least have found their task easier. As it was, the *Luftwaffe* was very seriously hampered by the necessity of maintaining air cover over the beaches; that was a ball and chain attached to the ankle of the *Luftwaffe*, hampering its freedom of action at every turn; the first radio message sent by von Rundstedt from Rye was a demand for air cover, and Hitler, with his armor poised no more than sixty miles from London, was bound to insist on Göring's meeting that demand.

Already by the end of that first day Fighter Command had been able to evolve a pattern, a plan of action, which promised victory provided the strength of the *Luftwaffe* was not too overwhelming. With radar and by the aid of the Observer Corps it was possible to estimate with reasonable certainty the strength of the German air cover, and by radiotelephone it was comparatively easy to launch superior forces of fighters at moments when that air cover was at a low figure and while radar could assure Fighter Command that no German reinforcements could arrive for twenty minutes at least. So, technically and tactically and strategically Fighter Command held important advantages, while the battle raged with an intensity and a ferocity unprecedented in the history of air warfare. Indeed, if night had not put an end to it, the battle must have reached a lull very soon from the sheer exhaustion of the pilots and crews.

So night came down, affording a little leisure to Fighter Command to draw up a balance sheet, to count up losses in pilots and in machines, to revise earlier estimates of German losses, to issue orders for the resting of the pilots—on this almost the shortest night of the year—and to move down reinforcements of personnel and material from the areas which clearly were no longer threatened. Night came down, while it was still afternoon in New York, upon a breathless and sleepless world, while governments from Lima to Tokyo studied the innumerable bulletins that had been issued: "The Admiralty regrets to announce . . ."; "The Air Ministry announces . . ."; "Berlin reports that. . . ." Those governments were trying to weigh the possibilities of victory one way or the other; what was in the balance was the destiny of humanity.

It was in the afternoon of July 1, 1940, that the British Navy made visual contact with the German Navy, and the Battle of the North Foreland began—the battle of ship against ship, that is to say. Ships had fought submarines, and ships had fought planes; planes had fought planes, and mines laid days or weeks earlier had taken their toll all through that long day. But at three P.M. a lookout in the British destroyer screen suddenly saw through his binocular the distant masts as the German ships came out of a patch of slight mist.

"There they are," he said to himself, and yelled his report.

"There they are," said the British admiral to his chief of staff three minutes later—at the very same second as Admiral Lütjens on the bridge of the *Scharnhorst* said, "There they are" to himself. The guns were already firing; this was no Jutland, when each side had dozens of capital ships to bring into action. On the German side there were only three, even including the pocket battleship *Lützow* fresh from her (*Continued on Page 76*)

'Tis Spring!

Now we can discard once more
The quilted satin comforter,
That misnamed, non-conforming gyp
That spent cold nights atop one hip—
Or on the floor.

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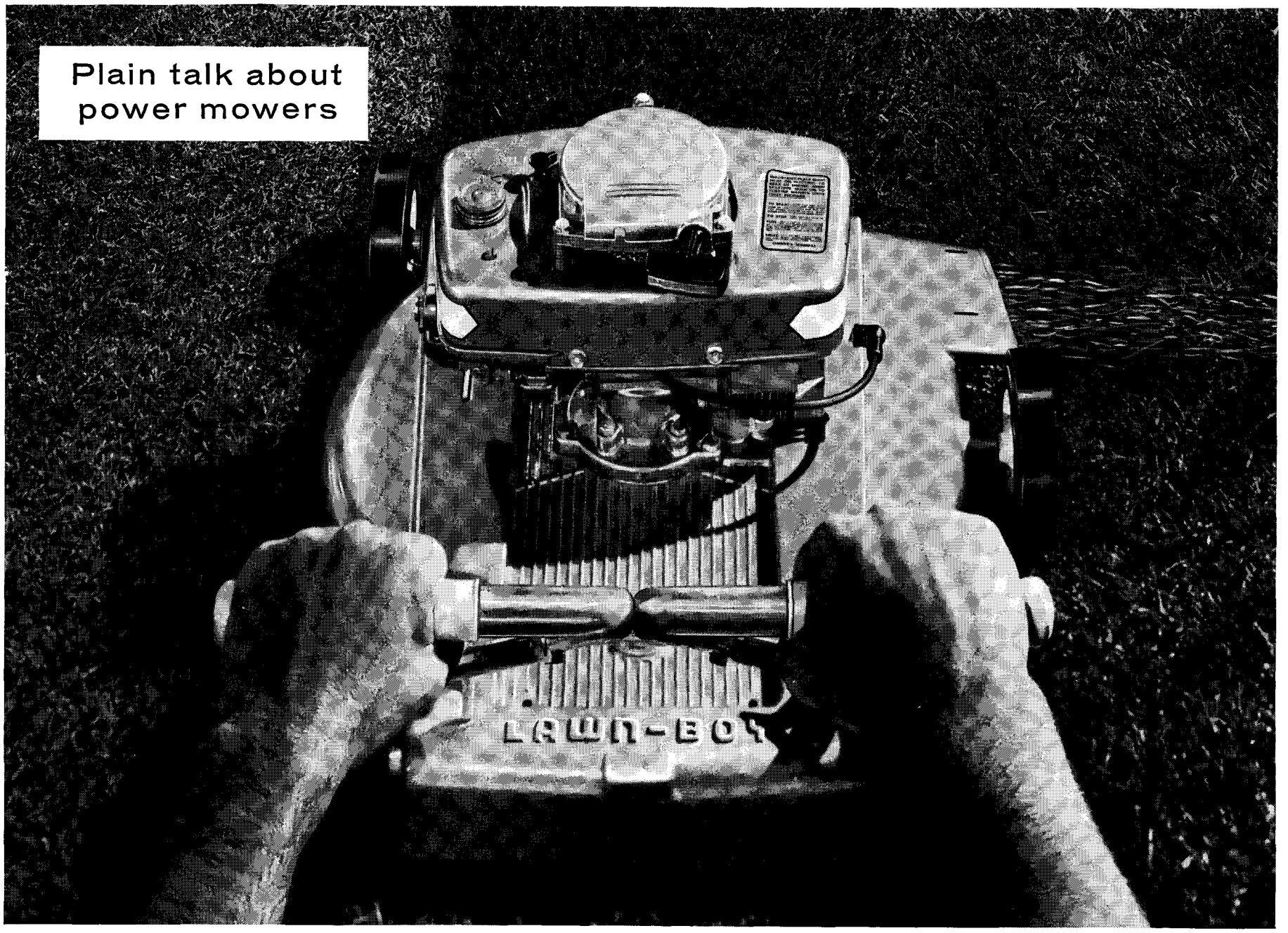

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5 START the engine. Several times. Starting should be easy, fast, sure. LAWN-BOY is famous for fast starting. Hottest ignition spark on any mower delivers years of easy one-pull starting.

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(*Continued from Page 74*) defeat of the British destroyers, fighting today in line with the battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. On the British side there were six, *Rodney* and *Hood*, *Repulse* and *Nelson*, *Royal Sovereign* and *Ramillies*. Deployment was instant, unlike at Jutland. Nor was the mist as hampering; this time the visibility was almost good. And, unlike Jutland, the tactical and strategical situations were such as to bring about close and decisive action.

Neither side had much room to maneuver—in fact, examination of the charted mine fields off the Kentish and Belgian coasts leaves the student impressed at the temerity of the opposing admirals in engaging at all. But Lütjens had to fight. His mission was to delay the entrance of British naval forces into the Strait of Dover, and the British Navy had only to push on to compel him to give action—especially with Hitler sending signal after signal, each demanding action. In those conditions, against odds of two to one in capital ships and five to one in destroyers, Lütjens' fate was sealed; his destruction was certain before the battle began, unless some extraordinary factor altered the balance.

For a moment early in the battle it seemed as if some such factor might indeed be present, when the *Hood* blew up while the first salvos were being exchanged. To this day there is a certain body of opinion which attributes the loss of the *Hood* to a chance contact with a mine, and not—as is usually held—to an eleven-inch shell from the *Scharnhorst* which found its way to the magazines through a structural defect. The appalling loss might well have daunted a man of less tough fiber than the British admiral, but as it was, the sixteen-inch guns of the *Rodney*, admirably served, were already winning the battle; Lütjens may even have been already dead at the moment when the *Hood* blew up.

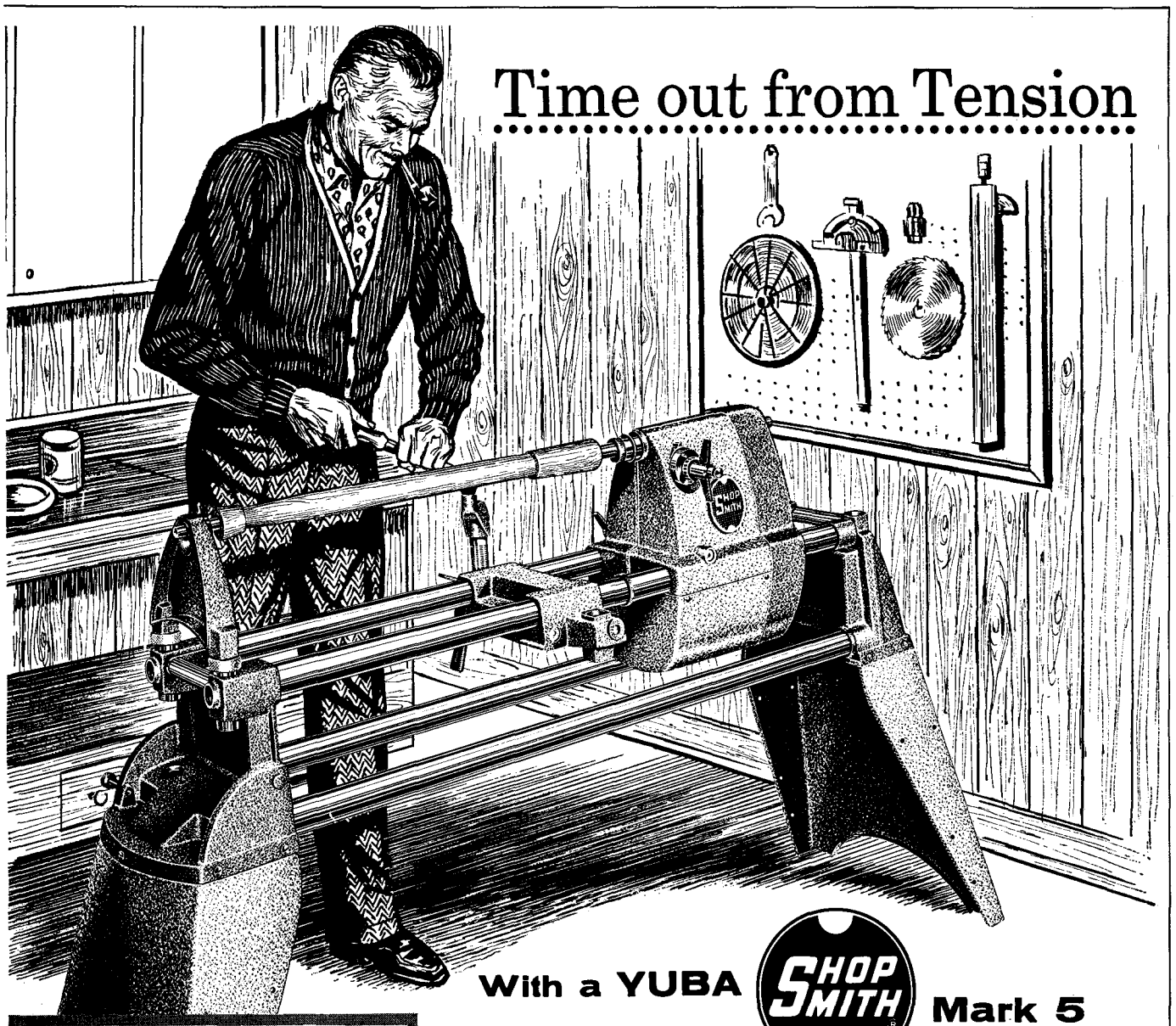
The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* displayed the remarkable capacity to take punishment which distinguished German ships since they were first constructed, but from early in the battle they were hardly better than floating targets as a result of the damage done to their fire-control apparatus by the British salvos. The attack by the British destroyers, well timed, and not to be evaded, because of the proximity of the Belgian mine fields, hastened the end. The *Scharnhorst*, it is believed, took no less than seven torpedoes before she sank on an even keel in the shallows, so that her battered upper works were left awash at low water.

It was a battle of annihilation, as the circumstances made inevitable; the interposition of the German Navy had not prolonged the brief German command of the straits by more than three hours at the cost of these frightful losses.

Meanwhile, far down the channel, a desperate series of minor actions had been fought. Here the two German light cruisers and the other half of the German U-boats had endeavored to delay the advance eastward of the British forces, gathered in from the Western Approaches. Again it was a battle of annihilation, this time almost of mutual annihilation, for the losses suffered by the British navy, despite the superiority of numbers which they enjoyed here, were very severe indeed. The fighting was as confused as might be expected where submarines intervened in an action between surface craft and where the opposing air forces were continually launching surprise attacks.

The *Nürnberg* sank off Beachy Head; the *Emden* went down while struggling to reach the shelter of Cherbourg, but three British light cruisers joined them on the wreck-littered bottom of the English Channel, and two more only with difficulty managed to limp into the protected waters of The Solent. But even so, that left eleven British destroyers to dominate the surface, and in a series of fierce actions they were able to hunt down the U-boats—the shallow channel with its numerous mine fields was no place for submarines on the defensive. The channel tides, coursing first east and then west, left the coasts of England and France greasy with the oil that welled up from the sunken ships and dotted with the corpses of the men who died.

And like the tides, the British light forces swept into the channel from the east and from the west, and that night was made vivid by a hundred minor actions as the German small craft fought to the death, motorboats and torpedo boats and mine sweepers opposing a crushing superiority of destroyers and light cruisers. The *Fritz Reuter* was caught, just before dawn, before she had completed her second trip to England—and she came nearer to doing so than most of the unfortunate river craft employed in that luckless venture. Few enough left the invasion beaches at all; the *Fritz Reuter* actually returned to Calais, loaded herself with troops again and headed back for Rye. But seven miles from Dungeness the fat captain, nodding over his wheel as he struggled against sleep, was roused to full wakefulness as a star shell burst overhead, illuminating the *Fritz Reuter* and the water around her with a hard, relentless glare. That was the last he saw as shells at point-blank range came crashing into the frail sides of the *Fritz Reuter*. He was dead before those sides had opened and let in the sea upon the screaming soldiers crammed in the holds.



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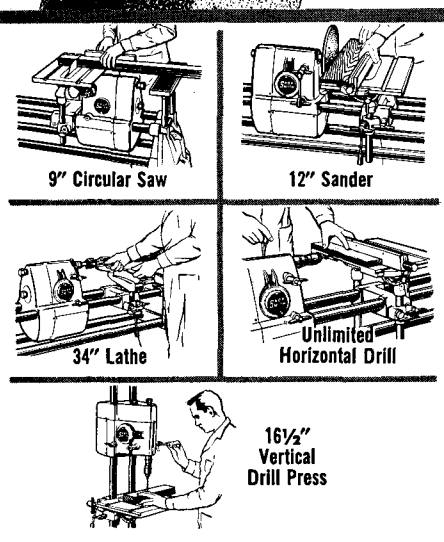

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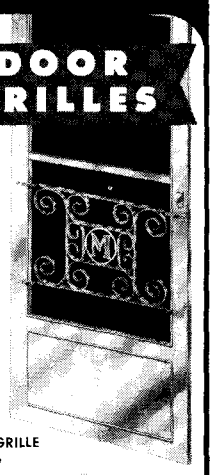

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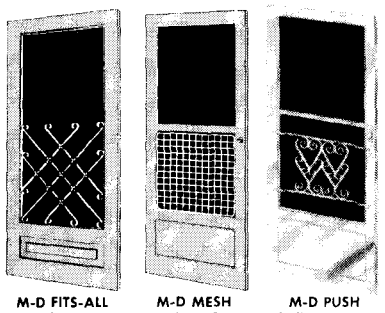

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Once more it must be stressed that these naval actions, important though they were, and effectively though they sealed the fate of the German landing forces, were not necessarily the vital factor in the brief campaign. The air battle began again at dawn over the beaches, to continue through the long and desperate day; if the R.A.F. had been defeated in that air battle, the history of the world might have been different. The military experts to this day argue about every aspect of the campaign. There are many who think that if Hitler had not made his attempt at invasion, but had massed the *Luftwaffe* for an all-out attack upon England sometime in August, 1940, he might have overborne the R.A.F. by sheer weight of numbers, English radar and the defensive attitude notwithstanding. That is a point which can never be settled, but at least it is agreed that the need to provide air cover for the invasion beaches imposed a decisive disadvantage on the *Luftwaffe*.

In Fighter Command they tried as best they could to take the measure of the situation. The war could be won or lost in the air, and if it were to be won, it would be the fighters that would win it. So the arduous day went on, and fresh figures were added to the revised balance sheets. The dwindling numbers of British fighter planes and fighter pilots could be counted by all who were in on the secret. The German losses could be guessed at with fair accuracy, the German reserves only between the wide limits of optimism and pessimism. There were crashed German fighters to be counted all over the southern counties between the invasion beaches and the Midlands, but within the ten-mile perimeter held by von Rundstedt there were many more, not so easy to count; we know now that in those eighty square miles no fewer than three hundred German fighters lay wrecked in the fields and coppices, and a hundred British fighters along with them. The reconnaissance planes could report that there was hardly a field without its wreck, piled among the abandoned parachutes.

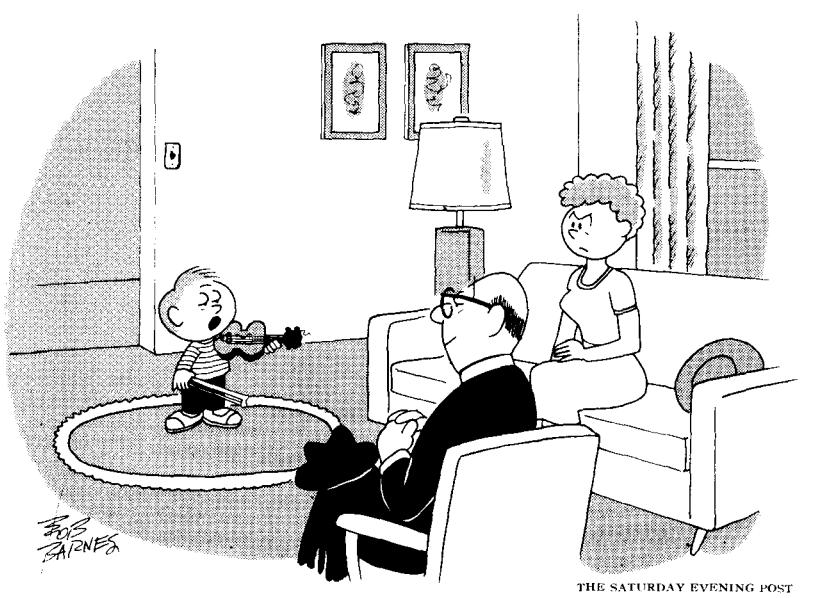
Fighter Command could only continue as they had begun, accumulating successive striking forces and launching them to the attack at the moments when the reports of the Observer Corps and the radar observers indicated favorable opportunities. During the decisive day of July first there were no fewer than fifteen of these attacks delivered and, as nearly as can be judged from the defective German records, more than half of these were delivered with a numerical superiority of at least three to two, and never once without some small superiority. The occasions when the numbers were nearly even were those when German reinforcements had flown in low over the channel and were not reported to Fighter Command until it was too late to recall the attack.

There were at least six distinct periods when the air over the invasion beaches was practically clear of the *Luftwaffe*, and there were four heavy raids launched by Bomber Command in consequence.

The pace was too hot to last. Fighter Command, hoarding its dwindling forces and listening to the anxious reports from wing and from group regarding the fatigue of the pilots, was compelled to keep a considerable reserve in hand in readiness both for some unforeseen move by the Germans and for the final battle when the German land forces should advance. But the *Luftwaffe* was in worse condition still. To maintain even a quarter of its numbers over the invasion beaches meant no rest at all for any of its fighters; to maintain less than that exposed them to the attack of superior numbers of Spitfires and Hurricanes. The periods when the beaches were left without air cover grew longer and longer, and there was Bomber Command awaiting those moments with the planes fueled and armed and less than half an hour's flight from the beaches.

A sort of rhythm soon appeared in the battle, a pulsation; a wave of German fighters would appear and then ebb away; the bombers would strike, and then too late a fresh wave of German fighters would appear. We know now, comparing the records of the R.A.F. with the war diary of the German High Command, that this rhythm was not fortuitous; the bomber attacks called forth the wildest protests from von Rundstedt, and these protests, reaching Hitler, brought sharp reprimands upon Göring, and Göring, against his better judgment and to the despair of his staff, was compelled to make fresh demands on his fighter pilots. The memoirs of half a dozen German officers tell of the shifts and subterfuges into which Göring was forced during that dreadful day; his attempts to delay the departure of each fighter force, the lies he told regarding their strength, and his pleadings with the *Führer*, while the losses grew unbearable, for a slackening of the pace.

The climax came with two stunning blows delivered by Fighter Command in the evening. In each case Fighter Command received early warning of the assembly of the German fighters over the French coast and was able to gather superior forces in readiness, high up and with the westering sun behind them. Those two battles have come to be known as the "six-o'clock battle" and the



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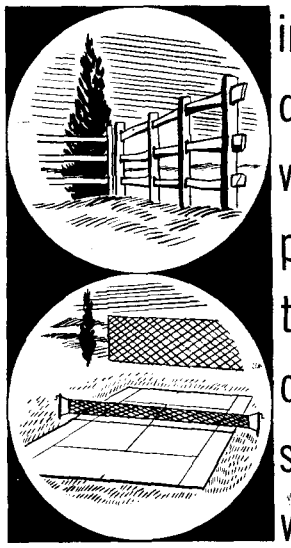

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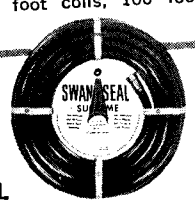

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"eight-thirty battle"; and we have a vivid picture in the memoirs of von Rangsdorf of the effect of the second upon Göring.

The fact that that action was begun was known at once at *Luftwaffe* headquarters, but the reports that next came in were as fragmentary as may be imagined, although sufficient to arouse apprehension. Then came in reports of German fighters in flight across the channel with Spitfires in hot pursuit, and then came in the first reports from the airfields in France as the survivors landed. These all told of losses, but the planes continued to come in, ten, twenty, thirty of them, some with pilots wounded and the planes shot up, but at least while they came in there was reason to hope for more. But they ceased to arrive, and the minutes ticked by, until the limit of fuel endurance was reached and it was plain that no more could arrive.

The *Luftwaffe* staff stood silent, watching Göring, as he gradually brought himself to accept the fact that he had sent out two hundred fighter planes and that only thirty had returned. That force was the last scrapings of the barrel. One thousand German fighter planes had been destroyed since the invasion began. Göring would have to tell Hitler that the battle was lost, that the R.A.F. had secured command of the air; it was obvious to all who watched that from Göring's point of view the important fact was that his own position and prestige were imperiled by the necessity of admitting that his boastings had come to naught and his prevarications during the day revealed.

> Putting your shoulder to the wheel might work, but it's safer to drive with your hands.
>
> JOAN TINGEY ESSIG

It is interesting that the moment Göring chose to make these revelations followed immediately upon the news of the annihilation of the German Navy at the Battle of the North Foreland and provoked the historic scene which several diarists have recorded. Hitler indulged himself in a burst of frantic rage. He sneered at his navy for its incompetence, at his army for its sluggishness, and at Göring and the *Luftwaffe* for their lack of resolution. He was utterly determined to fight the battle to the bitter end; the alternative, of tamely admitting defeat and abandoning von Rundstedt to his fate, was something he could not contemplate for a moment. He was convinced, despite all the evidence to the contrary, that England was on the brink of surrender. Another resolute effort would bring her down; it was only a question of firmness of will. Hence his violent orders, to Göring to scrape together pilots and planes from every corner of Europe and to continue to give von Rundstedt air support, and to von Rundstedt to assemble every man that could march and to strike a blow at London without regard for his own shortcomings.

We have von Rundstedt's own account of the next day's fighting from the German side. There can be no denying that he did all that man could do, more than most generals would have found possible. He had sorted out his disordered army into units and had established a chain of command; he had improvised thirty batteries of artillery and by one means or another he had made them mobile. He had assembled two sets of bridging equipment out of the incredible muddle and had made them mobile too. He was in complete agreement for once with Hitler regarding the necessity for striking an immediate blow, because, as he points out, there was no possibility of receiving a single ton more of supplies or another battalion from France; his army would never be stronger, whereas the British opposing him would grow stronger every hour. So he was able to answer Hitler's furious messages with the calm reply that he was moving up his forces that night ready to attack.

This was indeed true. The beaches which Bomber Command were pounding all through the night were practically deserted, as we know now. Von Rundstedt left a mass of miscellaneous supplies there, including a considerable amount of artillery ammunition, from sheer lack of transport. He moved up his four divisions—brigade groups would be a better description of them—along the dark roads and lanes to Broad Oak and Beckley, putting almost literally every man he had into the fighting line, abandoning the rest of his perimeter. He had a hundred tanks; he had gasoline and ammunition for a single day's fighting. His deployment was admirably managed even during the dark hours, and at dawn on July second he struck his blow, and the thin screen of British troops along the line of the Rother was shattered instantly into fragments.

In all England at that moment there were seventy-five infantry tanks fit for service, but there were forty Cruiser tanks and no fewer than five hundred light tanks. The driving force of the government and the admirable co-operation of the railways managed to make almost all this armor available for battle on July second. During the night when von Rundstedt was effecting his deployment, the First Armored Division, battle-hardened and admirably trained, was already assembling at Tonbridge, and the Second Armored, having completed its complex railway journey, was in touch and detraining at Horsmonden and Goudhurst, an arrangement since criticized as a deployment too far forward, luckily without too disastrous results. There were five infantry divisions in support, deploying along the main-line railway to Ashford. As regards mortars and antitank guns, they were almost entirely deficient, but they had two hundred field guns between them and three hundred rounds for each—more guns and twice as much ammunition as von Rundstedt could boast.

Telephones were ringing wildly that morning at Sandhurst and Hawkhurst, Tenterden and Cranbrook, as devoted volunteers along the Rother reported the German advance; more than once the messages were cut short abruptly, and the listeners at the other end could hear the sound of shots coming over the wires from the dangling instruments, beneath which the speakers who had telephoned now lay in their blood. Those lovely lanes of Kent and East Sussex, beautiful in the level light of dawn, echoed to the rumble of the German armor. Parties of German infantry, pushing forward with cautious haste, left wide tracks over the dewy meadows of the Rother Valley.

Newenden fell almost at once, pinched out by turning columns to right and left. But Bodiam Castle stood a siege—the first for centuries, where a desperate garrison held out behind the thick walls, sheltered from the armor by the moat on which the water lilies bloomed in their summer loveliness. The garrison, however, could do nothing to hinder the repair of the bridge, and the small forces at the main road bridge at Udiam could do little more. Once over the river the German forces could roll vigorously forward. Now there were diverging lanes and tracks by which strong points could be

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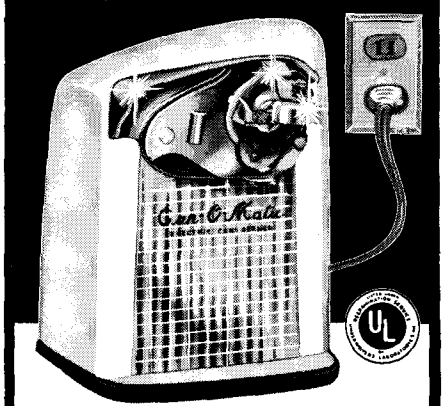

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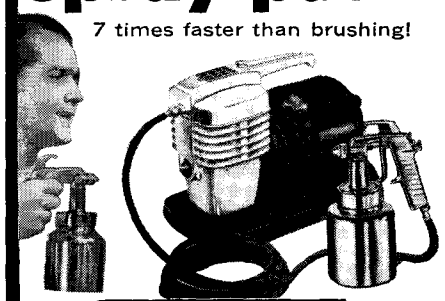

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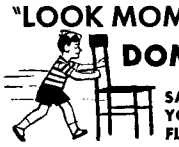

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turned and isolated and attacked from the rear; the general newly in command of the German armor could display his talents in his bold handling of his columns. That was how Sandhurst was taken, by a thrust to the rear from Sandhurst Cross, although the volunteers there fought to the last in defense of their homes, as the volunteers did in so many places.

The loss of Hawkhurst is not so easily explained, for it was held by two battalions of regular troops from good regiments. But they apparently were mishandled, and paid with their lives for their general's mistake; as the general in question met the same fate it is perhaps best not to inquire further. Certain it is that the news of the capture of Hawkhurst, which reached headquarters in London at four in the afternoon, produced a most disturbing effect. We know now that the decision was very nearly reached to let loose Bomber Command upon the invaders with the stores of poison gas accumulated in the country as a precaution in case Hitler were ever to use it. Luckily it was decided to wait a little longer, so that England was saved from the odium of having initiated poison-gas warfare, and the weapon remained unused.

Within a few minutes the situation cleared. Constant air reconnaissance, carried out with ease in the absence of German air cover and the almost complete absence of German anti-aircraft artillery, at last brought conviction as to the weakness—unbelievable until now—of the German forces. First and Second Armored divisions began to come into action, the first clash of armor taking place in the extremely difficult tank country between Hawkhurst and Flimwell; the road there is a defile hemmed in by extensive wooded areas in which the headlong German attack was easily checked. There was a whole British infantry division to defend Cranbrook by now, and the attack launched by von Rundstedt there with two brigade groups and an armored battalion was beaten back before nightfall.

"The fact remains," said the American news commentator that night in New York, "that there is still a German army on British soil. It does not seem to have advanced very far, but Berlin is emphatic about the capture of numbers of prisoners, and perhaps tomorrow may see London in grave danger. On the other hand it seems quite certain that, despite the loss of the *Hood*, the Royal Navy has destroyed the German fleet and has regained command of the channel. And if the Air Ministry claim that two thousand four hundred German planes have been destroyed during the present fighting is anywhere near correct, then the *Luftwaffe* has lost command of the air and von Rundstedt is cut off from all supply and reinforcement. We can only wait and see."

That commentator was speaking at ten o'clock at night in New York. It was early in the morning in England, and already in those dark hours before dawn the troops were moving up and deploying for the day's battle. Von Rundstedt was dozing uncomfortably in the tent that his staff had set up for him in Iden Wood, a mile or two out of Rye. This was his command headquarters, hidden among the trees, for he had no desire at all that another bombing attack should bring about another involuntary change of command of the invading forces. There was a constant droning of planes overhead to disturb his sleep and to warn his wakeful chief of staff of this imminent possibility. As the birds began their first song the first messages began to come in from the units at the front, and with the first light the battle exploded.

The heavy tanks fought out their battle in a slogging match that ranged from Hurst Green to Goudhurst—it was within sight of Goudhurst Station that a British field-gun battery knocked out the three German tanks which advanced nearer to London than any other part of the German forces. The figures as ascertained now make it clear that the Germans were outnumbered here, where eighty I tanks engaged sixty-five Germans in a battle of mutual annihilation while the infantry forces fought it out along the line extending eastward from Cranbrook. The German tanks gave a good account of themselves despite the frightful handicap of constant air attack; the German infantry held fast throughout the morning against the converging attacks delivered upon them. It was a brigade of Cruiser tanks that broke the deadlock, turning the German left flank by a sudden advance from Battle.

Where the heavy armor was all engaged, the light armor could sweep forward unchecked, so that all Kent became a caldron of action, friends and foes intermingled. The scanty German reserves fought desperately—we have only today to look at the ruined remains of Brede village to see how desperately—but the numerical odds against them were overwhelming; the eight British divisions which ultimately took part in the battle outnumbered the German infantry by nearly three to one. At noon von Rundstedt knew he had lost the battle.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a B.B.C. announcer's calm voice came on the air. "We interrupt our program to bring you the news that Colonel General von Rundstedt, commanding the Nazi

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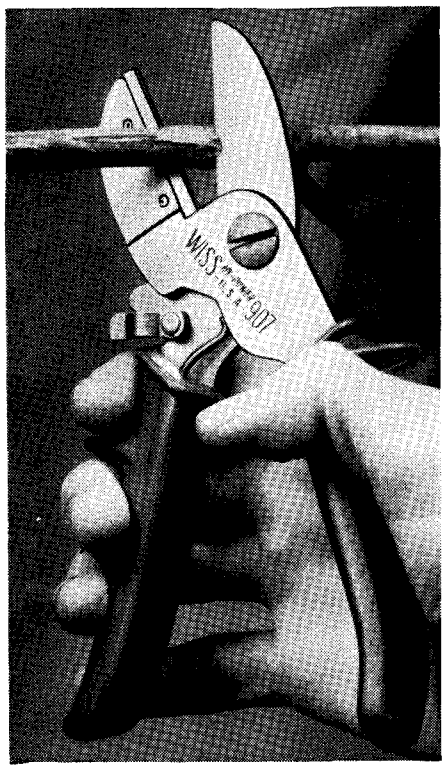

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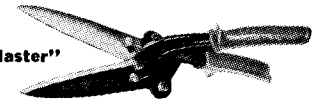

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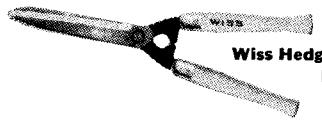

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forces in England, has just been made prisoner by our light armored forces. The fighting continues."

It was the evening of the next day that the Prime Minister made his historic speech. "An hour ago the last organized unit of the Nazi Army in England made its surrender among the ruins of Rye. There are still scattered German soldiers hiding from our forces in the woods and fields of Kent and Sussex. Their lives will be spared, and I call upon the Local Defense Volunteers to be merciful, however justified they may think they are in exacting vengeance for our burned villages and slaughtered civilians. Let us reserve our vengeance for Hitler and the gutter-snipe crew who surround him. Today they know the first taste of defeat, and that is a taste with which they will become more and more familiar in the days to come."

It has been pointed out over and over again that the defeat of the Invasion of Britain was the turning point of the war, but it will do no harm to stress this point again; it will be of advantage, in addition, to indicate how the battle was of such importance. Perhaps the most important consequence was the one least susceptible to exact definition—the moral effect. It was Hitler's first failure, and it was no small one; it was something that could not possibly be covered up or excused after the fanfare of publicity with which it was initiated by Goebbels. There was a negative importance too; as long as invasion was only threatened and not attempted, no one could be sure of its failure. It might succeed, and England might be overthrown. That possibility could have bolstered up for some time Hitler's prestige at the dizzy height to which it was raised by the conquest of France; as it was, the failure more than nullified the preceding success, and contributed enormously to Hitler's rapid decline in the face of the subsequent military disasters.

These latter stemmed, of course, directly from the defeat. The enormous losses in the air robbed Germany of most of her military potential. It is noteworthy that by the invasion date Britain was already building faster than Germany in the air, and the swing of the pendulum was naturally very wide. It was England's overwhelming air superiority that made the reconquest of Norway in the spring of 1941 so comparatively easy; the German garrisons in Norway were, as a result of England's superiority by sea and air, as isolated from each other as if they had been stationed on as many different islands, and they were easily reduced, one by one. The loss of Norway, of Swedish iron and—just as important—of the command of the Baltic sealed Hitler's fate.

The losses of the German Army—elements of a few divisions—during the invasion were practically negligible save for the moral effect, but the naval losses were of the greatest importance. Three quarters of the German naval personnel were killed, drowned or captured; three quarters of the German U-boats were destroyed. Had it not been for these losses, it is conceivable that Hitler might have built up his U-boat force to constitute a serious threat to British sea communications by 1941, and certainly by 1942; as it was, he had too few seeds left to grow a large crop. Incidentally, his surface navy, if it had survived, would have been a powerful auxiliary in such a campaign. As it was, he had too small a force left to permit any serious expansion, and the denial of the Baltic to the U-boats as a training area put the capping stone on his difficulties in this direction.

The destruction of so much—estimates run as high as 85 per cent—of Germany's inland shipping is another factor to be taken into account. Even by the time the invasion was launched, the mere withdrawal of that tonnage had done serious harm to Germany's internal economy, and despite Hitler's desperate attempts to replace it—efforts that had an important bearing on his whole armament programs—the situation was never stabilized before the end came. The crippling local shortages that contributed so much to the disillusionment of the German people would hardly have developed. In sum, it is hard to escape the conclusion that Hitler's decision to attempt the invasion was most important in shortening the war and hastening his own destruction.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do they make 'I told you so' cards?"

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Raid on the Railroad (Continued from Page 35)

pocket and laid these, too, on the desk. He opened the first notebook and settled to his work.

The desk man looked up. "I make it an eighty per cent calf crop," he said. "Isn't that low? It was eighty-seven last year."

The armchair man regarded the liquid in his glass with affection. He did not look up. "A rough winter," he said gently. "A mighty mean spring. I'd say eighty's a right encouragin' figure." His voice rose a notch. "As a matter of straight fact, if you can find another outfit in the whole territory that's done better'n sixty-five, I'll eat that silly hat lyin' there beggin' somebody to put a bullet through it."

The desk man looked at the derby and reached to flick dust from it. He sighed and returned to his work.

The desk man held a finger in place on the page in front of him and looked up. "What's this? Eighty dollars for wolf poison! Good heavens! Eighty dollars!"

The armchair man raised his head from contemplation of his little glass. "Just between you an' me," he said, "that wasn't wolf poison. The boys talked me into lettin' 'em have some doin's here for some of the other outfits along about Christmastime. That was for liquid reee-freshment." Something resembling a soft chuckle came from him. "They didn't have to talk much."

The desk man sat up straighter on his chair. "A bit thick, I must say. Do you realize it takes four steers at the going price to make eighty dollars?"

"Certain I realize it," the armchair man said gently, very gently. "A rough winter. The boys were doggin' it hard. Pullin' plenty more'n four cows through."

The desk man chewed on the eraser end of his pencil. Small frown furrows marked his forehead. Gradually the furrows smoothed away. He sighed and returned to his work.

The sun was lower in the west, opposite the open door, sending a patch of clean golden light into the room. The armchair man raised his head. Outside in the corral a horse nickered and the sound of hoofs floated in the stillness from somewhere beyond the buildings. Faintly the complaining creak of the corral gate could be heard. Faintly a voice followed. "Hey, look at the town rig. Bet you Plug-hat Platt's here."

The desk man heard nothing. He was intent on his work. He closed the last notebook and consulted his paper pad. He leaned back and looked up. "That's done. Everything seems to be in order." He permitted himself a smile. "And it looks moderately good. Not up to last year. No. As you say, it was a hard winter. But I will be able to assure the directors they can expect another fair return on their investment when the fall shipments are made. Barring accidents, that is." He stopped. He reached into an inside coat pocket and took out a small sheaf of folded papers. He held them up, waggling them in his hand. "Good heavens, I've been so busy I almost forgot these." He permitted himself another smile. "They were shoved into my hand when I stepped off the train. Obviously a joke. I know about you people out here. Go to any lengths for a joke. I thought the man acted sheepish. He wouldn't even stay around so I could question him. It was smart of him, though, to get hold of some Santa Fe Railroad paper."

Amber liquid slid down the armchair man's throat. "I was wonderin'," he said, "when you'd get around to mentionin' those."

The desk man's hand stopped waggling the papers. The smile left his face. "So you know about them?"

"Certain I know about 'em," said the armchair man. "They're real enough."

The desk man leaned forward, staring. The smile returned, this time with effort behind it. "Obviously you're in on the joke too. But it won't work. Not with me." His voice acquired a slightly triumphant tone. "Why, if there was anything to these things, they'd have had to be entered in your books here."

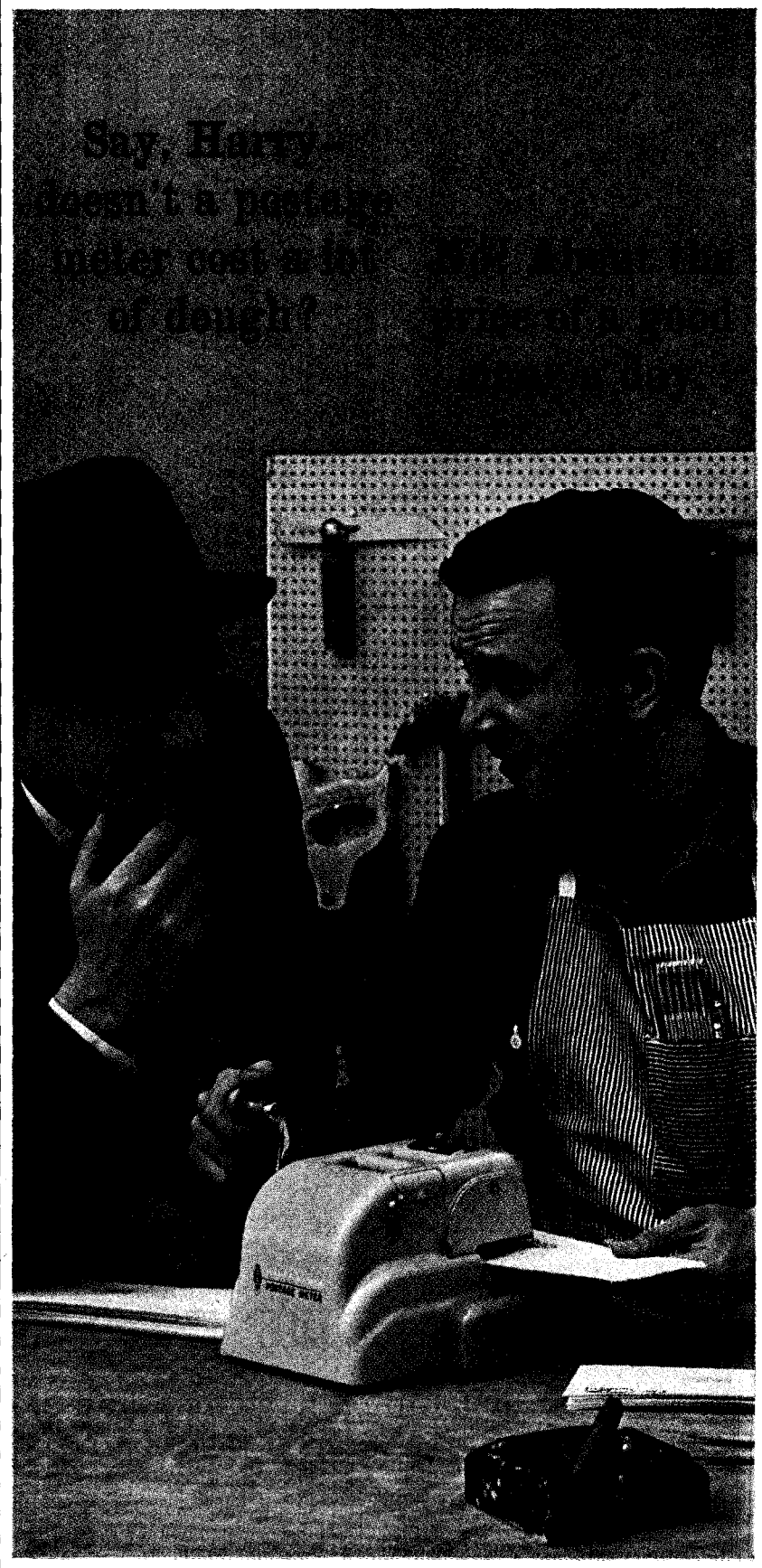
"Shucks," the armchair man said gently. "That Santy Fee man knew better'n to try an' present 'em to me. He saved 'em special for you."

The desk man sat still, very still. Slowly he laid the papers down and unfolded them. His voice came, hushed. "Good heavens. Claims against the company. More than eighteen hundred dollars. Eight—teen—hundred—dollars. Doctor's bills. Salaries for trainmen laid up with injuries. Repairs to a locomotive."

"Shucks," said the armchair man. "It wasn't too bad. Some of the boys had a little run-in with a Santy Fee freight train."

The desk man jerked on his chair. His voice climbed. "A little run-in! Eighteen hundred dollars' worth! What happened?"

"Shucks," said the armchair man. "I missed the fun, but my foreman was in on it. You wait a minute. I think the boys have been gatherin' outside." He raised his voice, a sudden resonant roar. "Hey! You! Hat!"



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Footsteps resounded on the veranda. The doorway darkened, almost filled by the big bulk, the wide, sloping shoulders of Hat Henderson. He stepped in, and the smell of sweat and worn leather and horses and cattle and the far spaces of a big land came with him.

The armchair man bobbed his head toward the desk man. "Platt here," he said, "has been combin' through my pen scratches again. You must have met him last year."

"Sure," said Hat. "Sure. I remember him." He favored the desk man with a barely perceptible nod. He pushed his limp, wide-brimmed hat back on his head. He looked down at the armchair man. "Now you lookahere, Cal. You plain got to do something about that windmill over on the west flats. We been having to shove cows all the way over by the river because the damn thing ain't pumping hardly at all. It's wore out. I'm telling you we need ——"

"Shut up, Hat," said the armchair man gently, affectionately. "You make a mighty poor liar. I checked that mill myself last week. An' I ain't needin' any help on ways of gettin' money out of the company. You know well as I do there's things that got to be played straight. Anyways, Platt here knows what it'd be for."

The desk man stiffened more on his chair. "I know all right," he said. "Maybe I'm beginning to know too much how things are handled out here. Eighteen hundred dollars. Why, that's an outrage. As soon as I'm back East I'll have the company lawyers onto this. Those responsible will have to pay. And I demand an explanation."

"What he means," said the armchair man, "is he wants to know what happened. You tell him, Hat."

"What for?" said Hat quietly, and over on the ladder-back chair the desk man felt a small shiver run down his spine, a recognition of something intangible suddenly in the room, beyond his grasp, something between two men suddenly indifferent to his presence, intent on each other.

"What for?" said Hat Henderson quietly. "The little dude has made up his mind already."

"Maybe he has," said the armchair man gently. "But don't you go makin' the same mistake. I'm manager of this spread. I ain't ever let you an' the boys down yet. Now you just tell him. From the beginnin'."

"Well-l-l, now," said Hat. He sank down, knees bending, until he was hunkered on his heels, rump dangerously close to his spurs. "I'd say it began with that damn order some company jackass sent through last month. Clean out all hosses not being used or likely to be used. That meant ——" He stopped. His eyes had focused on the bottle to the left of the armchair. "Why, you lying, cheating old polecat, Cal. I thought there wasn't none of that rat poison left."

"Wolf," said the armchair man.

"All the same," said Hat. He rocked forward, left hand on the floor, right reaching to take the bottle. He rocked back. He tilted the bottle, and the last of the amber liquid slid down his throat. He flipped the empty bottle in an arc back and out the doorway. "I'm plumb ashamed of you, Cal," he said sadly. He hitched around a bit to face the desk man more directly.

"Well-l-l, mister, as I was saying, that fool order meant rounding up that bunch of half-wild stuff, mostly batty old mares and maverick geldings too mean to do much with that'd been roaming the canyon country south of here. I reckon maybe they was chewing up grass that might carry a few more cows, but they wasn't doing nobody any harm. And Cal here had to be so damned honest and put them in that hoss tally you called for last year. So that gives somebody a notion. Clean 'em out. Sell 'em off. Squeeze out a shade more profit for ——"

"Certainly," said the desk man, asserting himself by interrupting. "That makes sense. Get rid of poor stock to make way for better. At the same time realize on assets otherwise useless. That's good business."

"Well-l-l, now," said Hat. "You can call it good business if your mind runs that way. I call it a hell of a tough job I got to do. Rough country over that way. And those hosses was worse'n wild ones. Knew too blamed much about men and ropes and such. Well-l-l, when a job's got to be done, it's got to be done. I took four of the boys, all I could spare at the time, and went after the things. We really had us a time! They wasn't hosses. They was crosses atween anteelopes and mountain goats. And mean. Spooky as she-bears with cubs. Took us all one day and half the next combing 'em out of the thickets. Not much sleep, 'cause we had to hold what we had already, and they was ready to take off any time. We wore out two good saddle hosses apiece gathering them things. Took us all the rest that second day to get 'em to that little old broke-down corral out on the flats that ain't been used in years. Only about five mile, but they didn't have no herd sense. When they broke, and they broke often, it'd be in all directions at the oncet. I'm telling you, mister, me and the boys did some riding. But we got 'em there, every one of the fool things, forty-three it was, and we choused 'em into that corral. Patched it up some where it was broke and just

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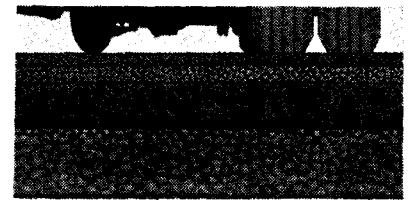

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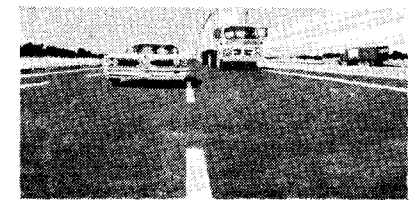

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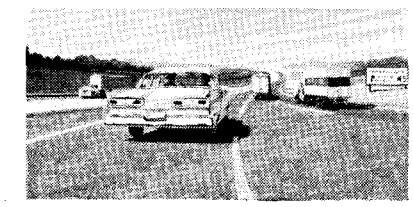

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flopped on the ground for some shut-eye."

Hat Henderson sighed. His voice became plaintive. "Maybe you got another bottle stashed away somewheres, Cal. I ain't talked this much since the last time."

"Too bad," said the armchair man. "Wolves are all dead."

"Sure," said Hat. "Sure, Cal. But that's what you was saying before." He shifted attention again to the desk man. "Well-l-l, come morning we fixed to shove 'em along some more. We started 'em moving right. We was heading for that corral and shipping pens over on that spur line of the Santy Fee. We get 'em there and we'd have 'em. And they was getting some better. Sure, they wasn't traveling too good. They'd run like rabbits for a stretch and we'd be scuttering to hold 'em together. Then they'd balk and we'd have to shove 'em even into a walk, and sudden they'd be running again and the same stunt over and over. But they was staying bunched more. And then..."

They came over the last rise sloping down a half mile to the thin tracery of tracks, sharp against the clean, cloudless blue of the big sky of a big land, forty-three wild-eyed, batty dry mares and maverick geldings and five tired, hungry men on five tough little worn, weary cow ponies. Almost directly below them was the splotch of posts and rails that were corral and shipping pens. To the right the tracks led into distances merging into distances, fading at last into far horizon. To the left the tracks led back into and were lost in a range of low, humped hills. Well back into the hills a fraying streamer of gray smoke floated upward.

The horses, trotting over the rise, slowed on the downslope, and stopped, staring ahead at the pens. The dust of their movement, drifting forward, caught up with them, swirling slowly and rising to blot out some of the blue of the sky. The voice of Hat Henderson lifted out of the dust from behind the bunched herd. "Easy now, boys. Sunfish, you slip on ahead and open the gate."

A shape emerged from the left of the dust cloud, the thick barrel body of Sunfish Perkins, sweat-sodden in saddle on a ratty, flop-eared gray, moving out and forward, loping down toward the corral. From out of the cloud where he had been broke three riderless horses, heads high, sniffing at open distance. From thirty feet away, lost in the cloud, came the grunt of a horse hit hard with spurs. Into the clear streaked another shape, the slender compactness of Dobe Chavez erect in saddle on a scrubby stout-rumped roan already in full gallop, swooping to intercept the three.

From the right of the herd, drifting through the dust, came the cheerful voice of Monte Walsh. "We ain't lost a one and the corral's right ahead. Makes a man feel good, almost like when a woman says yes."

"They ain't in there yet," came the voice of Chet Rollins from somewhere near.

"Quit yapping," came the voice of Hat Henderson. "And move 'em along."

Any father whose children play marbles in the house has reason to be upset.

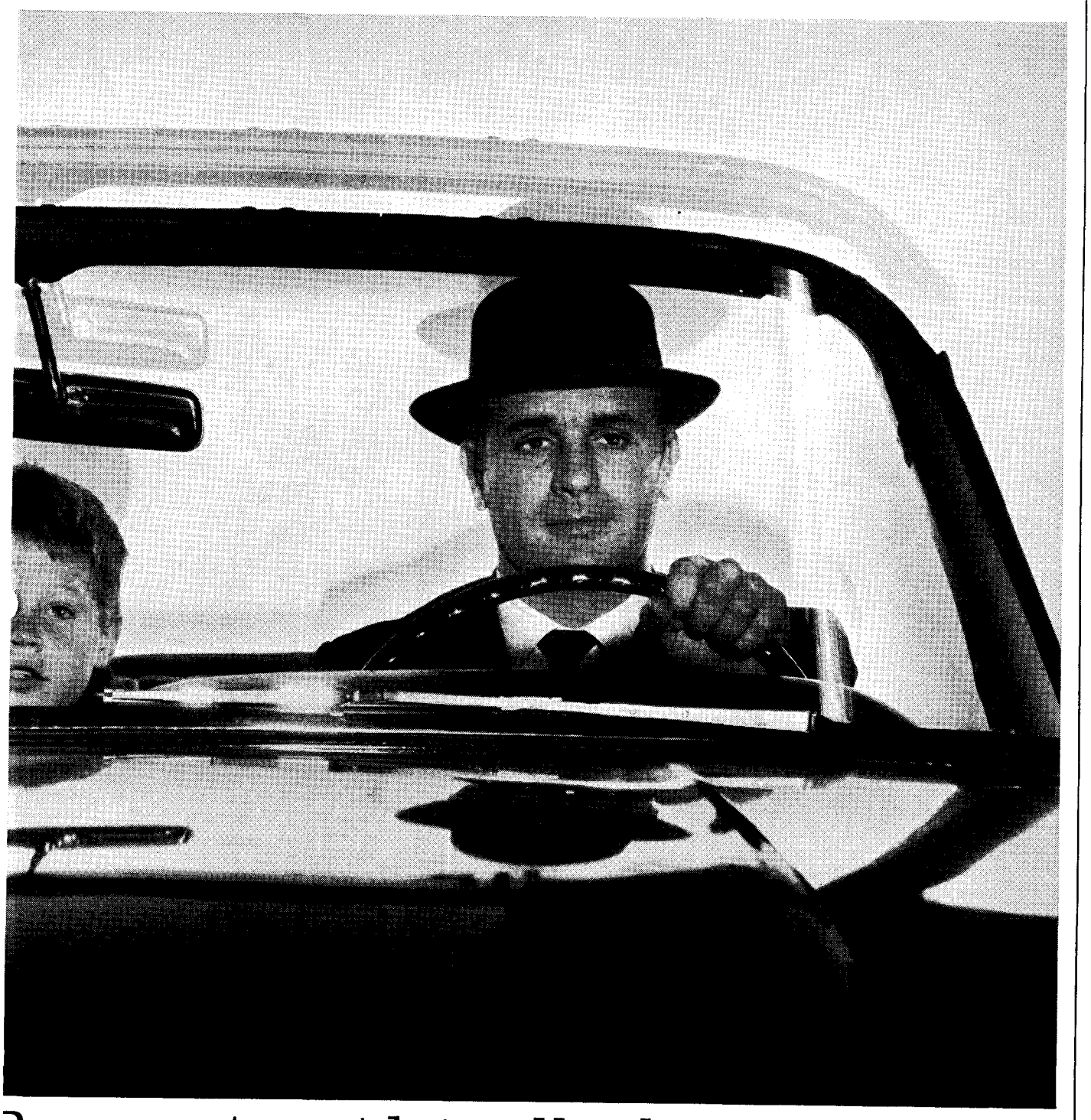
HAL CHADWICK

Slowly the herd in its slowly swirling dust cloud began to move down the slope, the horses stepping gingerly, reluctant, knowing. Sunfish Perkins was back in position on the left. The herd began to pick up speed, the leaders trotting, pushing out ahead of the dust cloud. Faster, into a lope, and the mass of moving animals was plunging into a gallop, fanning out, seeking to split to right and left of the cluster of pens and corral. Five men on five tough little cow ponies raced with the herd, sweeping, swerving without a break in rushing, headlong stride, closing it in, aiming for the angled pocket made by the pens along the tracks and the much bigger corral jutting out. The herd thudded into the pocket, a milling mass of squealing, kicking horses, hemmed in by five men in an arc out around them.

"Jeeeehoshaphat!" rose the voice of Hat Henderson as he slid his chunky bay to a stop on its rump. Two scrawny rawboned geldings had made it past the outer corner of the corral and were high-tailing for faraway places. "We better let them two go!"

"Let 'em go, hell!" yelled Monte Walsh. Long, lean-hipped body forward in saddle atop his leggy dun, he was already jumps away, spinning around the corral corner. The dun soared over a wide clump of upthrust cactus, disdaining to swerve aside. It drove in, angling across the course of the two geldings, and they braked on sliding hoofs and shifted across its rump to strike dodging in another direction. It reared in stride, pawing at sky, and pivoted on taut hind legs and lit streaking after the two. It drove in on them again.

"Yowee!" yelled Monte Walsh, slapping across the nose of the nearer with coiled rope in hand. "That won't get you nowheres!" The two swung, slowing,



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disgusted, and trotted back toward the others, with Monte and the dun triumphant behind.

Chet Rollins shifted a bit on his thick-necked black and looked at Monte. "You'll break a leg someday doing that," he said, amiable, conversational.

"Shucks," said Monte. "What's a leg? I got two, ain't I?"

The herd, hemmed in the wide angle, was quieting now, beginning to accept the inevitable. The gate along the near side of the corral stood wide open, but none of the horses showed any interest in the opening.

"All right," said Hat Henderson. "Close in, boys. They ain't got a chance now and they know it."

Careful, alert, five men on five tough little cow ponies began to crowd the herd closer into the pocket, closer to the open gateway. Two old mares looked in, deliberate, reluctant. They took a few steps, resigned, ready, and were inside and the others were shifting to follow.

Off to the left where the tracks snaked out of the low range of hills a streamer of dark-gray smoke drifted upward over the last little hill. Into view along the tracks, chugging steadily into the strain, came a small locomotive followed by the wood-piled tender, several freight cars and a caboose. In the locomotive cab the engineer sat relaxed on his stool, elbow on right window edge, head out the window. A slow smile spread on his ruddy, rough-featured face.

"Hey," he said for the benefit of the fireman standing behind him. "Let's have a little fun." He reached up and took hold of the whistle cord.

SCRE-E-E-E!!!

Ahead, at the cluster of pens and corral, forty-three batty dry mares and maverick geldings exploded into sudden simultaneous action.

"Wow!" said the engineer, staring ahead in fascination. The fireman crowded down by him to push his own head out the window.

Ahead, at the cluster of pens and corral, five men, two still rocking in saddles on pitching cow ponies, three stretched at odd angles on the ground with heads lifted, watched forty-three batty dry mares and maverick geldings heading for the horizon in forty-three different directions.

"We better move along," said the fireman. "Get past there quick as we can."

The engineer said nothing. He was busy with the throttle.

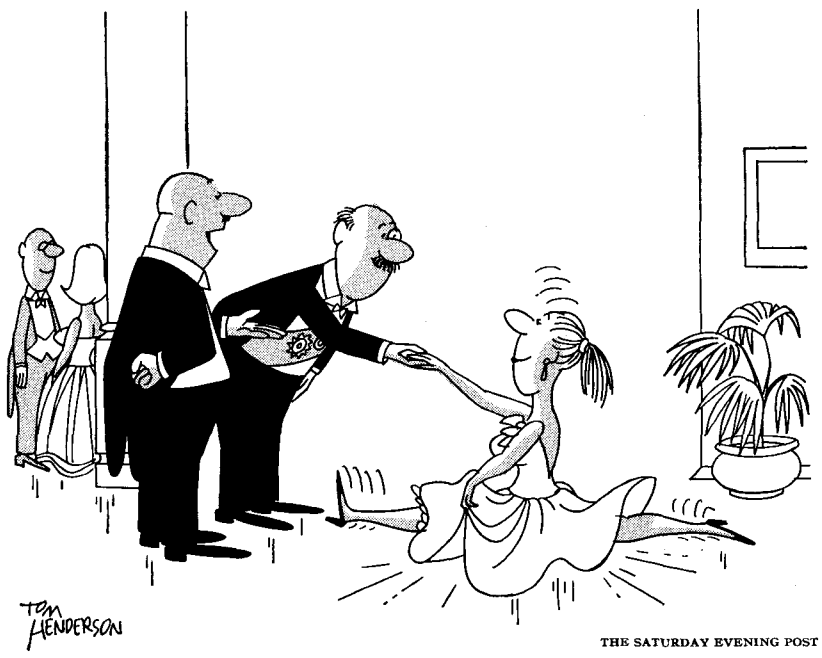
Ahead, moving now in instant, silent, unanimous decision away from the pens and corral, five men advanced toward the approaching train, Monte Walsh in the lead on the leggy dun, Chet Rollins a few jumps back on the thick-necked black, Sunfish Perkins laboring behind on his own short, thick legs, Hat Henderson limping, stumbling, hopping, Dobe Chavez pushing up and taking a step and collapsing down and grimacing under his trim dark mustache and crawling on hands and knees.

Monte Walsh reached the oncoming train, and the dun reared, pivoting on hind legs, and raced beside it. Monte took hold of the saddle horn and hopped up, crouching with feet on the saddle, and dived through the side door of the locomotive cab, and the dun swerved aside, slowing. Monte reappeared almost at once, heaved out on the rebound by the fireman, but one hand was clenched on the fireman's belt, and the fireman came with him.

Chet Rollins had swung and was racing beside the locomotive. His coiled rope was in his left hand, a loop forming in his right. His right arm flashed and the loop dropped over the locomotive smokestack. The thick-necked black lowered its head and swung away, shoulders slugging into the sudden strain coming. The rope tightened with a jerk, and the locomotive shuddered and rocked on the tracks and the black flew off its feet and Chet pushed out and away and the black hit the ground, squirming and kicking and dragged, and the smokestack ripped loose and fell clattering. A shower of sparks rose and descended over the cab. Inside the cab the engineer instinctively, unthinking, threw back the throttle and jammed on the brakes. The train slid smoking and steaming to a stop.

Back at the rear end five trainmen hopped down the steps of the caboose and stood in a group, staring forward. Up at the locomotive the engineer peered out the side door and jumped to the ground. He waved at the five and started to shout. His voice was cut short. Chet Rollins had hurtled into him from behind.

Back by the caboose one of the trainmen leaned in over the steps, reaching for something. The four others started forward. Monte Walsh, bruised and scratched and cinder-stained, rose from the trackside, leaving the fireman limp and finished, and moved to meet them. They converged on him in a rush.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Baron, may I present Miss Elsie Faas, the famous ballerina."

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"I'm coming, Monte," bellowed Sunfish Perkins, pounding in. He lowered his head and plunged forward and turned sideways at the waist so that one thick shoulder jutted out and the full weight of his barrel body crashed into the melee. One of the trainmen, three ribs cracked, staggered away.

"Save some for me," boomed Hat Henderson, hobbling, hopping, diving in.

The fifth trainman had arrived, a monkey wrench in hand. He skipped about looking for a chance. He saw one and swung. The wrench thudded in a glancing blow on bone. Sunfish Perkins sagged and collapsed.

A gun roared, and the man with the monkey wrench dropped it and clutched with his left hand at his right shoulder and sat down suddenly.

... ...

Skipping-Stone Game

By Richard F. Armknecht

A pool or pond, and stones
to throw—
These make a game all
children know.
A chunky stone, hurled
hard and true,
Will make one leap, no
more than two.
But flattened pebbles,
thrown just right,
Will skip, each leap a
breathless flight.
Three leaps, four—they
seem to sing
In arcs like echoes,
diminishing.
Four leaps, five—once,
happy fate,
Incredibly, my stone
skipped eight!
I wonder now, if I had
known it,
Would I have kept that
stone or thrown it?

... ...

"Ees a nasty man," said Dobe Chavez from forty feet away on the ground, slipping his gun back into its holster. He started crawling forward again. He was close to the whirling melee. His arms swept out and around a pair of legs.

Dust and cinders flew, and the cinders fell and the dust floated gently over the remnants of fast, furious action along the side of the stopped, crippled train. Silence settled over the scene. By the trackside, near the caboose, five trainmen reclined on the ground showing no dispositions to rise. Farther up the fireman raised his head and sat up, showing no disposition to rise.

Close by the five trainmen Dobe Chavez sat on the ground, investigating his right ankle. A few feet away Sunfish Perkins also sat on the ground, exploring with cautious fingers one side of his head. Monte Walsh leaned against a freight car, chest slowly heaving, combing cinders out of his hair with blunt, curved fingers. Hat Henderson stood on the slight embankment, weight balanced chiefly on one leg, looking down at the bloody knuckles of one hand.

Down the trackside, along the train, came the engineer, face splotched, one leg dragging a bit, sullen, disgusted, coming in little spurts as shoved from behind by Chet Rollins. He stopped—was permitted to stop—facing Hat.

"You didn't keep it fair," he said. "I heard shooting."

Monte Walsh stepped forward and kicked at the monkey wrench on the ground. "One of your boys had that thing," said Hat Henderson.

The engineer stared down at the monkey wrench. "I see," he said. He sighed.

"How was I to know?" said one of the trainmen, left hand tight on right shoulder. "I thought maybe it was a holdup."

"They'd of had their guns out, stupid," said the engineer. He sighed again. "An' what am I goin' to do now? Stuck here with this train. Can't get any decent draft with no stack. Leaking steam too. I couldn't budge the thing."

"Unhook," said Chet Rollins. "Leave the cars here."

"Yeah," said the engineer. "Maybe I could creep along. But it's twenty miles to the main line, ten more to the yard. Supposin' I get another engine. No place here to turn around. I got to back the whole damn distance. Why'n't one of you ride to the operator at the main line so he can wire for a repair crew?"

Hat Henderson stiffened. "There ain't a one of my boys doing any riding for any railroad," he said. "We got our own troubles."

"Yeah," said the engineer. A wry grin of remembrance flicked on his face. "I reckon you do." He turned away, waving savagely at his men to come along.

Five dirty, dusty, battered cowboys watched six equally dirty, dusty, even more battered trainmen move away, two of them leaning on others, stopping briefly to collect the fireman. They saw them stop by the tender and fuss with the coupling and climb or be helped one by one into the cab. The wisps of smoke floating above the locomotive began to increase, and faintly they could hear the rising hiss of steam. Slowly the locomotive and tender crept away.

Hat Henderson raised his head higher to look around. Not far from where the locomotive had been a leggy dun and a thick-necked black cropped patiently at tufts of bunch grass along the slight embankment. On some near the pens a chunky bay and a flop-eared gray and a stout-rumped roan were engaged in the same occupation. Hat looked down. "Sunfish," he said, "how's that head?"

"I sure know I got one," said Sunfish. "But that won't bother my riding."

"Dobe," said Hat. "What's with that leg?"

"Thees ankle," said Dobe Chavez, "he won't work. But ees nothing on the horse."

Hat Henderson drew in a long breath and let it out slowly. "Chet," he said . . . "and you, Monte. Bring the hosses over here. We got forty-three fool critters to find."

The sun was low in the western sky, ready to drop behind the ragged edging of mountains in the far distance, sending its soft golden light through the open doorway all the way to the flat top of the onetime roll-top desk.

"Well-l-l, now," said Hat Henderson. He rose slowly to full height, blotting out some of the sunlight. "It wasn't too bad. 'Course, Dobe's hoss had a pulled shoulder that must've happened when those critters hit us. He just stayed there and handled the gate while the rest of us brought 'em in in little bunches, seeing as they was scattered so. But they was some tired too. Hadn't broke more'n four-five mile around. We brought 'em in, all but one fool mare that must of caught a foot crossing the tracks and broke a leg and was hobbling around the other side of the cars. We (*Continued on Page 87*)

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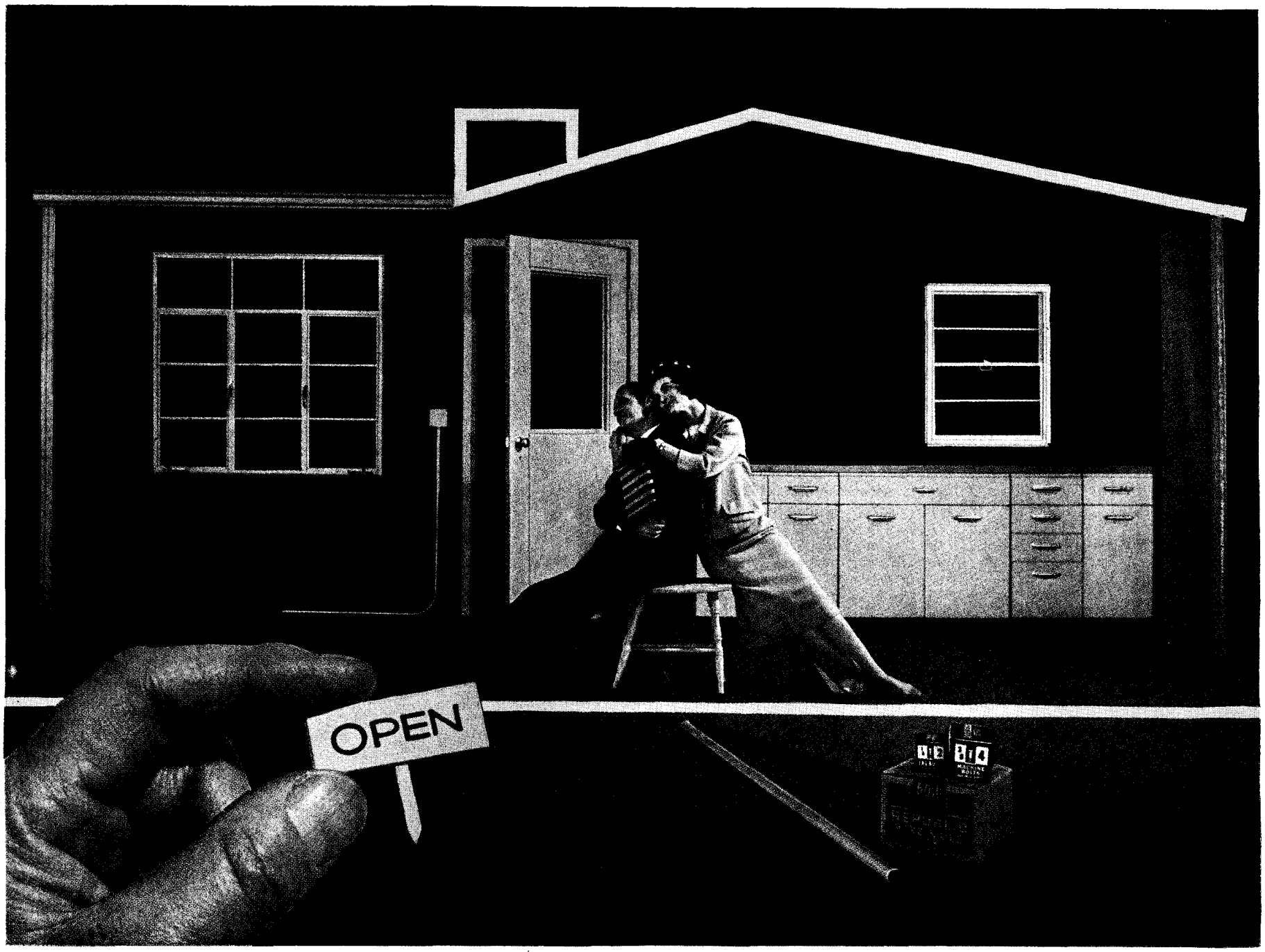

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(*Continued from Page 85*) was back at the ranch here along about midnight. Train was gone when we took 'em some feed next day, but you can bet your bankroll, mister, that corral wasn't touched any. Cal here had some cars along there next day, and they was shipped out."

Hat Henderson turned slightly to look down at the armchair man, who simply shook his head a little and beckoned with it toward the door. Quietly Hat Henderson went out the open doorway.

The desk man hitched his chair some to escape the sunlight. He peered at the doorway. There was no one in sight outside. "Good heavens, man!" he said. "Why were no warrants sworn out? Wrecking a train! Shooting a man!"

"Shucks," said the armchair man. "This is still hoss-an'-cow country. Not a judge around that'd issue a warrant on a thing like that. No sheriff that'd try an' serve it either. Not with Dobe an' that gun of his here, nursin' a bad ankle."

"Well," said the desk man. "Maybe that's a good thing. If a trial got started, the company might be dragged into it. As things are, I'd say the company is clear enough."

"No," said the armchair man gently. "The company's payin'."

The desk man jerked on his chair. "Nonsense," he snapped. He leaned back and pursed his lips. He waited.

"Well, yes," the desk man said. "I can see they had provocation. I can sympathize with them, I must say. But being provoked doesn't give them the right to start taking things apart and committing assault. When they cut loose like that, that was their own doing. They're personally responsible. They'll have to pay."

"On forty a month?" said the armchair man. "Out of the which they got to get clothin' an' gear?"

"That is their problem," said the desk man. "Oh, I can sympathize with them again, but it is their problem. Do you realize, man, that the company only received six hundred thirty dollars for that batch of horses. Think of the loss if the company paid."

"A nice little nibble, yes," said the armchair man.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said the desk man. "I'll get the company lawyers to help them. You know, whittle it down for them. Counterclaims for that horse that broke a leg, for time lost, for injuries to our men. Things like that."

"No," said the armchair man gently. "You don't understand this thing atall. The boys had the best of it. They tromped on that train crew right thorough. That means there's got to be no quibblin'."

The desk man stared at the other. "They can be fools about it," he said. "But I won't. That's what the company pays me for. When it sends me out here, it trusts me to see that the affairs of this ranch are handled in a businesslike manner. To protect its investment. Well, as I see this, those men had to have their—what you call fun. Now they'll have to pay for it."

"Oh, they'll pay, all right," said the armchair man gently, very gently. "They'll get together, them that was in on it an' them that wasn't, an' they'll hock all they've got if they have to, except, of course, their saddles. An' they'll pay. But that'll be mighty expensive for the company."

"Expensive?" said the desk man.

"Why, sure," said the armchair man. "Come the next day there won't be a rider anywheres on this whole damned spread. The boys'll be gone. Cookie too."

The desk man jerked again on his chair. "Well, then, you'd just have to get busy and hire more men."

"Maybe I could," said the armchair man. "If I scratched around hard enough. But not like these boys. I been five years puttin' this crew together. An' anyways, I wouldn't be doin' it. I'd be gone too."

"Blackmail," said the desk man slowly.

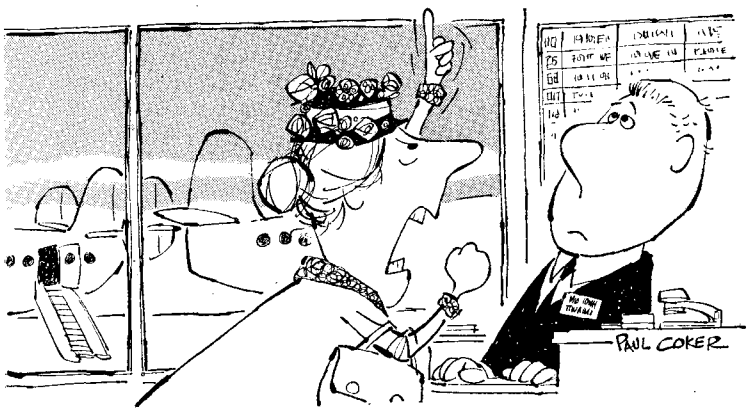
"Call it anythin' you've a mind to," said the armchair man. "But you're thinkin' of this in terms of laws an' business rules an' the like. An' I'm tellin' you those things don't come into it atall." He leaned forward some, his back straightening a bit. "The boys've been talkin' about this an' I've been hearin' 'em. They don't go by reasonin'. They go by feelin'. An' they have right good feelin's. They been proud of the company, of this outfit. They ain't quite bright enough to understand the reason it's somethin' to be proud of is the work they been doin' for it, what they've made of it. They just been proud. They've made the Slash-Y brand, an' the boys that carry that iron mean plenty everywheres cowmen still ride hosses an' swing a loop. Not the biggest outfit on the ranges. Maybe not even the best. But a good one. A right good one. These boys'd stand up an' slug it out or go for their guns against any man or bunch of men that'd say a word against it. They ain't pretty, but there ain't a job I tell 'em to do they don't do an' do right. Like that damn-fool order. They penned those hosses 'spite all the Santy Fee could do. I send 'em fifteen hundred miles with a herd of cows like last year to Wyomin', an' short-handed too 'cause you won't let me put on more men, an' come hell an' high water an' thievin' Indians an' a bunch of run-off rustlers they deliver. Every last cow except three that died of bloat. Alkali water. An' they bring back the money. Every last dollar of it except what they draw on their regular pay for some spreein' along the way back."

The desk man stared at the other, his lips pushing in and out. The armchair man leaned forward a bit more, his back straightening more. "An' they don't punch no clocks," he said. "They're working for the company twenty-four hours out of every day except when they're raisin' a little fun in town, an' if I holler they'll quit that an' come afoggin' into anything no matter what the clock says. They're ready any time, all the time, to give the company all the sweat an' muscle an' downright guts an' savvy with hosses an' cows they've got, includin' their necks if that's called for, like one of them did on that Wyomin' trip. That's what they're puttin' in. For forty a month an' the feelin' of bein' proud without lettin' that show too much. What's the company puttin' in? Money, that's all. An' this little thing right now is a matter of a little money. They been proud of this outfit. They feel they done right well by it over at the pens. There was five of them. There was seven of those trainmen, not mentionin' a train. They feel if the company's what they been feelin' it is, it ought to come through for them once in a long while when they're in a tight."

The desk man stared thoughtfully at the other man. "And you," he said slowly. "You feel the same way?"

"Yes," said the armchair man. "I got the same feelin's. I kind of like 'em too. I growed up with 'em, an' I ain't changin' 'em any." He rose out of the armchair. "I've said my say an' I feel some better, even if I ain't made a dent in you. Reckon I'll go tell the boys to start gatherin' their gear."

"Wait a minute," said the desk man. He saw the other stop and stand quiet, waiting. "You put me in a difficult position," he said. "I might as well tell you that some of the directors think highly of you as manager of this ranch. The men leave, and I know what they'd say. What I did. Hire some more. But you leave, and they'd be onto me hard. What the devil do you expect me to do? I'm not one of your tromping, shooting boys. I'm just a city man with a good head for figures. But I've got my own pride too. My figures are honest. I can't go slipping



The Perfect Squelch

A dense fog halted all flights from the big airport. The lobby soon filled with passengers eager to be on their way. Most of them philosophically accepted the airlines' obvious explanation about the fog. One whippersnapperish woman, however, refused to be satisfied. Taking a position directly in front of the counter, she rejected all efforts of a young assistant manager to explain the delay. Finally she said, "Young man, I don't believe you know what you are talking about. I insist on speaking to the person responsible for delaying my flight."

In a voice loud enough for everyone to hear, the young man said into his telephone, "Hello, operator, would you connect this party with Extension One in Heaven?"

William R. Scearce

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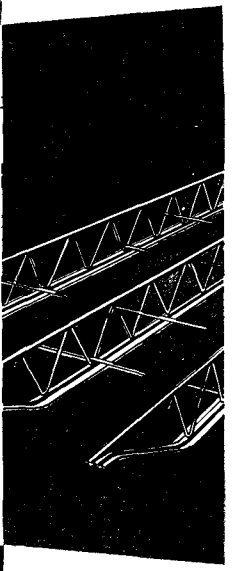

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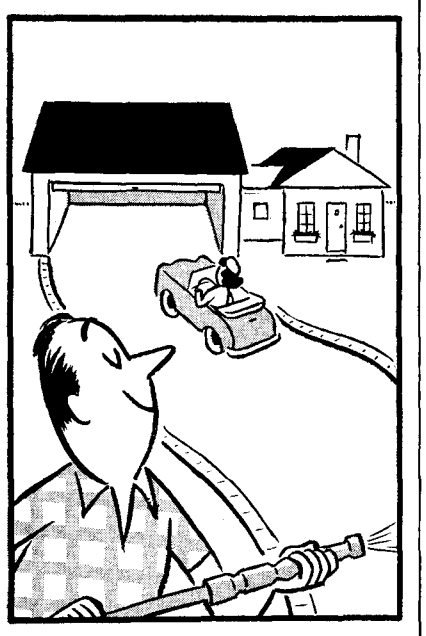

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things like wolf poison and repairs to a windmill in my reports. Not eighteen hundred dollars' worth. I probably couldn't get away with it anyway. Can't we just figure this out some way?"

"It's all figured," said the armchair man gently. "I don't give a hoot in hell how you put it down. That's your problem. Maybe I can sympathize with you some, like you with the boys. But it's your problem. To me an' the boys, you're the company. You're the one comes out here. What you do is what we'll go by. We ain't interested in how you do it."

"But I don't see how I'll do it."

"But you'll do it," said the armchair man gently, affectionately. "Come along, Platt, an' we'll tell the boys."

Slowly, reluctantly, the desk man rose to his medium plumpish height and came around the desk and up alongside the armchair man. A lean arm reached out and urged him on ahead, out the doorway, on the short distance to the edge of the veranda.

In the soft, luminous dusk sat ten silent men. About fifteen feet away another lounged easy in saddle on a drooping leggy dun. Still another was coming from the cookhouse.

"Platt here," said the armchair man softly, cheerfully, "is going to take care of that little Santy Fee affair."

The desk man was painfully aware of twelve men regarding him gravely. He could sense the final, the complete, the absolute necessity of irretrievable speech. "I'll—I'll do my best for you boys," he said.

He tried to recoil from the veranda edge, but the armchair man was behind him, blocking him. The soft, luminous dusk was alive and vociferous with leaping shapes and back-slappings and high, shrill yells. A voice emerged: "That's plenty good enough! You savvy those Eastern dudes! You can do it!"

He tried to recoil again. A leggy dun seemed to be leaping straight at him. It reared, almost pawing the veranda roof, and dropped down sideways in front of him. He looked up into a lean, still-battered youngish face. "Put out a hand," said Monte Walsh. "I've a hankering to shake it." Solemnly Monte leaned down and took the limp hand and shook. "I'll drive you to town," he said. "Guarantee to get you there by train time."

"Good heavens, no!" gasped the desk man, shuddering.

"Move along, Monte," came the voice of Chet Rollins. "It's my turn."

The dun leaped away under spurs and spun, stopping. A line had been forming behind its previous position. One by one ten cowboys with the dust of the day's work on them and a ranch cook, redolent of grease and smoke, stepped forward to reach for the desk man's right hand.

He winced. His fingers were being crushed in a big hand. "You're all right, Plug-hat," said Hat Henderson.

Between the shafts of the buckboard the flea-bitten bay jogged forward. The desk man held the reins in his left hand. He had no illusion that he was doing much driving. The bay would go where it would go, and that would be to town and the livery stable. He wriggled the fingers of his right hand. They seemed to be all there and intact. He reached with them to fix the derby more firmly on his head. "Plug-hat," he said softly. "Plug-hat Platt."

He settled into what seemed to be the least uncomfortable position possible on the jouncing seat of the buckboard. "Good heavens," he said even more softly, "what a way to do business."

The Tewksbury Feud (Continued from Page 43)

with the dogs, when he saw a group of horsemen riding up the meadow. The boy moved to meet them.

Andy Cooper drew rein and stared down at the boy, noting the butt of the .45 protruding from the belt about his thin middle. The other men held in their restless horses while their eyes scanned the meadow and adjacent slopes.

Cooper nodded a greeting, and his voice was friendly, "These your sheep, boy?"

The youngster smiled shyly, "No, sir—we but herd, my father and I. The sheep belong," he added, "to Trader Breed and his pardners." The boy was gratified to note that this bit of information seemed to please the man, who smiled suddenly and turned to nod at the other riders.

"I thought you to be Trader Breed and his brothers," José said. "He is to return today."

"He is, huh." Cooper glanced at his attentive companions and laughed shortly. Turning back to the boy he asked, "Why do you carry that forty-five?"

José smiled. "Trader Breed say," he explained, "best keep guns at hand."

Cooper nodded. "Reckon he's about right," he said solemnly, "and that there's a fine-looking firearm—mind if I have a heft of it?" He reached a negligent hand.

José stepped near and placed the gun in Cooper's narrow, bony hand. The man hefted the weapon and with swift, familiar dexterity flicked the barrel up and then down. His trigger finger tightened as it descended.

José's intent face had been lifted toward the man on the horse. The heavy slug tore through his throat. He was slammed back onto the meadow grass, and a fountain of blood rushed out to pool about his head which, almost severed, rolled grotesquely at an angle to his shoulders.

The jolting report of the shot was slapped back and forth by the hillsides. Ben Yazzie, climbing out of the chasm, halted and stood very still to listen. Then from above there came a rolling fusillade made by many guns and followed by the swelling thunder of small hard hoofs in stampede. He heard men's voices harshly whooping and cursing and the uneven pounding rumble of plunging horses.

Yazzie sobbed aloud as he clawed his way upward. He was near the top when the forefront of the herd erupted over the brink as the leaders were pushed by the frantically surging stampede behind them.

Paralyzed with horror, his mouth open and his eyes dilated, Yazzie witnessed the destruction of the herd. The convulsive torrent poured on, and there seemed to be no end to it. Their blood streaked the rocks and formed expanding dark pools about the heaps of maimed and thrashing animals on the floor of the chasm.

Yazzie achieved the rim and swayed to his feet. Directly before him a lean rider with a gun in each hand was startled by the Navajo's sudden appearance. For a split second of intense clarity Yazzie saw the malignant face with its wolfishly bared teeth. Then the impact of a bullet toppled him over the cliff. He dropped a short distance, landing on a sandy shelf and rolling against a boulder which flung him back beneath an overhang. Just above him a bush grew straight out from the cliff, its stubborn roots prying deep into the crevices of the rock.

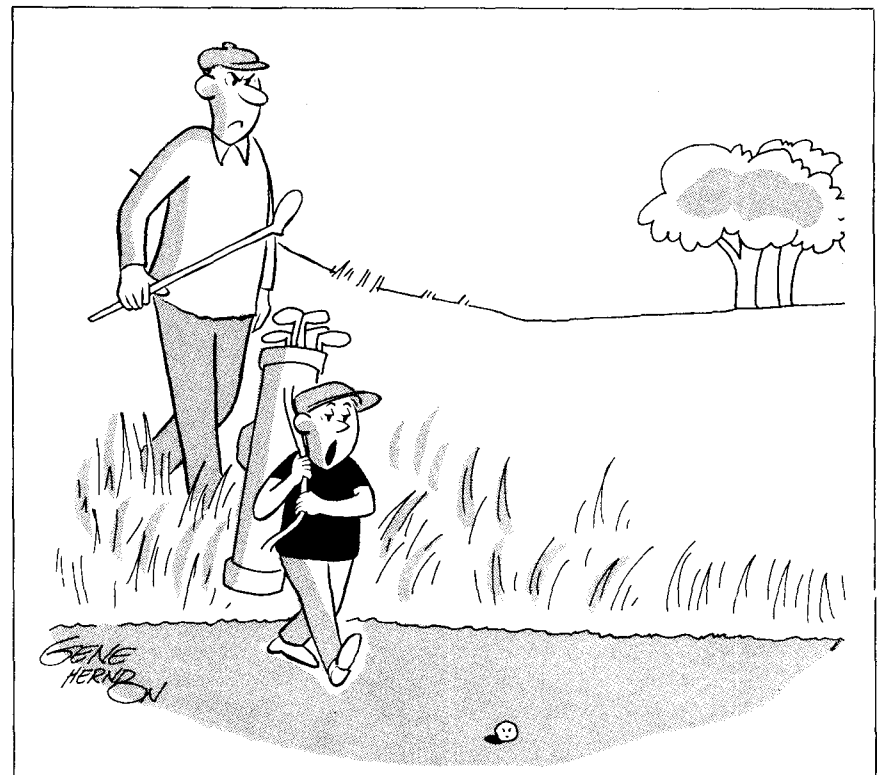
Cooper dismounted and, gun still in hand, stepped to the brink, looking for the herder's body. "See him, Coop?" Tom Pickett had come up and, bow-leggedly cautious in high-heeled boots, approached the brink.

"Naw," Cooper said, "can't see where he could've got to."

"Sure you got him?"

"Hell, yes—the bullet knocked him back over. He reared up right before me!"

All eight men now moved nervously along the edge of the chasm. Often one or the other would turn to stare back toward the meadow. The uneasiness was not all due to the proximity of the yawning chasm. (*Continued on Page 90*)



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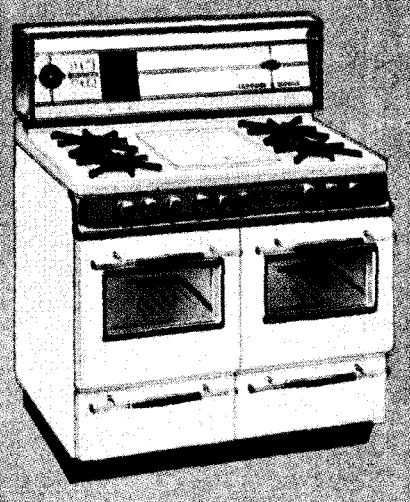

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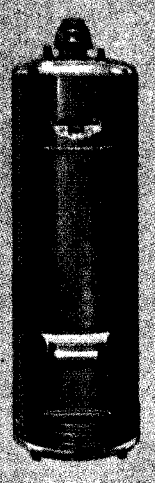

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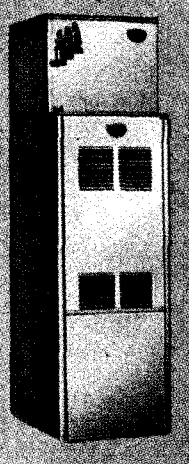

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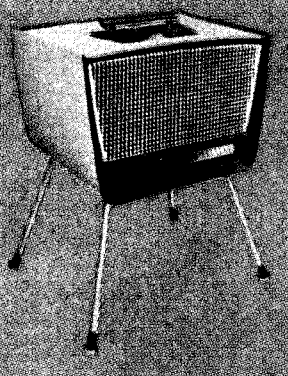

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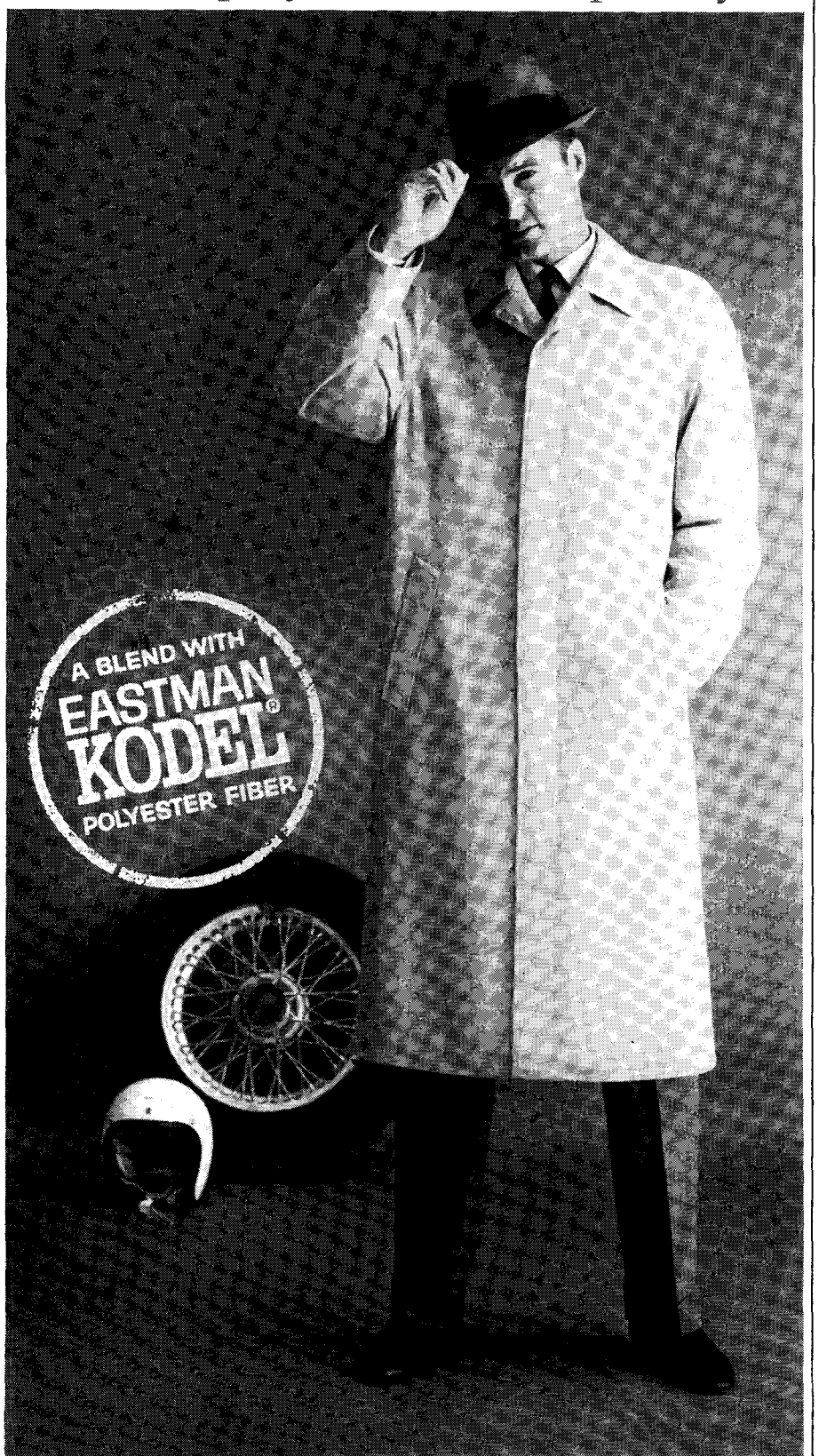

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(*Continued from Page 88*) "Hell, Coop," Jack Graham said, "it don't matter—with a slug in him and fallin' over that drop-off—he's done for, for sure!" He glanced back toward the meadow and added, "We'd ought to get outa here; the kid said Breed and his brothers ——"

Cooper swung about. "Be damned to Breed Tewksbury and all his family," he snapped. "I've waited a long time to settle accounts." As he stared at Jack his eyes became suspicious. "You thinkin' I want to dodge the half-breed, Jack?"

Young Graham stiffened with alarm. "Hell, no, Coop," he appeased hastily, "I jist—I mean, we figgered it so's nobody'd know who done it. But if Tom catches on ——"

"Tom!" Cooper spat in the dust at his feet. "All Tom's got on his mind is that girl and her preachin' paw! The stinkin' woollies'd take over the whole Tonto whilst Tom set still and jawed about not makin' trouble with neighbors!"

Jack flushed at the slur against his brother, but he voiced no defense. John Paine intervened. "Jist the same, Coop," he said, "let's stick to how we planned—let the Tewksburys get a good look at their woollies now! Hell, we got all summer to square accounts with Breed. Let's don't crowd all the fun into one day!"

Cooper's waspishness was distracted and he grinned gloatingly. Presently they mounted and rode away, skirting the meadow and heading for a wide expanse of rocky shale which would serve to camouflage their trail. They crossed the shale bed slowly, their horses slipping and sliding, causing innumerable rattling avalanches.

Once across the shale bed they separated. The Hash Knife bunch headed north, and Cooper and his brothers angled south toward the Blevins' spread on Canyon Creek. Jack Graham and Miguel Apocada rode with them, intending to circle and approach the Graham ranch up Cherry Creek from the south.

It was past midday when Breed, his brothers and Bill Jacobs rode out from the Tewksbury place, headed for the sheep herd in the upper valley. They rode in silence, each engrossed with his own thoughts. Johnny smarted with suppressed anger because old Jonathan, weeping tears of joy and relief, had promptly reinstalled his oldest son as foreman of the Tewksbury outfit.

Breed was having difficulty confining his thoughts to the business at hand—because of Stella. Her face and slender figure insinuated themselves into his mind, creating an emotional turmoil beside which every other consideration was rendered trivial. Stella, with her small towheaded son in her arms, was now a woman, subtly matured and disturbingly beautiful. The clear gray eyes with their flaring black lashes had the same slow way of lifting—but they no longer avoided a meeting. She no longer cringed away; her composure was like her mother's, although it was lacking in that quality of disdain which was Lydia's armor.

Stella had appeared to remain unruffled by his return—except for a revealing moment, her first sight of him stooping through the kitchen door. She had been kneading a sponge of bread dough and turned from the work table, her shining hair was slightly disheveled and there was a smudge of flour on one cheek. He straightened and took off his hat and saw her catch her breath, her eyes at once glowingly alight and her mouth parted. He saw a glory of joyous welcome in every line of her.

Then, even as she moved toward him, she stilled somehow. She wiped her hands on her apron and came up to him calmly; her handshake was brief and steady and her eyes held no further message. "How are you, Breed?" Her voice was pleasant and cool. "It's nice to see you home."

He could not remember what inanity he had mouthed or if, indeed, he had spoken at all, so jolted had he felt. He remembered uneasily that Lydia had entered the kitchen with him, a cordial Lydia—until she had seen that first unguarded look of Stella's. As he fumbled away he had seen that the mother's eyes were appalled, and he knew she had both seen and felt the reaction—for there had been a moment of silent tautness while a current throbbed between him and Stella.

Breed found that Grandpa Handy had not exaggerated the situation in his home. Old Jonathan was a sick man and at times appeared to be feverishly irrational. But Breed noticed, too, that much of it was temper, especially when Lydia hovered and tended too insistently.

"Plus tax."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Breed had found Grandpa's judgment about Bill Jacobs also accurate. Jacobs had said nothing when Breed announced that his father wanted him in charge once again, but his twisting, wry mouth indicated his opinion.

Breed paced about the room. "The sheep have got to be moved," he said, "out of the basin."

"Looka here, now, Breed," Johnny protested, "we made a deal with Daggs and we can't ——"

"*I* made no deal," Breed said. "The sheep go!"

A bristling silence was on the room, and Breed spoke again. "I don't like this deal," he said. "I don't like any part of it—and I want to know why you're all settin' to home while one Navajo and his kid takes all the risk! And"—he asked the question of Jacobs—"why ain't you up there in that meadow, waitin' for the trouble that's bound to come soon as the cattlemen know there's sheep on open range?"

"You thinkin'," said Jacobs in a surly tone, "that we ain't a match for any ruckus anybody starts?"

Breed did not answer at once, and his steady contemplation unsettled Jacobs. "I don't know," Breed said in a sober tone. "I don't know who we could count on any more. I ain't been around for a while; but I think we'll have our hands full dealin' with cattle thieves, and there is no call to ask for more trouble with sheep."

There was a bellow of crackling laughter from Jonathan, who smote the arm of his chair with a gnarled, triumphant fist. He was enjoying the conflict and it was evident that he relished Jacobs' discomfiture. Obviously he had a hoarded accumulation of spite toward the surly rider.

The four men rode out together. Jim and Jacobs were to proceed on to notify the Daggs brothers of the changed situation, and Breed and Johnny to help Ben Yazzie move the sheep out of the basin.

They reached the meadow and found it silent, engulfed in a waiting quiet as they rode its length. The story was there, to be read in the chopped-up earth, cut by the milling stampede of terrified small hoofs, and in the turgid, fly-swarmed pools of blood.

The bloody and pitiful body of José lay carefully arranged in the sheep wagon, covered by a blanket. Ben Yazzie was nowhere about. Breed discovered that one of the wagon horses was also missing, while the other grazed nearby.

They held a consultation at the silent sheep camp. The brothers' faces were drawn and appalled; Jacobs was oddly subdued. When he had looked at the body of José he had cursed slowly and steadily, and his mouth was no longer cynical.

"Jim," Breed's voice was almost a whisper, "you and Jacobs hightail it the same as before; get word to the Daggses. But go by way of Payson and report this to Judge Meadows."

Jim's thin face looked boyish; it was stricken at what had come about here, and he was eager to get away. He mounted and sat waiting for Jacobs, who caught up the reins from beneath his horse's nose, seemed about to mount and then paused, his long-jawed face irresolute.

Breed's expression became grim. "Jacobs," he said, "I'm ramroddin' the Tewksbury spread now and a man that rides for me takes orders from me—and nobody else! If you ain't of a mind to go along with it, then drift—for I'd likely have to kill you!"

Jacobs felt a chill move the length of his spine as he stared at the huge, dark man, and he accepted with a calm that surprised himself the fact that Breed Tewksbury *could* kill him if he so chose. With still more surprise Jacobs discovered no resentment, and although his eyes were puzzled, they were not hostile, nor was his voice when he spoke. "I take orders from a ramrod," Jacobs said, "if I figger he's a better man than me." What could have been a smile was briefly on his thin mouth. "I've never walked out on a fracas," he said. "I'll be back—if it's all the same to you."

Breed nodded. "Suit yourself," he said. He watched the two riders as they moved out, his eyes lingering on Jacobs. He turned to Johnny, "You hightail it back to the ranch and stay there. I'm takin' Yazzie's trail."

"Yazzie's trail!" Johnny was astounded. "You think he's alive?"

"He's alive," Breed said; "he's left sign. He's hurt, because there's blood smeared on the gear over there and one of the horses is gone. He's on the trail of whoever done this."

"But there was a whole bunch—you can't—just the two of you and him hurt ——"

"I *got* to get to Yazzie," Breed said, "'fore he tackles them alone and gets killed. He's the only one who knows who they were."

"I'll go with you." Johnny was excited, action-hungry.

"No," Breed said, "pa and the women got to have a man on hand. That's orders—git now."

Johnny mounted and rode, but his handsome face was sulky.

Breed paused at the edge of the shale bed, then he circled and followed its edge until he found where the tracks emerged. The broad print of the draft horse ridden by Yazzie was deep and clear over the tracks of the raiders. At the point of separation the Navajo had followed those which turned south.

Breed kept the buckskin, Shawnip, at a swinging lope until night blotted out the trail. He off-saddled and hobbled the mare to graze and rested beside the trail until first gray dawn. As the day wore on, the trail steadied into a definite direction. Late in the afternoon he found where Ben Yazzie had veered off and had climbed a hill toward a brushy ridge. Near its crest the Navajo had tethered the animal, and droppings showed that the horse had remained there for several hours. Yazzie had proceeded on foot to where he had a clear view of the valley below.

It was green and pleasant, and at the farther end of the valley was a house, outbuildings and pole corrals. Breed knew the place: the Blevins's Canyon Creek layout.

Yazzie had returned for the horse and brought him up the ridge by a more gradual ascent. He had then traveled east, keeping the ridge route but traveling just below its shoulder. From time to time he had dismounted and crept up into the rimrock to look down into a winding canyon along the floor of which a well-worn cattle or game trail was clearly visible. Breed knew that the Navajo had been stalking a rider on the cattle path.

The sun was setting and the shadows were dark between the hills as Breed turned into a precipitous canyon, proceeding with care up the rocky bed of a dry stream. On either hand sandstone boulders built up toward immense split-rock cliffs. Breed made no attempt to move quietly, for earlier he had heard the clap of a single rifle shot.

Breed pulled up suddenly, as there was movement ahead in the shadows. A riderless horse, its reins dragging, wandered beside the trail. He leaned to catch the reins and knew, even before he touched it, what composed the dark smear on the worn leather.

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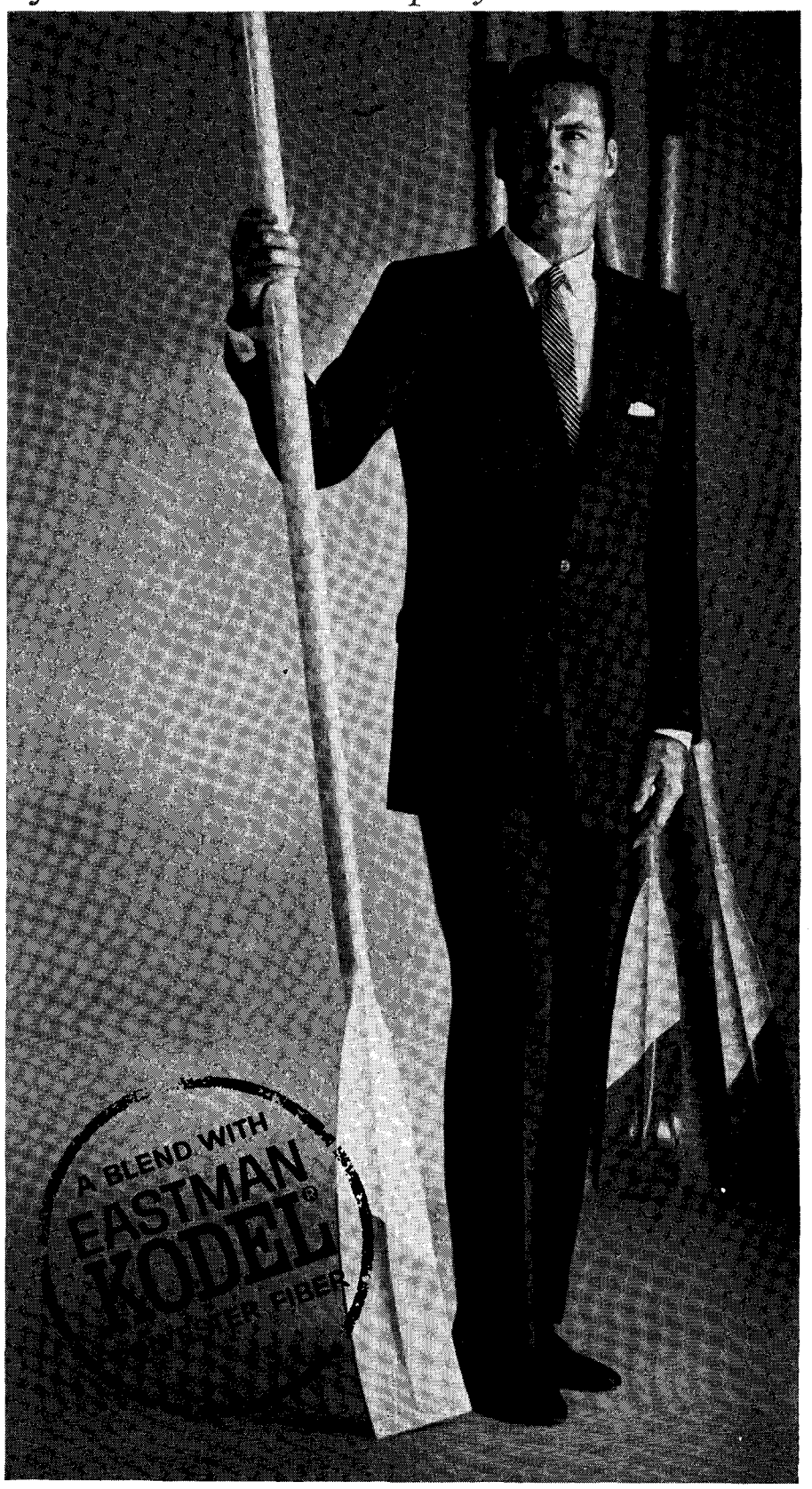

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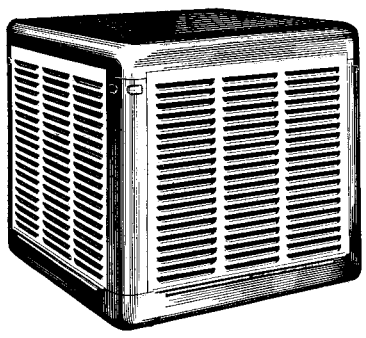

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A few yards farther along Breed saw the draft horse, and then from behind a boulder appeared the square-shouldered form of the Navajo. He stood silently waiting as Breed reined in and dismounted.

"Are you all right, Ben Yazzie?" Breed's eyes explored the man. Rifle in hand, head high, Yazzie was sternly erect; but a terrible toll had been taken of his strength. Dried blood stiffened the wrappings on his upper left arm; his clothes were only dirty shreds held to him by the cartridge belt encircling his waist. His eyes were dark and somber pools; his voice sounded as from a great distance. "I am all right," he said.

Breed untied the canteen from his saddle. They squatted on their heels while the Navajo drank in slow, controlled sips. "What," Breed asked, "of the man you stalked?"

"He is up there." Yazzie gestured toward a split in the canyon wall.

"Who is he?"

"I do not know—but he is very like one of the raiders who killed José."

"You knew them?"

"No. I saw only one of them clearly." Yazzie spoke almost haltingly, as though in an effort to recall through a fog the details of a nightmare briefly experienced and ages past. "I had gone down into the rocks after a stray," he said. "I heard first the shot which killed my son. I began to climb then very fast and I came up over the rim, and one man was very near. He shot me. I did not fall far; I rolled under the bank and they could not see me from above."

"Tell me how he looked, this man who shot you."

Yazzie's mouth slanted cruelly as his lips drew back from his teeth. "A thin man with narrow shoulders, who rode hunched in the saddle; a sweeping mustache and long teeth, bared like the weasel. He wore much silver on him ——"

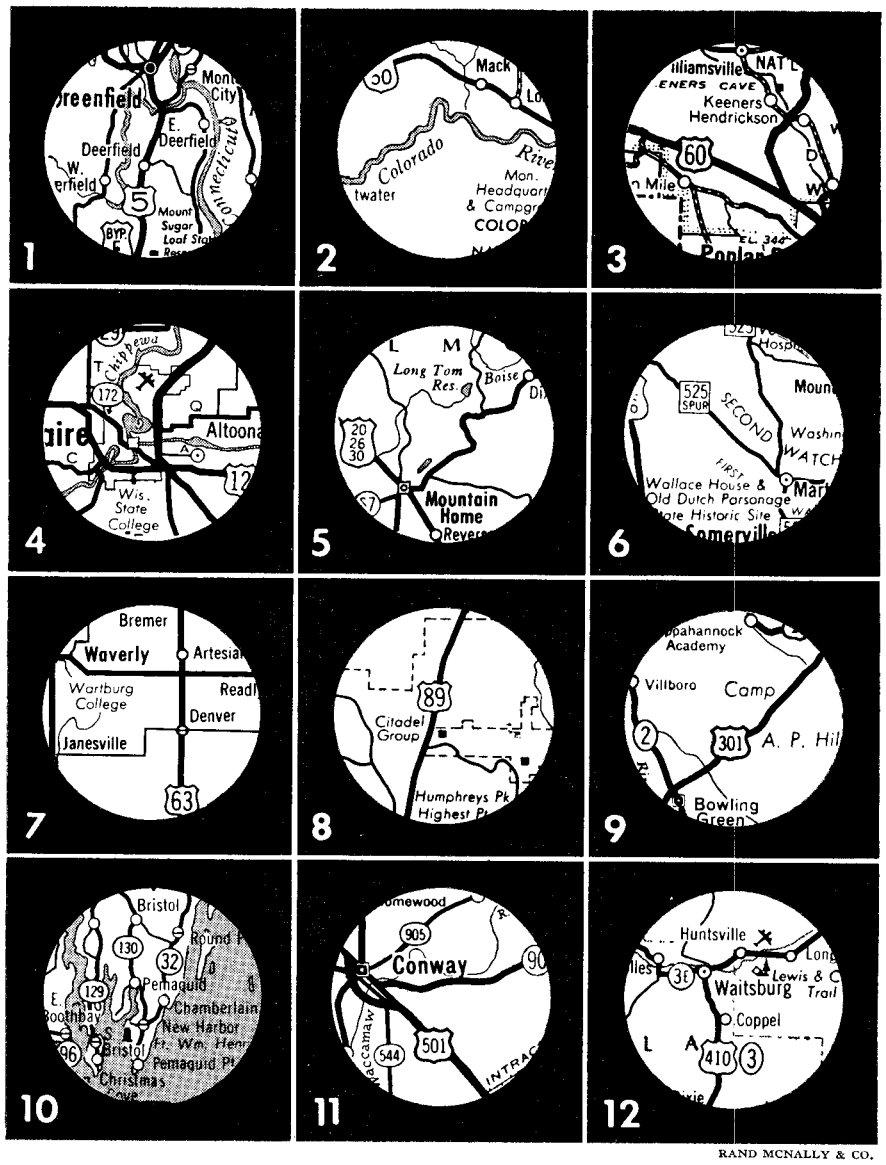
"Cooper!"

"He was young," Yazzie said. "The man I killed is old, but much like him."

Breed left the Navajo squatting beside the horses and made his way up to the mouth of the split in the ragged, crumbling cliff. A short distance up the defile he came to a steep slant which was crested by a stunted cedar tree, its deformed branches twisting at weird angles.

A man's head sat on one of the branches, held in place by a narrow-bladed knife which skewered one ear to the tree trunk. The headless body sprawled near the rock wall which reared upward into the night. It was a small box canyon, the only opening being the one Breed had traversed.

With hushed movements Breed returned down the ravine. Yazzie squatted where he had left him. "It is Mart



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East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 95*)

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Blevins," Breed said, "the father of the one who shot you."

Yazzie nodded. "It is done then," he said, "his father for my son."

Breed studied the splintering cliff wall. "I would roll rocks down," he said, "and close the entrance to the ravine."

Yazzie remained impassive. "As you will," he said. He remained immovable as Breed climbed around and up through the treacherous loose rocks. He rolled a boulder from the top which precipitated others and in a thundering, dusty tumult the crevice and its occupant were hidden.

Breed and Yazzie rode slowly back down the canyon in darkness, pausing to remove the gear from Mart Blevins's horse. This gear Breed threw into a deep, narrow gully. The horse followed them until they turned in a direction away from Canyon Creek. Here the animal paused to graze on familiar ground and was content to remain.

They shared a dry camp for the balance of the night after they had once more reached a wooded plateau. At dawn they separated; Yazzie rode northeast toward the reservation while Breed took a trail which slanted steeply toward Pleasant Valley.

The rising sun was hidden by dark clouds, and late in the morning a torrent of rain swept over the Mogollons; Breed knew with some relief that his and Yazzie's trail would be washed out. But so would the tracks of the raiders from the sheep camp to Canyon Creek.

As he reflected on this he knew that sending Jim to report to Judge Meadows would prove useless. There was no evidence this time either, except for a Navajo who had just killed a white man—whose evidence would not be accepted in a court of white men in any case.

A man hunting for stray horses wasn't apt to pay much attention to the passing of time; but old Mart had been gone more than a week, and the Blevins's bunch were getting uneasy.

"Oh, ma," blurted Andy Cooper, tired of his mother's complaining, "pa's all right. Hell, he's likely took it into his head to go over to Holbrook. Likely he's in Shorty's Saloon, soakin' it up this minute."

Mariah Blevins stood by the kitchen table where he sat, shoveling down food; her pasty, sagging face wore its usual martyred expression. "You got no call to get spiteful about your poor pa, Andrew." She had a querulous, whining voice. "He could be alayin' somewheres in his own blood this minute! The Tewksburys or somebody coulda done him in."

"The Tewksburys don't even know who done for their stinkin' sheep," Andy said indifferently; "we taken good care of that."

"Well, maybe you did," Mariah kept at it, "but I won't have you boys settin' around to home. Y'all just get on out and see to your pa—you hear me?"

Andy and John Blevins discontentedly minded their mother and concluded to drift over to Holbrook. Charley was somewhere with Jack Graham, so Hampton was commissioned to ride down to Pleasant Valley and see if the storekeeper, Perkins, had seen old Mart.

Hampton was pleased to find a bunch from Hash Knife loafing at the bar, among them Johnny Paine, Tom Tucker and Rob Carrington. There was a new man named Bob Glasspie, a middle-aged and morose individual, who seemed to take his drinking very seriously. Hampton joined them in a drink and asked Perkins if his father had been in.

"Nope," Perkins said, "not lately. The last time I seen Mart was, lessee, maybe two weeks back, when he come in for a load of rock salt."

One of the Hash Knife riders spoke. "Seen anythin' of the Tewksburys, Perk?"

"None of the menfolks," Perkins said. "Johnny's wife, she drops in now and again."

"Good-looker, that Stella," Hampton said. "Damned uppity though. What'd she have to say, Perk?"

"She's real quiet, young Mrs. Tewksbury," he said, "and ladylike, like her ma." *I'll be damned*, Perkins thought, *if they'll get me to talk about Stella; and she ain't uppity, either—takes time to visit right sociable, even with a fat old man, now and again.*

The men exchanged glances; all had noticed the way Perkins had frozen up into a disapproving silence. They grinned at one another and shrugged good-naturedly; Perk would get over his peevishness—give him time, their glances said.

"Say," Tom Tucker said, "did y'all know Tom Graham's kid brother's come out from Ioway? You oughta see the rig he bought for hisself in Phoenix! Tom swears he spent a year's pay on a fancy Mexican saddle and a mess a Navvie conchs—he's sure shiny!"

Hampton decided presently to drift up the valley, asking at the various ranches if anyone had seen his father. Having nothing better to do, the Hash Knife riders decided to go along. The eight men mounted and rode slowly off, for the day was warm and drowsy and nobody felt in a hurry.

They drew rein on a rise which overlooked the old Middleton ranch. "Hey," Hampton said, "smoke comin' from the chimney—maybe Newton's to home." They slanted down the rolling small hill and turned in at the lane that led between fenced pastures to the house.

It was not George Newton but Jim Tewksbury who watched their approach from the small window, noted their number and, as they came closer, saw who they were. He spoke to Breed who, with Jim Roberts, sat at the table eating supper. Roberts, now that Breed was once more foreman, had gladly joined forces with the Tewksburys again. The three of them waited for Newton, who was due in from Globe. They were about to make concerted plans for dealing with the cattle thieving in the Tonto.

Breed stepped to the window and peered out. The riders pulled up in a swirl of dust. Hampton hailed the house, staying in the saddle.

"See what they want," Breed said, speaking low. "Leave your rifle inside." For Jim had caught up his Winchester.

Jim leaned the gun against, but just inside, the door frame and opened the door. He put his hands on his lean hips just above the low-slung Colts and stood slightly spraddled and unspeaking in the doorway.

"Newton to home?" Hampton Blevins asked.

Jim shook his head, "Nope."

"Know where he's at?"

"He's due in any time."

Tom Tucker spoke. "You here alone?"

Jim turned a marble-hard stare on the squat rider. "That's my business."

Tucker's froglike face darkened angrily. "Hell," he sneered, "let's not gabble with no stinkin' sheepherder ——"

They all looked sharply at Jim to see how he would take the contemptuous labeling and were surprised to see his mouth widen into a mirthless smile.

"You maybe want to ask Newt if he's seen old Mart?" he offered. "I'll tell you that—he ain't!"

Hampton Blevins feverishly kicked his horse nearer the small porch. "What

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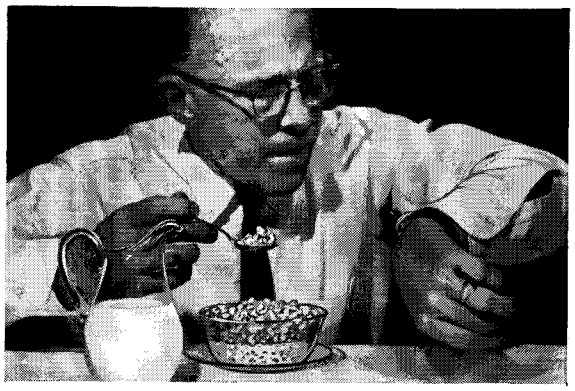

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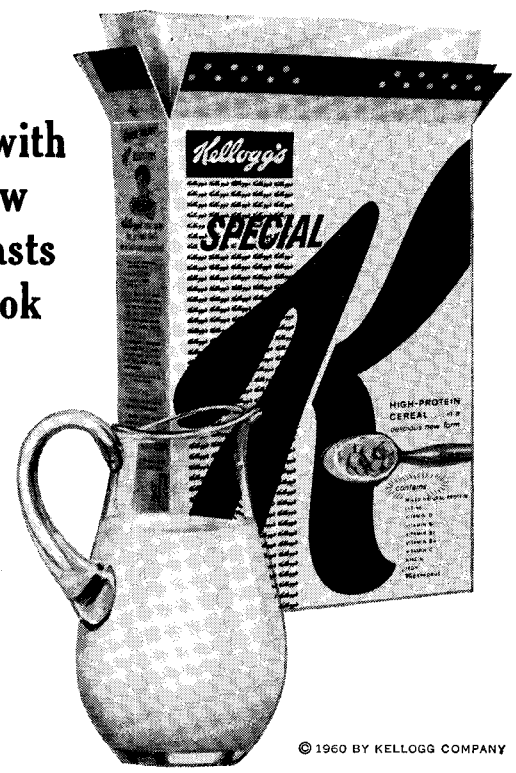

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d'you know about my pa?" His voice was shrill and accusing.

"I ain't seen him," Jim said. "Same as you ain't!"

Hampton's body jerked, his face was twisted and ugly with suspicious fury.

"You worried," Jim's voice taunted, "that your paw mighta run into the same bunch of yellow-bellied skunks that gunned down an unarmed Navajo and his kid?"

Hampton's gun hand flashed downward. He fired point-blank at Jim, but the bullet thudded into the door frame as Jim slid through the door and slammed it shut. There was a tinkle of glass breaking as the black snout of a rifle poked through a window and, simultaneous with its blast, a small, dark hole appeared in the center of Hampton's forehead. His plunging horse reared and screamed, flinging his limp body to the ground.

The other horses in a squealing, trampling melee nearly upset their riders with their terrified bucking, but the Hash Knife bunch dragged them in and, pulling guns, began snap-shooting at the house.

Johnny Paine's horse crashed down, pinning the rider beneath his threshing body. As Paine struggled to extricate himself a second rifle spoke, and he collapsed under the convulsive animal.

The riders were no match for the concealed sharpshooters, and they wheeled their horses; but even as they entered the lane at a hard run the rifles spat a deadly accurate fire after them.

The three in the house withdrew their rifles from the window sills as the frantic riders stampeded out of range. They looked around at one another—none of them had been hit.

"The fat's really in the fire now," Roberts said pessimistically.

They put the gut-shot horse out of its agony and laboriously manhandled it off Paine's body. A few feet away Hampton Blevins sprawled like a disheveled scarecrow, his clothes blood-smeared and crusted with the dust he'd rolled in.

The sound of a running horse caused them to seize their rifles and take cover. A rider turned in at the lane, but as he neared, they lowered their guns. It was George Newton.

He had trouble dismounting, for his lathered horse was nervous at the strong smell of blood. As the three men came from the house, Newton's appalled eyes were on the dead men. "Good God, Breed"—his voice was shaken—"I couldn't believe it ——" As Breed started to speak, Newton interrupted him. "Listen," he said urgently, "never mind about this here—you got to get outta here! I was just leavin' the store when a rider tore up and shouted that the Tewksburys had murdered Hampton Blevins and Johnny Paine—and gunned three others. There was a whole bunch of riders there and they're formin' up a posse! They won't be long gettin' here, and they was swearin' to wipe out all the Tewksburys!"

Breed's face set grimly. "Murdered 'em!" he said harshly. "Three guns agin eight? Listen, Newt, they figgered they'd corner'd Jim here, alone—they never seen me and Roberts. Hampton Blevins drawed first and shot point-blank at Jim."

Newton nodded. "That figgers," he said, "fer a Blevins—but that posse ain't gonna stop and listen to how it was."

As they saddled up, Breed gave terse orders: "Roberts, you get back to the ranch; Johnny and Jacobs are there and so is Crip—you four get pa and the women and kids outta there and take 'em to Globe and stay with 'em till they're safe. Then get on back here. Me and Jim will hole up somewheres near the Furnace Ridge line shack. There's supplies there and ——"

"What you gonna do, Breed?" Newton asked.

"Jim and me will take to the rimrock," Breed said, "and we'll wait here till the posse shows up and make a run for it."

"*Wait* for the posse!"

Breed nodded. "So they'll take out after us and not head for the ranch. That'll give time for pa and the family to get outta there." He looked at Newton's dismayed expression. "Don't fret none—we'll keep 'em busy till dark and then lose 'em likely."

"I'm ridin' with you," said Newton.

Breed's smile was one of his rare ones; his whole face lightened and gentled, but he shook his head. "No, you ain't, Newt," he said; "this ain't your fight."

Newton gave way unwillingly. "I don't like the looks of it, though, Breed," he said. "I'm gonna ride to Payson—Perkins

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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told me old Judge Meadows is there. I think somebody official had oughta know the straight of it."

"All right," Breed said. "Best you ain't around when the posse gets here anyway."

Newton mounted his tired horse and pushed him into a lope as Roberts headed through the back pastures, cross country to the Tewksbury home place. Breed and Jim watched them go, keeping their ears peeled for the sound of the posse approaching.

It was not long before about twenty men spurred their horses into Newton's lane. Breed had been holding the restive Bullet quiet. Now he mounted, as did Jim. "Take it careful, Jim," Breed said. "Let's ride ——"

An exultant baying rose from the throats of the men in the posse, and they spurred their already lathered horses in headlong pursuit. Breed and Jim kept within sight but just beyond rifle range. They paused on a rocky promontory to breathe the horses and check on their pursuers. "God, Breed, look!" Jim was pointing down in to the valley. "The polecats have fired Newton's place!"

Black clouds of smoke billowed and grayed as they thinned, rising above the old ranch buildings. "Damn them," Breed said, "they know this wasn't Newton's mix." His angry gaze found their laboring pursuers, far down the slope, then fastened nearer where a gray shadow moved swiftly through the brush. It was the big dog, Smoke, and they let him catch up to them before they moved out again.

Presently they clattered onto the narrow shale-strewn floor of a small box canyon, its entrance almost clogged by a rubble of boulders. They tethered the horses beneath the overhanging rim and returned to take up positions behind the boulders at the mouth of the canyon. Smoke padded silently at Breed's heels and then settled near him.

The posse came on, but halfway up the slope they became cautious and halted well out of rifle range. Apparently one of the riders knew the canyon was a box and suspected an ambush.

As the twilight peacefully deepened all was silent. Then far to the right a small bird darted up from a bush, cheeping heatedly, and circled several times before it flew away.

"Watch it now, Jim," Breed whispered; "they're crawlin' up the slope—keep your eye peeled and don't move!"

The slow, silent minutes dragged away; the waiting men could hear nothing but their own tensed breathing. As the shadows lengthened, the sharp outlines of sage and piñon became blurred and smoky-looking.

"Jim," Breed's whisper reached across to where his brother crouched, "I'm gonna send Smoke down there and see what he can flush out—watch sharp now!"

He reached a hand to the shaggy head. "Smoke"—his whisper was soft command, and the dog's brush of tail waved in controlled response, while his alert ears pricked up—"round 'em up, Smoke. Bring 'em in easy"—he made a circling gesture—"bring 'em in easy."

Smoke's eyes gleamed in the half-dark, and he slid noiselessly away. He moved to the far edge of the slope, careful not to get near the stragglers he was to catch up until he could approach them from the rear. He began to traverse the slope, his nose becoming puzzled that he caught no smell of sheep but only men—silent, nervously sweating men.

He glimpsed a man on his belly behind a bush and the dog paused to lift his nose and test the breeze from all directions, but the man-smell was all—there were no sheep. The quarry must be here.

Head snaking low, the dog stepped slowly nearer to the man's booted heels—and yelped sharply. This was his manner of starting up a straggler. The man jerked in alarm, half-raising as he turned toward the sudden shrill challenge.

A rifle boomed from the mouth of the ravine, followed by a second shot as another of the posse was betrayed into startled movement. There was a grunting bellow as the first shot thudded home, and the second man screamed and threshed about.

In the following appalled silence on the slope the prone men clearly heard a sharp whistle, but none dared to raise and fire at the big gray dog as he bounded toward the canyon in obedience to the signal.

"Good boy," Breed whispered, reaching to hug the animal, "good old Smoke—you done a job there, boy!" The dog waved his tail and settled in calm comfort behind the man once more.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 92

1. Mass.	2. Colo.	3. Mo.
4. Wis.	5. Idaho	6. N. J.
7. Iowa	8. Ariz.	9. Va.
10. Maine	11. S.C.	12. Wash.

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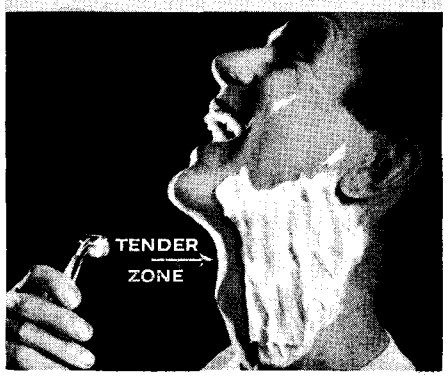

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Horrified consternation unsettled the posse when they ascertained that the man whom the dog's yelping had disclosed lay still with a big hole in his chest. The second man bled from many gashes across his face and neck, caused by splinters when the second shot had torn through the small tree he sheltered behind.

Leaving the dead man where he lay, the posse inched backward down the slope and crawled into the shelter of the trees. "Listen," one man said in a hoarse whisper, "you see how Hank got it? I'm gettin' outa here."

Breed and Jim waited, listening, for a long time after the sounds of the posse's retreat dwindled away. Breed sent Smoke out again on a long, circling reconnaissance in the now full dark. The slope was empty of men.

They returned for their horses and left the box canyon. They headed for the Furnace Ridge line shack to get supplies, after which they could hole up in one of the maze of wilderness canyons—for as long as need be.

George Newton planned to unsaddle and rest at the junction of Tonto and Spring creeks and wait there for the moon to rise. As he neared this spot he glimpsed the faint glow of a small fire. The bulky figure hunkering over the fire got painfully to his feet, and Newton was surprised to recognize Charley Perkins, the storekeeper.

"Light and eat," Charley invited wearily. "Looks like we musta had the same idee—if you're headed for Judge Meadows, that is."

Newton had not carried food and he gladly joined the fat man. They ate and rested, waiting for moonrise. Perkins squirmed uncomfortably on the hard ground; he was miserably stiff and sore from the unaccustomed hours in the saddle. "George," he said, "I feel right bad about this trouble goin' on and on. I kinda figger I had to tell Judge Meadows about it."

He went on then to tell about the night in his saloon when Cooper and his brothers and the Hash Knife bunch drunkenly plotted the raid on the sheep herd. When he had finished, the moon had risen. They mounted and rode on.

They roused Judge Meadows from his bed, and that irate man's temper subsided when he learned their mission. He decided to return to Pleasant Valley with them and while all ate a filling meal brisk orders were given. The judge—who was really a justice of the peace—saw to it that telegraphed word would reach Sheriff Billy Mulvenon at Prescott—the nearest sheriff.

John Meadows was an imposing personage. His long hair and beard were a shining silver-white, as were his beetling brows from under which his piercing eyes seemed able to stare through a man and back again—and immediately know all about him. He was a high-handed and imperious man and in the earlier days had relentlessly fought the Apaches for the land he now held. He neared old age, but no man ventured to push him with impunity.

As they headed back across the mountains toward Pleasant Valley, Newton and Perkins filled him in on the facts of the situation. "It's one hell of a note," the judge's voice rumbled indignantly, "when womenfolk with babes in arms have got to run for their lives from their homes!"

But the Tewksbury women had not fled to Globe. Jim Roberts, hightailing it across country, had located Johnny and Jacobs in the horse pasture near the house. While Jacobs ran to hitch up a team to the spring wagon, Johnny and Roberts descended on the house to get Jonathan and the womenfolk ready to leave.

While Stella and Tildy swiftly gathered necessities into bundles and baskets, Lydia wrung her hands and moaned. In a very short time Jonathan was being helped into the wagon, and saddle horses were being brought around.

Lydia, her bonnet awry, cast an apprehensive glance all about her as she came from the house. "Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed, pointing toward the north of the valley. A ballooning pillar of smoke rose ominously heavenward.

"Newton's!" Roberts' voice jolted heavily. "The critters have fired his place!"

They all stared now at the billowing tower of smoke. "But Newt wasn't in on it, was he?" Johnny asked.

"No," Roberts said, "he didn't get there till afterward." His tone was ugly and bitter. "But that renegade trash—*that* wouldn't stop them!"

Lydia seemed to shrink as she stared with dilated eyes at the rising dark column. Then she slowly turned her head and looked at her home as if she saw it for the first time. "They might—come and burn here too." Her voice sounded as from far away, but her eyes had come to life and they were angry. She lifted her pointed chin. "No," she said clearly, "I will not leave! I will not allow this lawless scum to burn my house!" She stepped to the wagon and, reaching into the wagon bed, detached little Walter from Tildy's arms and, turning, stalked into the house.

Old Jonathan began to bellow unintelligibly, and his frantic struggling attempts to descend from the wagon proved that he violently supported his wife's decision.

Stella's temper was up also. "Mamma's right," she declared. "I'm staying too. What about you, Tildy?"

Tildy's dour and unchanged glance surveyed the circle of confused men. "Don't see a bit of sense in traipsin' off, myself," she agreed gloomily. "You boys fetch your guns and stand off that passel of scum that Miz Lyddy don't want trackin' up her clean floors."

They unloaded the wagon and returned to the house. Jonathan indicated that his big armchair was to be placed squarely in front of the window commanding the lane approach to the house. To the astonishment of them all, he impatiently pushed their sustaining hands away, hobbled unaided to the rifle rack and took down his favorite Winchester. He hobbled back to his chair and sat down. "I'm asettin' right here!" he announced with joyful belligerence and, although his speech was slurred and thick, they understood each word.

Lydia stared unbelievingly at her husband, and there were tears in her eyes. She came and knelt beside his chair. "Yes, dear," she said in a tender voice, "and if Mr. Roberts would be so kind as to teach me to load a rifle, I will do that for you."

Johnny and Jacobs had disliked the tame assignment of safeguarding the flight, and they began at once to implement the changed plan—Jacobs and old Crip took rifles and an ample supply of shells to the hayloft of the sturdy log barn, from which height they commanded a wide view of approaches to the houses; Roberts remained with Jonathan and Lydia. In the kitchen, Tildy tied on her calico apron, saw to the two children and matter-of-factly put big iron pots of stew and beans to simmering.

Johnny and Stella went over to the smaller house, originally Breed's, to which they had moved after their marriage. Johnny loaded rifles and, one always in hand, moved vigilantly from window to door to window. He seemed anxious, Stella thought, that the raiders did not show up.

Sundown came and the still wall of shadows advanced slowly down from the heights and into the valley; all was quiet, deserted of sound or movement. They lighted no lamps and remained vigilant throughout the warm dusk.

In the barn the hours dragged their feet on toward midnight. Jacobs, sitting cross-legged near the opening, suddenly lifted his head, then held his breath to listen, and his eyes gleamed with almost pleasurable anticipation. He reached a hand and poked Crip, who dozed nearby on the hay in the loft. "Riders comin'!" Jacobs hissed.

TO BE CONTINUED

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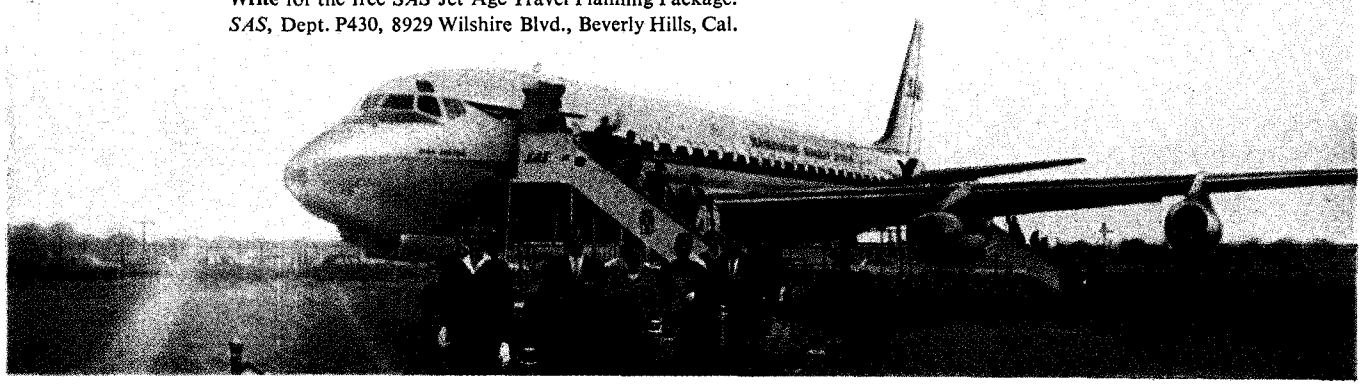

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I Serve on the "Sin Committee"

(Continued from Page 25)

its attempt to outlaw the full-expense athletic scholarship and limit grants to tuition only. Penalties took the drastic form of suspending schools from the association. The Sanity Code experiment ran from 1948 to 1951, and then, somewhat like this country's Prohibition experiment of 1920 to 1933, it collapsed because too many people considered it unreasonable and refused to comply with it.

In 1952 the N.C.A.A. came up with a new code in which the approach was to sanction the full athletic scholarship—board, room, tuition, books and fifteen dollars a month for incidentals—but to keep financial aid from going beyond that. Enforcement machinery was established, with the committee on infractions as the key unit.

The committee started off cautiously. Accused schools were given the benefit of every possible doubt, and, except in a few flagrant cases, disciplinary measures were mild. Then came a transition to a tougher approach. In 1955 it was announced that ignorance of the regulations would no longer be considered an excuse for violations, and that penalties would be stepped up on all offenses occurring after June 15, 1955.

A few weeks after this I attended my first session. The four of us met, as we do a majority of the time, in a conference room at the N.C.A.A. headquarters in Kansas City. Walter Byers, the association's full-time executive director, was there as an ex-officio, nonvoting member of the committee. The three voting members were all, like myself, drawn from the academic side of N.C.A.A. schools.

The other two had considerably broader backgrounds in college athletics than I. The chairman, Frank N. Gardner, had presided over the infractions committee since its inception. An ex-football player, Frank is on the faculty of the divinity school at Drake University and is a minister in the International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ). It was Frank's vocation that gave the rest of us the idea of referring to ourselves as the "sin committee."

Rounding out the group was A. D. (Ab) Kirwan. Ab is a onetime lawyer who gravitated to the University of Kentucky, where he has served as everything from head football coach to dean of men. When I met him in 1955 he was a history professor. Today he is dean of the graduate school.

As for myself, I'd had nothing more than an outsider's knowledge of college sports until 1953, when the University of Wisconsin named me its faculty athletic representative to the Big Ten Conference. It seems that legal training is considered valuable in this kind of work. The chairmanship of the Big Ten group rotated to me in 1954, and I suppose that was my steppingstone to the N.C.A.A. unit.

Well, my first infractions-committee meeting in 1955 lasted two and a half days. Almost an entire day was devoted to the appearance of representatives of St. Louis University, which was charged with violations in connection with a basketball player.

What had happened was this. A dentist in St. Louis—an alumnus of the university and a rabid booster of its basketball team—had set out the previous year to recruit an outstanding prospect named Kent Bryan. Instead, Bryan turned up on the University of Missouri campus shortly before enrollment time in the fall, so the dentist drove over and brought him back to St. Louis. He gave the boy some clothing—Bryan had left everything at Missouri except what he was wearing—and some money, ostensibly for such odd jobs as washing windows. The alumnus implied he would look after Bryan if he enrolled at St. Louis University. Bryan enrolled.

There was no evidence that the university's athletic director and basketball coach, Ed Hickey—now at Marquette—had any knowledge of all that this alumnus was doing. An assistant coach had accompanied the alumnus on the trip to the Missouri campus, but he apparently didn't know what tactics subsequently were employed. Under these circumstances, should the university be blamed?

Our answer had to be yes. Every school in big-time athletics leans heavily on alumni and other boosters as recruiting "bird dogs." If we were to take the approach that athletic staff members must obey the recruiting rules, but at the same time allowed alumni to do as they please, our enforcement program would fall apart. So our position is that whenever a man pursues an athlete with the knowledge and consent of school officials, he becomes the school's agent, and the school is responsible for his actions. It isn't enough to plead later that coaches and athletic-department officials didn't realize the man was breaking the rules. They must make sure he doesn't break them. This principle of alumni responsibility was supported by the N.C.A.A. Council and endorsed at the next convention. In my opinion, this is one of the most significant actions the organization has ever taken.

St. Louis University wound up being put on a year's probation over the Bryan case. Probation means, in effect, that a school is going to be watched closely. It must be extra careful to make no false steps, and its athletic program will be subjected to a special review before it is restored to good standing. There were no additional penalties in the St. Louis case. The violations had taken place prior to the June 15, 1955, deadline. If a similar case were to come up today, the punishment undoubtedly would be more severe.

Kent Bryan dropped out of the university. He never got to do much playing for anybody, as far as I know, but during the next couple of years we heard his name again in charges involving other schools. This is a familiar pattern with the standout basketball player. Although a majority of our business arises in football, the basketball cases tend to be more extreme, because one superior performer can make so much difference to a team.

A prize example was Jackie Moreland, an extraordinary high-school prospect in Minden, Louisiana. The chase after Jackie started in earnest in December, 1955, when he was in his last season at Minden. All together, I understand, more than forty schools made overtures to Moreland. He was swayed one way and then another. First he signed a letter of intent to go to Kentucky, and then he signed one with Texas A. & M. In late summer he announced that he had decided on Centenary in his home area. The following day he was en route to North Carolina State, where he proceeded to enroll.

Meanwhile, complaints had been coming in that illegal offers were being made to Moreland. During the summer an N.C.A.A. staff man, Art Bergstrom, went down to Louisiana to investigate. Bergstrom interviewed Jackie and others, and accumulated evidence of violations.

However, there was more to come. Not long after Moreland entered North Carolina State, there arrived in the N.C.A.A. office a copy of a report from a man who identified himself only as "Operator 66A." We learned later that he was a private investigator who had been hired by supporters of a disappointed rival school to dig into the Moreland case.

Posing as a Centenary divinity student—although he was a man of about sixty—he ingratiated himself with the family of Jackie's girl friend, who was then a freshman at Centenary. The name of this conscientious young lady appeared in print frequently in 1956 and her identity is no secret, but our representatives assured her and her mother that the N.C.A.A. would not mention her name in any public statement, and I shall not do so even at this late date. Anyway, Operator 66A got some highly interesting testimony from the girl and her family.

Ordinarily we disregard anonymous communications, but the report of Operator 66A tied in so closely with evidence we had already gathered from other sources that we felt we had to follow it up. So did Jim Weaver, commissioner of the Atlantic Coast Conference, to which North Carolina State belongs. He also had heard from Operator 66A. The upshot was that Walt Byers, of the N.C.A.A., and Weaver went to Raleigh together and questioned Moreland in a hotel room there. They obtained a signed statement from Jackie verifying many of the charges that had been made.

The Moreland case made trouble not only for North Carolina State but also for one of the unsuccessful contestants, Texas A. & M. Both appeared before us at a session in October, 1956. Texas A. & M. was there to ask us to suspend a one-year probation that had been imposed on them that spring for football-recruiting violations. Their sentence included a ban on participating in any postseason football game, and the Aggies were hopeful of qualifying for the next Cotton Bowl game. Their share of the receipts would have run upwards of $100,000, although they would have had to split this with their fellow members of the Southwest Conference.

Anyway, we now had before us testimony to the effect that, fresh on the heels of the earlier football violations, Texas A. & M. representatives had offered to give: 1. a full scholarship to Moreland, plus a lucrative summer job; 2. a full scholarship to Jackie's friend, Joel Smith; and 3. a full scholarship for his girl at Texas State College for Women.

The Aggies acknowledged only the scholarship offers to the boys. Actually, excessive though all this may seem, there was nothing in the N.C.A.A. rules that specifically prohibited any of it. However, we also had some evidence of basketball violations in regard to a couple of Rhode Island boys. All in all, when the Texas A. & M. people appealed to us to lift their football-bowl ban, we had no trouble agreeing that the school should continue in a probationary status.

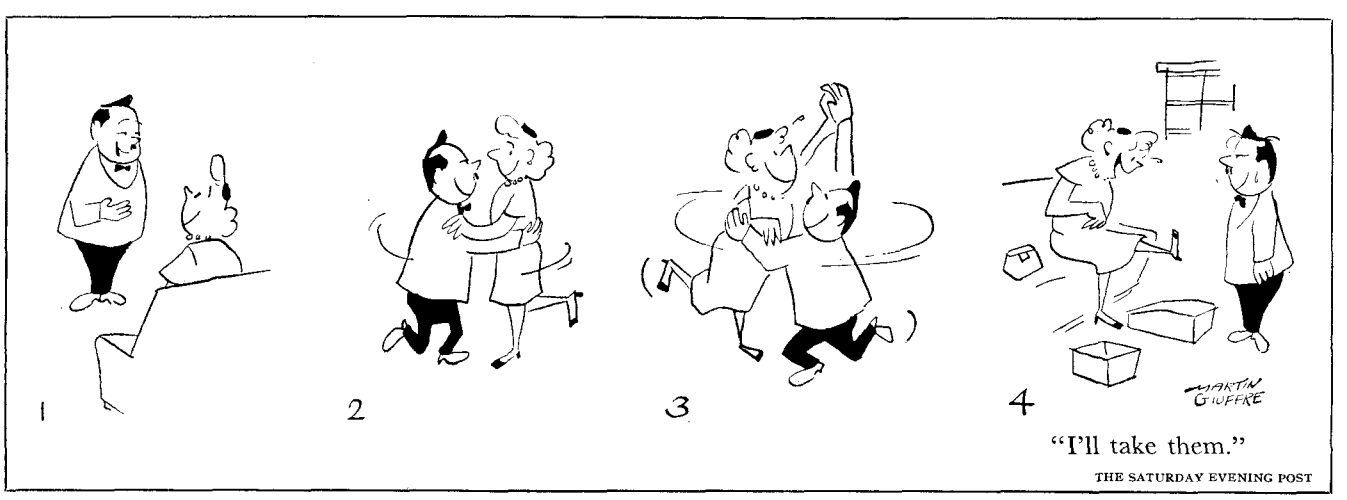
A few months later, incidentally, Texas A. & M. bought up the contract of its basketball coach, Ken Loeffler. I have never been satisfied in my own mind that he wasn't just a scapegoat in the affair.

The Aggies had propositioned Jackie Moreland in the spring. North Carolina State made its big pitch for him at the end of August. A sizable recruiting party checked into a Shreveport hotel—assistant athletic director Willis Casey, assistant basketball coach Vic Bubas (currently head coach at Duke), director Harry Stewart of the Wolfpack Club and a recent star player, Ron Shavlik. A local man joined up with them. The group went to work on Moreland, and seemed to have him convinced. The local man handed him eighty dollars for plane fare to Raleigh.

Almost immediately after leaving the North Carolina State people Jackie had another change of heart. He went around to Centenary, which is located in Shreveport, and publicly announced that he was going to enroll there. He handed Centenary athletic officials the eighty dollars he had received and asked them to return the money for him. They notified us. In the meantime the North Carolina State group caught up with Moreland again shortly after his visit to Centenary. This time they succeeded in bundling him off to their school.

Piecing together the statement we subsequently got from Moreland in Raleigh and the testimony of his girl friend, we found that North Carolina State had promised a five-year scholarship to Jackie and a seven-year medical scholarship to the girl, plus annual cash gifts and some additional benefits.

By the time the school's representatives appeared before us they had a new statement from Moreland in which he repudiated this account. He had previously done much the same thing in connection with Texas A. & M. At any rate, the North Carolina State people insisted that the new version was the true one. They discounted the girl's testimony. In fact, the



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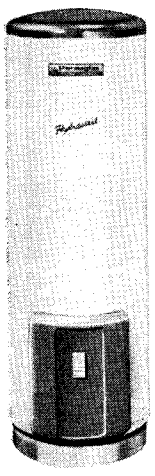

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only wrongdoing they acknowledged was the proffer of the eighty-dollar plane fare—a school may not pay an athlete's traveling expenses to enroll—and they said this was something the local man had done on his own initiative.

We were not very impressed with this defense. North Carolina State had been penalized for basketball-recruiting illegalities once before. This time the school drew one of the stiffest penalties in our history—a four-year probation running to November 13, 1960, during which the Wolfpack has been ineligible for bowl games, football television and all N.C.A.A. tournaments.

The Atlantic Coast Conference fined the school $5000, ordered it to refrain from basketball recruiting for a year and made Moreland ineligible to play there. Jackie transferred to little Louisiana Tech, where he rounded out his basketball career this past winter. I'm told that he is considered a top candidate for the pro-basketball league next season.

In Raleigh—as in a few other places I could mention—they maintain to this day that we treated them unjustly. They think of our group as a "hanging jury" that is quick to convict on inadequate evidence. Actually a majority of the charges we look into are dismissed as unproved. This happened in 133 instances from 1952 through 1959. There were only fifty cases in which schools were found guilty and penalized. In another nineteen cases guilt was established, but the committee was satisfied with the corrective action the schools themselves had taken.

Most of the complaints we receive come from people who have lost out in recruiting contests. They think the reason the blue-chip prospect didn't go to their school is that Institution X offered him something over and above what is permissible. So the athletic director or coach or avid alumnus gets in touch with Walter Byers in Kansas City.

Occasionally we get a lead from a sportswriter who has learned of a violation, or from some other outsider with an interest in college athletics. Then there are cases which originate on the conference level, like the West Coast affair of 1956, which resulted in penalties for Washington, U.C.L.A., Southern California and California—and led to the breakup of the Pacific Coast Conference. We kept in close touch with the situation throughout, but most of the actual spadework was done by the conference.

The West Coast cases were a demonstration of how recruiting charges can snowball. When talent chasers from one school get caught, they may start telling tales on their competitors. A recent example of this came after the 1958 case in which Auburn—already under a harsh sentence for handing cash to twin-brother football prospects in 1955—had its punishment extended to September 1, 1961, on the grounds that an alumnus had given excessive financial aid to Don Fuell, Auburn's 1957 freshman quarterback, who later went to Mississippi Southern.

Auburn refused to admit any guilt—and still does. When the case had been concluded, an Auburn sympathizer complained to us, "Why, you should have seen what other people were doing. There was a Tulsa University booster who offered Fuell money that summer."

We investigated and found that the charge was true. Tulsa athletic authorities had directed the man to stop when he told them what he was trying to do. No money had changed hands, and Fuell had gone to Auburn instead of Tulsa. But an illegal offer had been made by a man who was recruiting with the school's knowledge. Last January the N.C.A.A. put Tulsa on probation for a year.

Every time the committee on infractions gets together—which happens at least four times a year—the final item on our agenda is "Possible New Cases." Many of the allegations are so flimsy that we discard them straight off, but on the more substantial ones we order a preliminary inquiry. A letter goes out to the president of the school informing him of this action and notifying him that a special investigator may be coming to his campus.

We don't have any vast apparatus for processing these cases. The N.C.A.A. staff consists only of Walter Byers, his two assistants—Art Bergstrom and Wayne Duke—and three girls. Bergstrom, who used to be athletic director at Bradley, spends a good half of his time on investigations. There are two other investigators we have employed part time—Bill Collier, now attached to the Southeastern Conference, and, later, Charley Gray, a former FBI agent who is alumni secretary at the University of Arkansas.

These men operate in a straightforward manner. When one of them visits a school, he customarily goes first to the athletic director or faculty representative, tells him what athletes he wants to question and permits him to sit in if he wishes. The investigator may also do some interviewing away from the campus with a boy's parents, friends, high-school coaches and the like.

Often a case washes out at the preliminary-inquiry stage. If there are grounds for pursuing it further, the next step is an official inquiry. This time the president of the school gets a lengthy letter in which the nature of the charges is spelled out. He is asked questions not only about the alleged violations but also about the general procedures of his athletic department. In addition to getting this testimony from the president, we often do further investigating in other directions.

When the official inquiry is completed, we review the case once more. If it now looks to us as though violations may have occurred, we notify the school accordingly and invite it to send representatives for a hearing at our next meeting. They always show up.

Our hearings are conducted in a very informal manner. There is no swearing in of witnesses, no stenographer transcribing testimony, none of the trappings of a court of law. We just sit down around a table with a school's delegates and discuss the situation back and forth.

Initially I was mildly shocked at the informality of our procedures. I wondered whether we could ever satisfactorily establish anything without the power to subpoena witnesses and examine them under oath. I have never ceased being amazed at the amount of information we have been able to obtain merely by asking for it. I think this speaks well for the fundamental honesty of most people with responsibility for college athletics.

Once in a while, as the evidence of guilt keeps mounting, a school's representatives begin to insist upon the formalities of a criminal trial—"The charges must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt," and even, "We ought not to be compelled to incriminate ourselves." But such an attitude is rare. In contrast, we have had schools not only freely acknowledge the violations with which they were charged but also tell us about additional violations they have uncovered.

Some cases are refreshingly simple. Basketball coach John Castellani of Seattle University went after a couple of prospects in the East. He committed the indiscretion of sending them a telegram offering them extra money. The telegram got back to the N.C.A.A. When the Jesuit fathers from Seattle appeared before us and saw what the evidence was, they frowned and went home. Shortly thereafter Castellani resigned. Later he became coach of the professional Minneapolis Lakers, who replaced him with Jim Pollard early last winter.

Our hearings constitute the next-to-last stage in the N.C.A.A. enforcement procedure. If we decide after a hearing that a school is guilty, we draw up a summary of the facts as we see them and recommend a penalty. This document goes to the N.C.A.A. Council, the association's governing body. The council passes final judgment on all cases and hands down the sentences—as it may be doing this week at a session starting April twenty-fifth. Defending schools can get one last hearing before the council if they request it. The council has never completely reversed our committee's findings, but it has occasionally overruled us in part, and modified the recommended penalty.

Although our committee today has as much business as ever, more and more of the charges are minor ones. The cynics say this simply means that we have driven the willful violators underground and caused them to become more devi-

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ous. I don't agree. I believe that the moral climate in intercollegiate athletics is steadily improving, and that our enforcement program has pretty well eliminated the raw, flagrant type of recruiting abuse. Of course, with most schools being reasonably good, maybe being just a little bit bad is enough to give another school an edge.

In any event, current violations generally come under the heading of giving an athlete illegal "fringe benefits." A major problem is transportation payments. The rules permit a school to finance one trip to the campus by a prospect prior to his enrollment. After that he is on his own—when he goes to school in the fall, when he comes home on holidays, and so on.

When a school is recruiting a boy who lives a long distance from its campus, transportation can be an important item. The family may say it can't afford the travel costs. If the recruiter is what I call the double-talking type, he'll tell them not to worry about it, and if we ever have occasion to challenge him on this, he'll say, "Why, all I meant was that we have students from that area who own cars, and the boy could surely arrange to ride with one of them."

Well, such a recruiter implies more than this to the family—and he means to imply more. We are now taking the approach that when a boy is misled in this fashion, it constitutes a violation.

Another loophole for recruiters who are trying to beat the rules is to get a boy a lucrative summer job. Now there's nothing wrong with summer jobs as such. But when a boy is paid more than the going rate for his work, or when he is given a highly paid job for which he obviously isn't qualified, we feel that this is just a device for furnishing illegal aid. There are no specific regulations in the N.C.A.A. code on the subject of summer jobs, and I think we need some new legislation here.

No matter how much you tighten your rules, though, there always will be people who try to get around them. Take the University of Mississippi alumnus who studied the code and found that the limitations on financial aid did not apply to "assistance received from anyone upon whom the student-athlete is naturally or legally dependent."

This alumnus happened to be interested in a football prospect who was an orphan—Elbert (Sonny) Holmes, a fine high-school quarterback. So the alumnus decided to have himself declared the boy's legal guardian. He thought this would make it all right for him to help the boy as he pleased.

If the alumnus had gone so far as to adopt Holmes, the boy would then have been the man's legal dependent. However, there is no dependency relationship between a ward and a guardian. The guardian's legal responsibility merely is to administer and conserve the ward's property. So we concluded that the arrangement was just a recruiting scheme.

The alumnus was perfectly frank and open about it all, and so was the Mississippi athletic staff. Ole Miss got off with a one-year probation which runs to next October. Holmes ended up at Arkansas—he had got married, and Ole Miss doesn't take married athletes.

I've been talking here about cases in which we established violations. Unfortunately we don't always succeed in getting the goods on people. There have been occasions when we were morally certain that violations had been committed, but were unable to find any proof. There are several widely recruited athletes of a few years back on whom we still haven't closed our books. We're hoping that someday we'll succeed in pinning down the facts.

This year I became chairman of the committee on infractions. I succeeded Ab Kirwan, who headed the group the past three years and continues to serve with us. Frank Gardner, the original chairman, left in 1957 to become president of the N.C.A.A. The vacancy was filled by Nicholas M. McKnight, retired dean of undergraduate students at Columbia University, who is still very much aboard.

This account of my infractions-committee experience may have given you the impression that sin is rampant in college sports, with everybody out violating the rules. Actually the great majority of N.C.A.A. member schools—which now number 552—have never even been charged with violations, let alone convicted.

Personally I see nothing wrong with helping a talented athlete get a college education as long as he is required to be a bona fide student. Indeed, this system has developed many fine young men who would not otherwise have had the benefit of college.

Our basic goal is to establish a situation in which a boy's choice of a school won't be influenced by extreme recruiting pressures of any sort. Even without any illegal offers, high-pressure recruiting can distort a boy's sense of values and give him an exaggerated conception of his own importance. At worst, you have institutions of higher learning encouraging a boy to become a party to fraud and deception.

On the whole, however, I'm convinced that the percentage of unethical people in college sports today is far lower than it is in our society generally. And no segment of American society is making a more determined effort to police itself—or publicizing its own misdeeds more widely—than college sports through the N.C.A.A. enforcement program. I'm proud to be a part of this effort.

A Chance To Go Straight (Continued from Page 27)

hall admonishes: LET EACH GUEST BE RECEIVED AS CHRIST.

The institution, which has become a model for similar centers on both coasts, is a sort of social decompression chamber. A guest at St. Leonard's may have served a short term in the city or county jail for some minor offense, such as drunkenness or petty larceny, or he may have done one or more stretches in "the joint" for burglary, armed robbery, safe-cracking, rape or even murder. Many of the guests were, or are, alcoholics. Some have been drug addicts. But all have one thing in common—a desire to find their way out of the wilderness.

If there were no St. Leonard's House, some ex-convicts now restored to good standing in society still would be in prison eligible for parole, but unable to get it because the assurance of employment is a prerequisite for parole. Illinois parole officials, however, realize how difficult the employment hurdle can be and have agreed to recognize St. Leonard's as a stand-in employer until parolees can find permanent work.

If there were no St. Leonard's, men would have served their terms, been released without friends, money or a place to stay, and slipped sullenly back into the jungle. At St. Leonard's they find more than food, beds and funds for job-hunting; they find the chance to regain the dignity many men lose behind bars.

Largely because of Father Jones's understanding, only one of every four ex-convicts who spend time at St. Leonard's returns to prison. This compares with a national recidivism rate of about 60 per cent. St. Leonard's is an experiment that works, chiefly because Father Jones speaks the language of his guests, and speaks it not only figuratively but also literally. I heard him deliver a sermon to city-jail inmates on the Resurrection and Mary Magdalene.

"And who was Mary Magdalene?" the Episcopalian priest asked in conversational tones. "Who was the first person to whom Our Lord appeared after His resurrection? She was a hustler. But the Jerusalem vice squad was more on the ball than the Chicago vice squad. They picked her up."

Having established rapport between his listeners and his Biblical characters, the priest continued, "The penalty for being caught in adultery was death by stoning. Now when Our Lord came by, some of the people there said, 'Let's shake this guy up. He's a big shot.' And they cried, 'Hey, Christ! We caught her in the act of adultery.' And what did He say? 'Let the first among you who hasn't committed a sin cast the first stone.' And Our Lord said to this woman, 'Woman, I condemn you not. Go, and sin no more.' So the very *first* to whom He appeared was a person who knew what it was to be wrong, to be forgiven, and to go right."

After the services some of the prisoners stopped to talk and a few asked if, after their discharge, they could be accepted at St. Leonard's. Not all who apply are admitted, however. Space is limited, and St. Leonard's draws the line—though not an unyielding one—at psychotics, alcoholics or drug addicts who have no wish to shake their habit, and at professional confidence men, a class whom studies have shown to be extremely poor rehabilitation risks. Few gain entrance, either, who are sixty-five or older and eligible for state aid.

For those who do become guests at St. Leonard's, there is a minimum of red tape, and instead an atmosphere as much like that of a private home as Father Jones and his dedicated staff can create. When a man checks in, he is asked to fill out a form which provides complete information on his educational, religious, family and criminal background, as well as his job capabilities. Then he is shown to his bed, either in a single or double room, or in the newly remodeled third-floor dormitory. In a few days, as soon as he regains touch with this strange new world, the guest goes out looking for work. Sometimes, especially in the case of the younger men with limited work experience, a house meeting is held and a job-application scene acted out.

During one of these rehearsal sessions a young Negro knocked at an imaginary door, and Father Jones, cast as the employer-to-be, told him to come in. This dialogue followed:

"You don't need nobody, do you?"

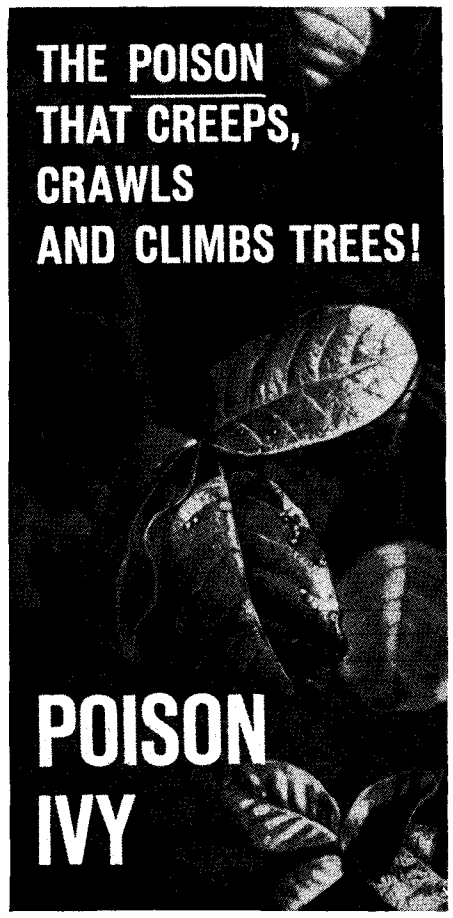
"Nobody for what?"

"For a job."

"What's your name? What can you do? What was your last job?"

"Well, the last *legitimate* job I had...."

A storm of laughter broke up the rehearsal. Fellow guests then criticized the



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job hunter's approach. Eventually, under such rough but practical tutelage, he found work.

Those at St. Leonard's who are employed sometimes help newcomers to locate jobs, although usually not where they themselves are working. There is a fear that too many men with records working together increase the chances of the past catching up with them.

Father Jones prefers that the men find their own jobs, because then they appreciate them more. But when it comes to revealing their prison records, he tells them to "play it by ear."

"My preference is that they don't lie," he says. "But if the question of a possible criminal record isn't asked, they don't have to volunteer the information. Some get by with a casuistic approach. When asked who their last employer was, they reply, 'The State of Illinois.' One man gave me as a reference, and his employer called to check. I said I had been his pastor for several years, but I didn't add that this was in the county jail."

Sometimes frankness is best. One man in his forties was hired by the owner of a small factory after declaring he had just finished a nineteen-year sentence for killing his wife. The businessman, impressed by such casual candor, donated $1000 to St. Leonard's.

Whatever the approach—frankness or coziness—the St. Leonard's boys generally make good. One, a former clerk who served time for passing bad checks, has been trained as a metal worker by the boss of a brass foundry. "It's wonderful here," he says, "and the people I work for are wonderful. They didn't ask me any questions about what I'd done or my past life or anything. I'll have been here three months tomorrow, and I'll be here the next ten years if the place is still here."

His employer is equally pleased. "He's a real honey, one of the best men we've ever had. I think he'll make it, and so does he. I heard Father Jones speak at the men's club in my church and was impressed by the way he laid it on the line. It seemed like a challenge to me, as a Christian, so I decided to hire someone from St. Leonard's. I'd like to get a second man from there soon."

Father Jones and St. Leonard's, as this pattern of good works indicates, are virtually synonymous. Without him the place would not exist. And yet it was a surprising twist of circumstances that brought this young priest into the ministry in the first place.

James Garrard Jones Jr. was born in Oak Park, Illinois, thirty-three years ago, the son of a chemical engineer for the American Can Company. The elder Jones was in his thirties when he decided to give up business and become an Episcopal priest. The family lived in Ottawa, Illinois, the senior Jones's first parish, then for eight years in Calumet, Michigan. The next move was to the slums of Cincinnati, where the Rev. Mr. Jones worked with mental patients.

From there the family went to Indianapolis, where young Jones quit high school in his sophomore year to join the Navy. During the final months of World War II he was aboard a salvage tug of the Eighth Fleet in the Mediterranean. When he wasn't deep-sea diving, his job was to run the machine which converted salt water to fresh. Soon he came into conflict with a young lieutenant over the proper way to handle the complicated device.

"I never understood why," Father Jones says wryly, "but the machine produced salt water when you ran it according to the book. I figured out how to run it so we got fresh water, but every time the watch changed, the lieutenant adjusted the valves back again, the wrong way. I asked him why, and he said, 'You haven't even been through high school, Jones, you don't know anything about it.' One night we were in a tavern in Oran and drunk—at least I was drunk. I called him a name and we fought."

The fight got Jones twenty-five days in the brig, then a court-martial and transfer to the shore patrol in vice-ridden Salerno. This sordid but exciting duty undoubtedly sharpened Jones's sympathy for the unfortunate and socially unfit. But he still had no thought of entering the ministry when he returned to the United States after the war ended.

Then, while still in uniform, he drove his sister Mary Frances to a religious youth camp at Howe Military School in Indiana. He intended to drop her at the gate, but they were met there by a monk, Dom Leo, O.S.B., who asked the young sailor where he was going. Jones said to Chicago to get drunk.

"I know a few good places," the monk said, smiling. "But first, why don't you stay here overnight?"

"Dom Leo knew exactly how I felt," Father Jones says—"muddled and mixed up—and he was so understanding about it that I decided to stay for a while." In fact, he remained at the camp for a week, and it was during this time that he first considered entering the ministry, a line of thought largely prompted by conversations with a friend of his sister, John Phillips, who also was at the camp. Like Dom Leo, Phillips realized that Jones was uncertain about his role in life and, says Jones, "He almost literally pushed me into the confessional."

Returning to his parents' home in Indianapolis, he finished a little more than two years of high school in one frantic summer of study. Then he enrolled at Canterbury College, Danville, Indiana, where he met and married Katherine Howell, a pretty coed from New York. He also studied summers at Butler University, and was graduated *cum laude*. For the next two years he taught school in North Salem, Indiana, near Danville, and served occasionally as a lay minister in Indianapolis.

In 1950 he entered Nashotah House, an Episcopal seminary in Nashotah, Wisconsin. His wife Kitty, a tall, slender girl with hazel eyes, is the ideal combination for a preacher's wife—hard head and soft heart. To help with his expenses at the seminary, she taught school and later worked at the refectory. In 1952 Jones was assigned to the Cook County jail as chaplain, and commuted between Chicago and Wisconsin while finishing his course. He found the work at the jail curiously satisfying and continued it after receiving his bachelor-of-divinity degree in 1953.

As chaplain, Father Jones became concerned over the plight of men turned loose from the county jail with nothing but the clothes they wore when committed—a serious problem for those jailed in summer and released some bitter winter's day—and a bus token for a one-way ride to nowhere. "They almost had to commit another crime to eat," the priest says.

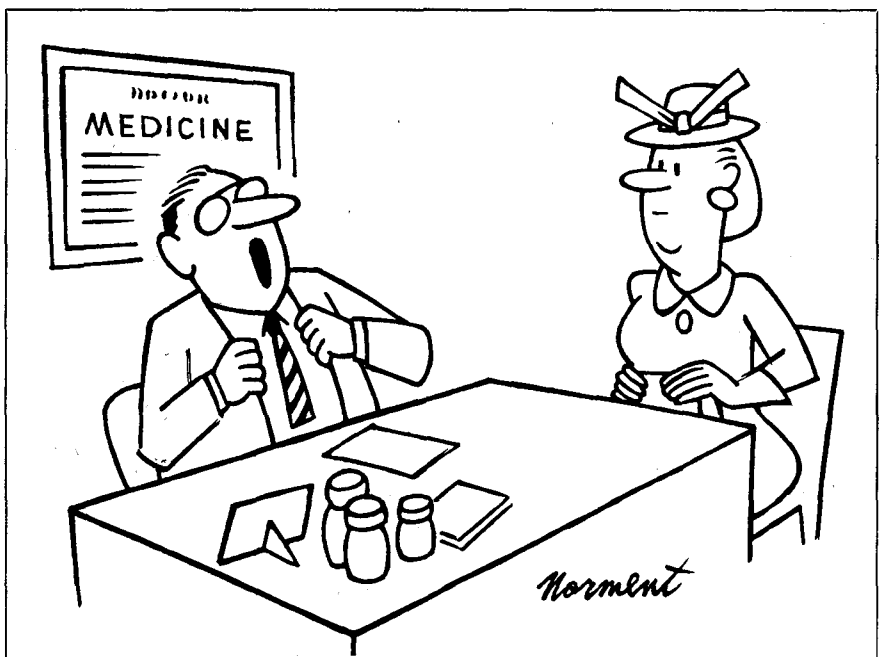
Before long Father Jones began taking some of these men to his own small apartment, where they slept on the floor. But by the time the Jones's third child was born, lack of space forced a halt to the makeshift lodgings. Consequently, in the fall of 1954 Father Jones sought permission from Gerald Francis Burrill, Bishop of Chicago, to open a refuge for released prisoners.

The bishop offered a run-down house on Washington Boulevard, owned by the diocese. Father Jones named the place St. Leonard's, in honor of a sixth-century Frankish monk who was so interested in the wrongdoers of his day that he is known as Christendom's first parole agent.

Father Jones had perhaps less working capital than St. Leonard himself—only ninety dollars. But he was just as determined. He convinced the electric power and gas companies their bills would be paid eventually. He wheedled the telephone people into overlooking their traditional deposit. Then he rented a trailer and drove to Indianapolis, where his mother donated two sets of springs and mattresses. These were put on the floor for the first of the almost 500 men who now have gone through St. Leonard's.

In the beginning there was no one to watch the house after Father Jones left for the jail each morning. So everyone left with him, and the doors were locked until evening. Those guests who had jobs were all right. The others roamed the streets or loafed in some nearby tavern until Father Jones returned.

After a while it seemed to be in the spirit of St. Leonard to put one of the guests in charge during the day. This arrangement lasted until Father Jones returned one afternoon and found his guest-director entertaining a woman. The irate priest chased both of them out of the house. The guest was readmitted, but his job as director went to Bob Worster, a freshman at Roosevelt University, who worked for board and room. He was the first outside staff member.



"If I can't cure it, you don't have it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In those early days there was little money for food, just as there is no assured sum now. When one of the guests got a job at a bakery, everyone lived for a week on milk and the broken cookies he was permitted to bring home.

When, in time, Worster had to move on to begin his religious studies, another guest—now studying to become a monk at the St. Gregory's Priory in Three Rivers, Michigan—succeeded him as house director. He recalls some of his fellow lodgers vividly: "A couple of times we had men who thought the way in and out of the house was through the third-floor windows that opened off the fire escape. They always sneaked in and out that way."

His impressions of Father Jones are equally bright: "He's a visionary with a God-given gift for making his visions come true. This, coupled with his absolute conviction that what he's doing is the will of God, gives him his ability as a public speaker. It's the whole secret of what makes the guy tick. I'm convinced that in some way or another—he may have to bulldoze his way in—he'll become a saint one of these days."

Meantime, Father Jones is bulldozing his way through more earthy problems. In 1955 he contracted to buy the present St. Leonard's House, a block from the original one, for $23,000. Another $30,000 was needed to put it in shape. At that point financial help came both from the diocesan budget for city missions and from donations.

One man, a Presbyterian and a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, gave an unsolicited $1000. Mrs. Charles Howells Coffin, a member of fashionable Christ Church in suburban Winnetka, heard Father Jones speak and went on a one-woman fund-raising spree. She collected $35,000 during 1956. As a result of these voluntary efforts, the fourteen-year mortgage was paid off in nine months.

Donations and aid from the diocese still continue, but a major source of more or less regular income is the guests. Except for parolees, who technically are "employees" of St. Leonard's—a device without which many could not be granted parole—each guest is charged two dollars daily, a fraction of what it costs to feed and house him. The charge begins on his arrival, but is not collected until the lodger finds steady work and has two or three pay checks behind him. The two dollars is considered the daily "salary" for those paroled to St. Leonard's until they find jobs. Then they also are charged.

An occasional guest objects to paying even this modest sum, and Father Jones understands why. "The real con looks for the angle," he says. "At first he thinks you're giving him a place to stay because you want him to 'take a fall' religiously. Then he decides you're after his money. His mind is so filled with the idea that everyone is 'on the make' that he says to himself, 'If it's not my soul they're after, it *must* be my money.'"

This wary approach to things is only one of the major changes prison makes in the mentality. One of the main problems at St. Leonard's is dealing with men no longer able to make decisions. "After being institutionalized," Father Jones says, "some men are so harmed that their will is gone. When your leg is put in a cast the muscles atrophy. In prison the will is put in a cast. You have no decisions of your own except to revolt. Then, *ipso facto*, you're considered a bad risk for parole, although this is not true, since such actions show that at least you have some will left."

One St. Leonard's lodger, despite having spent twenty-three of his forty-three years in (*Continued on Page 104*)

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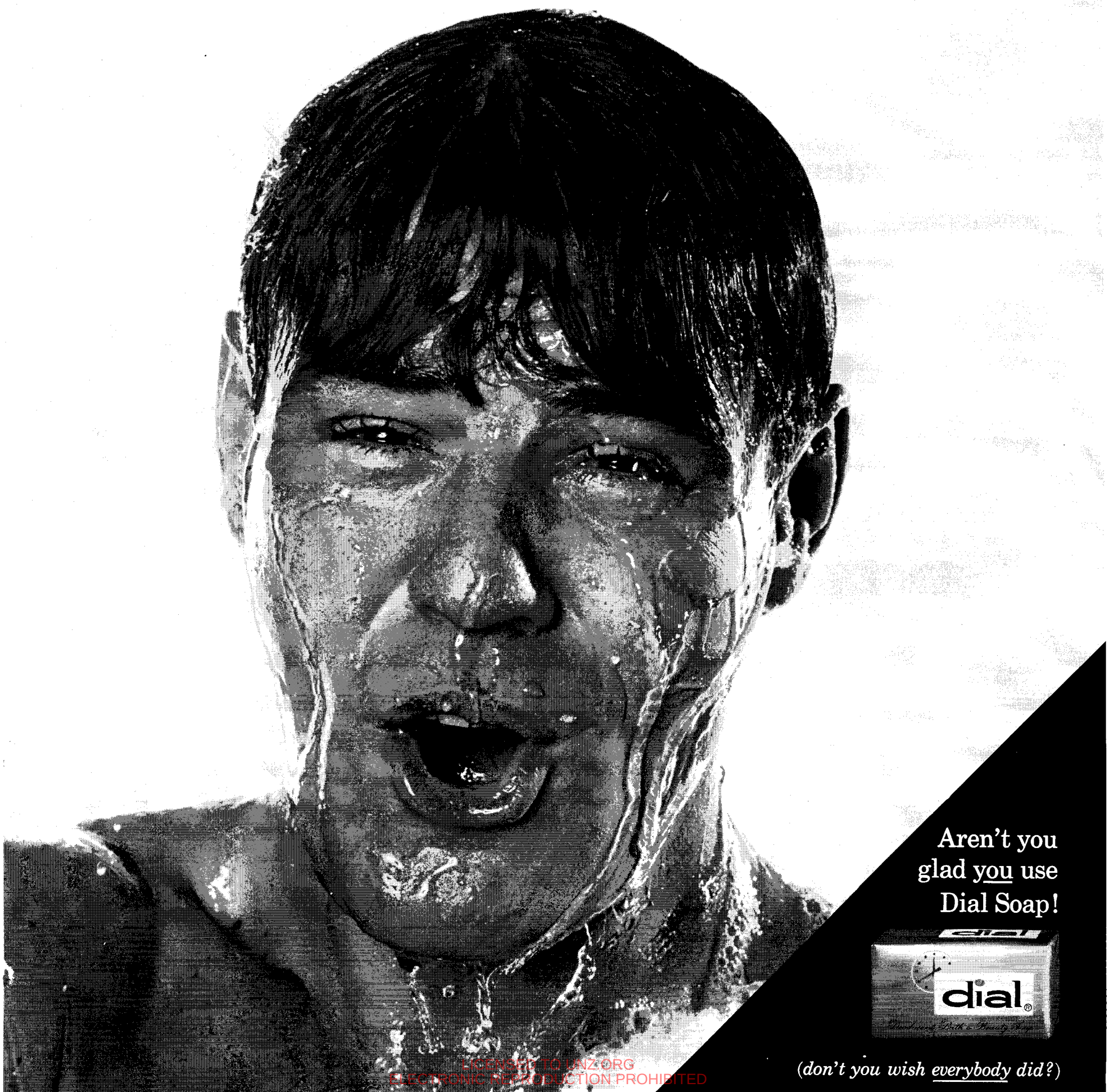

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(*Continued from Page 102*) prison, looks as though he may "make it." If he does, much of the credit will belong to a psychiatrist at Menard state prison who was able to make the man see himself at last.

Both of his parents died when he was a baby, and he began using liquor in his teens "because I could see that everyone who was happy was drinking alcohol." He has been married twice. His second wife, who was sent to the county jail three times for drunkenness, was, in his words, "young, beautiful and an alcoholic. I caught her at the point where she was not quite a prostitute yet. She was a bookkeeper, and would throw a trick when she was broke. A real nice girl, and I was looking for a drinking partner, to tell you the truth. We were a good pair."

He himself has joined Alcoholics Anonymous and has a well-paying job as a machinist. More articulate than most of the guests, his analysis of St. Leonard's is a revealing one. "You drink yourself stupid to escape reality," he says, "because you can't face it. Loneliness is the problem, and St. Leonard's answers that. When men come in here they're shy, withdrawn. Then they just start blossoming out. The atmosphere gets to you. When I come in at night, Bob (Bob Bollman, a staff member) throws his arm around me and asks, 'How was the meeting?' He doesn't know anything about Alcoholics Anonymous, but he knows I'm making it."

When the conversation ended, I offered him a ride to an A. A. meeting he was about to attend. A twenty-six-year-old guest, whom the older man is trying to help, was going along, and I invited a third guest—who seems to be straightening out after several terms for burglary.

As we neared our destination the old-timer became nostalgic. "I used to go to that movie," he said, "and my aunt used to live in that building. But I've lost all track of my family now. . . . It's just as well. They aren't going to open the door for any knock of mine."

During the return trip the ex-burglar took a turn at remembering. "I've been out about three months," he said. "This is my second trip around at St. Leonard's. I've been a professional burglar for the last ten years. Lost half a dozen good jobs, my wife and family. I keep track of where my dad is through the telephone book. I've been arrested twenty-seven times and served five terms. I used to average two hundred fifty dollars a week on my takes. I lived high and mighty on the North Side.

"But they've got me scared now. One more time and I go up for five to twenty. Father Jones thinks I'm making improvements, and I guess in some ways I am, though I'm still kind of restless. It's hard, after easy money and living off the fat of the hog, to take a sudden fall downstairs. Takes a while to get used to it. I used to spend more in one night on booze parties than I make now in a week.

"I'd live three or four months in one place, work up one side of the street and down the other. I'd meet people, go to their place to eat and drink, then rob them. I was a real s.o.b. Now, if I saw ten thousand dollars on the sidewalk, I'd be afraid to pick it up."

It is too early to say that he'll make the grade. But many have. They are the pride of St. Leonard's. One alumnus, in his late forties, heads his own accounting firm, a rise accomplished in three years from a standing start. An ex-alcoholic and check passer, he donates ten dollars a month to St. Leonard's.

Another graduate is a $750-a-month salesman; others are machinists, tradesmen, tool and die makers, cooks and laborers. Many have married or repaired broken marriages. Only a few are Episcopalians. There are no distinctions at St. Leonard's.

"Some people," Father Jones says, "regard St. Leonard's as a work of the devil because we don't cram the Bible down the men's throats. If a man comes here with a religion, we try to keep him within that religion. If he's a Roman Catholic, I make an appointment with a Roman Catholic priest to see if that will help. If he has no religious background, however, and I can get him in my sights and make him an Episcopalian, I do. I think this is fair."

Obviously not many make the switch from ex-convict to citizen-in-good-standing without difficulty. Some never make it. The failures sadden Father Jones, but do not discourage him.

One former lodger, a long-time confidence man and forger, got an excellent job in the Chicago Loop on the strength of some impressive recommendations he wrote himself. For three years this effort to cover the past to create a future succeeded. Then he signed a check for a large amount and was caught.

Another young man was referred to St. Leonard's after serving four years for car theft. His slip was even more tragic. "He was an emotional problem," Father Jones says. "He was brought up in orphanages after his parents were divorced, and he had only one year of high school. When he came to us, he couldn't find a job, and we finally 'bought' him one. Last August we found a gun in the house, under the upholstery of a chair. We knew it was his, but we couldn't prove it.

"I called a house meeting, held up the gun, twirled it on one finger and said, 'One of you guys had this. You're just *that* close to committing murder!' We discussed the problem for two and a half hours. We tested the gun and found that it had not been fired. If it had been, it would have gone off in someone's face, since it was faulty.

"The boy never admitted ownership of the gun, but told us he wanted to move. We got him a two-room apartment and thought he was all right. We found later that he had already quit his job and collected his pay. That night he stole a car, got another pistol from somewhere and killed a bartender in a holdup. Later he cried in my arms and said he couldn't believe he had done it. Then he asked if the dead man had any children. I said the papers said three, and he collapsed. He has since been sentenced to ninety-nine years.

"He's the greatest failure we've ever had. But we came closer to that boy than anyone else ever did. All we can do now is establish some sort of relationship with him in prison. He has no parents. He never had a girl who loved him. He grew up with no one. There was just too big a hole to fill."

A visit to St. Leonard's is a fascinating experience. At dinner one night, during one of the guest-cook's periodic absences, Bob Bollman filled in as chef. The meat loaf was not quite done, the "cake" was unrecognizable and the meal was not on time. But everyone was cheerful—even the diner who discovered eggshells in his meat. "Rare meat loaf with eggshell," he cried. "Where else will you find that on the menu?"

The phone rang, and a slim youngster at the end of the table lifted his head, "Don't go away, doll, I'll be right there."

The call, however, was from a priest who wanted someone to watch his children so he and his wife could go out. Bollman placed one finger on the head of an alumnus who had dropped by to say hello and was manfully struggling with a fragment of the cake.

"Because Father W. is a nice guy," Bollman said, "and as a personal favor to me, will you baby-sit for him tonight?"

The cake eater, paroled recently after serving three years for killing a man in a saloon fight, said he would.

Despite its successes, St. Leonard's main problem—finances—remains. It takes $5000 a month to run the house. "It's a real grind to find the money," Father Jones says. "I'm constantly running here, there and everywhere."

Economically St. Leonard's is a sound investment. It costs about $260 to keep a man there for the average six-week stay, as against $4000 to return him to prison for one year and $1349 for each year he remains behind bars thereafter. So presumably, St. Leonard's will continue. But Father Jones warns that he may not remain forever.

"I have a feeling about father-founders," he says. "They're dangerous people. After a time they get hidebound and think they have a vested interest. Any of us who founds something has so much of himself in it that he tends to resist growth and change. The best thing is for someone else to take over after five or ten years and carry it further than the father-founder himself could."

Outsiders close to St. Leonard's believe its work is worth while. Warden Jack Johnson of the county jail calls it "absolutely the first step in the proper direction." William Evangelista, a state parole agent, says, "I think I've had one man go bad on me out of twenty or so we've brought them, and the worse the offenders are, the better Father Jones likes them."

Dr. Otto L. Bettag, director of the state department of public welfare, and Alfred Slicer, head of that department's division of alcoholism, have expressed their opinion in most practical form—a $10,000 yearly grant which pays the salary and expenses of Robert Reed, former classifications officer at the county jail, who now is the alcoholism case worker at St. Leonard's.

Those who see St. Leonard's from the inside find there are lessons to be learned there.

"One thing St. Leonard's has taught me," says Kitty Jones, "is that people are people. You read headlines and listen to the TV or radio, and you think these men are desperadoes. Well, I've had lots of 'desperadoes' sit with my children. And I don't leave them with just anyone."

The guest-who-will-be-a-monk has learned something, too, and this could be the motto of St. Leonard's House: "You just got to keep going along with people. Sooner or later something happens."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

British-born Novelist John Masters tells

WHY I BECAME AN AMERICAN

PORTRAIT OF A POLICE CHIEF

LOS ANGELES' BILL PARKER

By Dean Jennings

IN COLOR:

MODEL RAILROADING

HOFSTRA, THE COLLEGE THAT STARTED FROM SCRATCH

By Harold H. Martin

1960 OLYMPICS:

PREVIEW OF A ROMAN HOLIDAY

By Ernest O. Hauser

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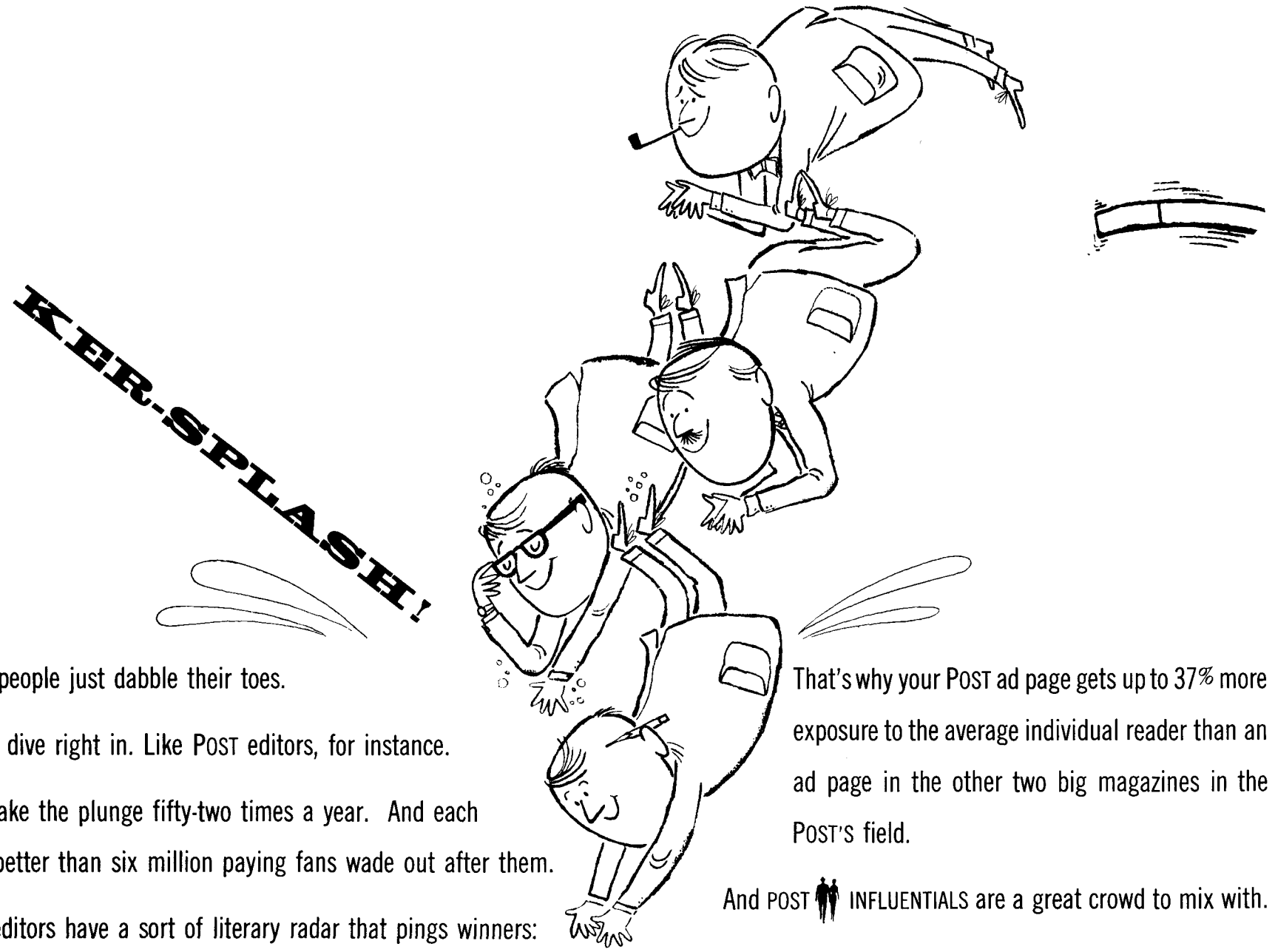

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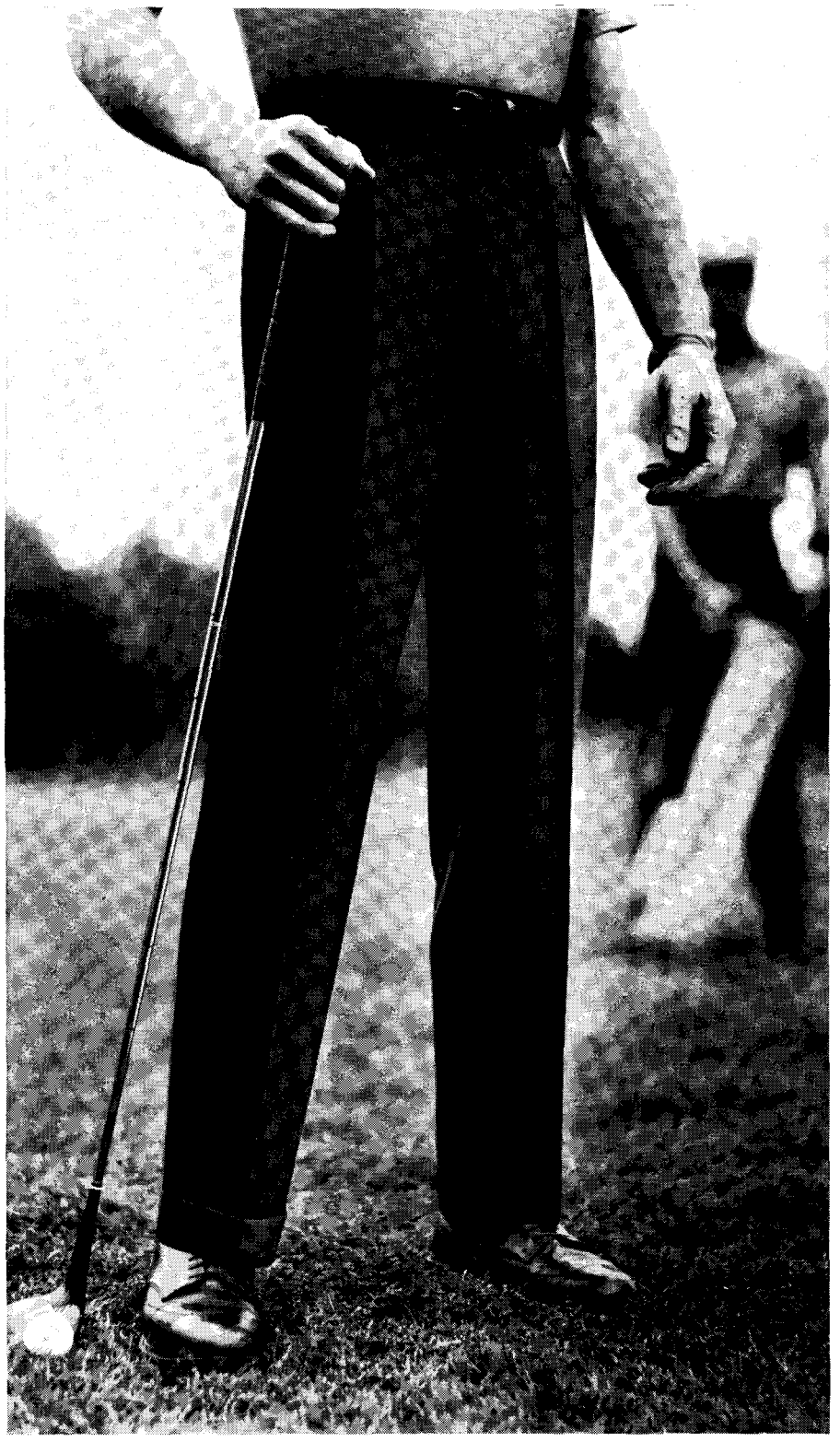

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The Middle East: Explosive, Enigmatic

(Continued from Page 20)

varying degrees of sovereignty, to the anachronistic protection of Queen Elizabeth II. At the southern tip of the peninsula there is even a British Crown Colony, the rocky, flyblown but prosperous fortress-port of Aden. And in the very middle of the region, occupying a sizable chunk of its Mediterranean shoreline, there stands the stranger state of Israel, deposited there by gift of the West, and loathed—at least in theory—by every Arab worthy of the name.

Within these amorphous territories there are political entities in almost every stage of development, from the rock-bottom indigent autocracies of Arabia to the brash and bustling Egypt, the pacemaker of the Arab world. There are societies of almost every complexion, from the near-Communism of Iraq to the archaic and awful Yemen, where the fork-bearded Imam rules with a personal ascendancy as complete and terrible as any medieval tyranny.

There is a thin, gilded layer of plutocrats, rich almost beyond imagination; there is a small, struggling and dissatisfied middle class; there is a vast baffled miasma of poor men, some in tents, some in shacks and hovels, some in filthy, verminous mud villages, and some destitute refugees with no home at all. Many of the women of the Middle East still live immured behind the veil; most are pitiably ignorant; nearly all are illiterate.

Such conditions do not make for serenity. No wonder the Middle East is split with schoolgirl enmities, in a constant state of erratic motion. The Arabs form a natural group in the world. They share a noble language, a grand heritage and treasures of architecture and scholarship. Their territories are contiguous, and one climate of thought obtains throughout these countries—deposit an Arab anywhere from Basra to Marrakech, and he will feel more or less at home.

But they are hamstrung by what appears to be a congenital inability to work together, and by the flickering, birdlike, often vicious inconstancy of their intentions. "The Arabs," wrote the great Islamic scholar Ibn Khaldun six centuries ago, "are the least willing of nations to subordinate themselves to each other, as they are rude, proud, ambitious and eager to be the leader." They are—if I may allow myself a testy generalization—a crazy, mixed-up people. Ask an inhabitant of the Middle East which is his right ear, so the story goes, and he will reach his left hand behind his head and point out the ear from the back.

What does the world need of this blood-washed region, ravaged as it is by revolution and discontent? Stability—that is all. We all need it: the Western Powers, who want peaceful access to the oil of the place and reasonably friendly rulers within it; the Russians, who are as afraid of nuclear war as we are; the Israelis, who now live precariously among a sea of unpredictable enemies; most of all, the Arabs themselves. (What must you do to bring an Arab to his senses? a wise Wazir was once asked. "Cut out his tongue, break his sword, bridle his pride, hobble his camels and speak to him politely.")

In our century the stability of the Middle East has been a constant preoccupation of the Great Powers, for reasons sometimes honorable, sometimes shameless. The Ottoman sultans did their fiddling best to unite the Arabs in subjection. The British saw the region as a staging post to India, which must be well equipped and in friendly hands—as Palmerston said, "We do not want Egypt or wish it for ourselves, any more than any rational man with an estate in the north of England and a residence in the south would have wished to possess the inns on the North Road." The Americans, under Dulles's leadership, saw a stable Middle East as a rampart against Communist infiltration southward. The Russians, under Stalin, seemed to agree. In the headier days of empire some Englishmen advocated a policy of divide and rule as the best insurance of their own continued supremacy; but it has been many a long year since intelligent observers of all parties have recognized that what is needed is not foreign control, nor even supervisory influence, but simply peace and calm.

Wise Arabs recognize it, too, but so far their progress toward tranquility has been—to put it delicately—uncertain. They remain incorrigibly divided among themselves. Their vast oil royalties have generally been frittered away in extravagances or armaments, and are hopelessly ill distributed—Kuwait has the highest *per capita* income on earth, Egypt one of the lowest. There has been virtually no attempt to pool resources, to establish joint training centers or universities, to get to common grips with poverty, disease and ignorance.

As in a nightmare quadrille, these quarrelsome little powers prowl around one another, swearing inexpressible patriotism, sometimes briefly linked in sickly friendship, sometimes snarling at one another, sometimes inciting their neighbors to revolution, now courting the Soviet Union, now being nice to the president of the World Bank, now breathing sweet reconciliation with the British—unreliable beyond words, unpredictable beyond analysis, as dangerous and as enthralling as a hissing, whiskered wildcat crouching beneath a kitchen table.

And yet there has been progress, of a dim and not always conscious kind. Behind this hideously shifting façade there seems to me to be occurring a slow, a very slow, an almost indistinguishable movement toward common sense. This is partly because the influx of modern ideas is laboriously tempering Arab passions, and partly because there is slowly emerging, with infinite lurches and setbacks, a

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Nothing is harder for a woman to park than both ends of the car.

A true bureaucrat is one who makes his mistakes in triplicate.

One thing a small boy can do with crayons is make you thankful they're not paints.

Middle age is when you get enough exercise just behaving yourself.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when children were able to do their homework without a telephone.

Not everybody cheats on his income tax. Some people have experts figure it.

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meager Arab middle class. It is partly because Colonel Nasser, of Egypt, the most influential Arab of his time, has to his character a rooted element of constancy and resolution, masked though it often is by his veneer of vulgar opportunism.

It is partly because the Arabs, having rid themselves of foreign overlords, are developing some small new sense of common loyalty, based on a proud old heritage and fed by the spirit of Bandung. It is partly because militant chauvinist nationalism has gone sour and purposeless: The masses of the Middle East are no longer satisfied with blarney and bravado, but are beginning to demand from each flight of ornate rhetoric at least a few crumbs of plain belly-filling bread. The Nassers have had their part to play—to reassert pride of race and sovereignty, to wake up the Arabs—but now the stage is set for their successors, the new men, the builders. Among a people of such potential, however thwarted and distorted, patriotism cannot always be destructive. The time will come when rabble-rousing is not enough.

When? God knows, says the honest man. Never in a month of Sundays, says the skeptic. Not now, say I, nor even in the next couple of decades, but perhaps by the turn of the century, when one more generation of young Arabs has come to full maturity, when the present assembly of interim rulers, kings and presidents is dead and already forgotten. Many another insult must yet blaze from the transmitters of the Arabs; many another ephemeral Saladin must enjoy his brief parade of power. Give them another forty years, and let us imagine what the Middle East will be like, around the turn of the century.

It will be ruled, I prophesy—poor fool that I am—not by a dictator, but by an oligarchy. No doubt there will be a head of state, but the government of the Arabs will be essentially faceless, anonymous and impersonal. A new ruling caste, trained mercilessly for administration, will hold power firmly in its discreetly gloved hands—aloof, inflexible, hard as nails, disciplined to represent not an ambition but an idea, as the British civil servants in India were, at their most impressive, no more than living textbooks of the imperial ideal. The staff officers of the new caliphate will be stern, harsh and unattractive, sprung out of the middle classes, and molded by the force of an ideology.

They will not, we may be sure, be democrats. They will not, I think, be Communists, in the sense that they are agents of the Kremlin. They will not be religious fanatics, of the old fire-eating kind. They will be, I believe, products of a new breed: the Islamic Marxist, combining in one philosophy the ruthless energy of the one creed and the ascetic self-denial of the other. They will be jealously suspicious of commitments, holding themselves equally independent of Washington and of Moscow, and they will bring to the Arab world at last an ideology of its own, intimately adapted to the needs of these bittersweet people.

Their political thinking will be dictated by two urgent essentials: the need for social and economic reform and the need for discipline. They will be dedicated believers in the principle of public ownership, and will sweep away the last vestiges of feudalism in the Arab world, the last oil-soaked hubble-bubble prince, the last greasy contractor from the bazaars of Kuwait, the last primped night-club proprietor from the fleshpots of Beirut. And they will have no illusions about the rights of individuals: theirs will be a rigidly despotic state, with no room for meddling lawyers; effete, tasseled parliaments; impertinent newspapers or soapbox orators.

But they will realize that the Arab genius, an abstract of gossamer astringency, needs more than workaday efficiency. Deep in his gnarled heart the Arab is a man of metaphysics, a man of religion. It used to be fashionable to say that Islam and Communism were incompatibles, and to point to the Arabs as being, for all their flaws, at least an impregnable barrier against the atheistic advances of the Kremlin. I do not believe this. Islam may well be too inflexible to adapt itself to orthodox Marxism, but modern Communism is certainly adaptable enough to tolerate religion, and even to make use of it. The new Arab ruling class, by wedding the two concepts, will master the loyalties of extreme Right as of extreme Left, and as for the center, it will do what it is told. The most forceful men in the Arab Middle East are the pitiless doctrinaires of the Communist parties and the scowling fanatics of the Muslim Brotherhood, nowadays mostly languishing in desert dungeons. Both would be recruited into the new cadres.

How would they come to power? By revolution—how else? They may evolve from the present regime in Iraq, the nearest thing to a Communist government that has yet seized power in the Middle East; but to unite the Arab countries under their stern aegis they must topple the systems of their several neighbors. The surviving kings will collapse soon enough. The British already will have left, retaining only Aden as a fusty and extremely lucrative relic of their imperial past—for by then they will be plain merchants again, shorn of their grandeurs, but

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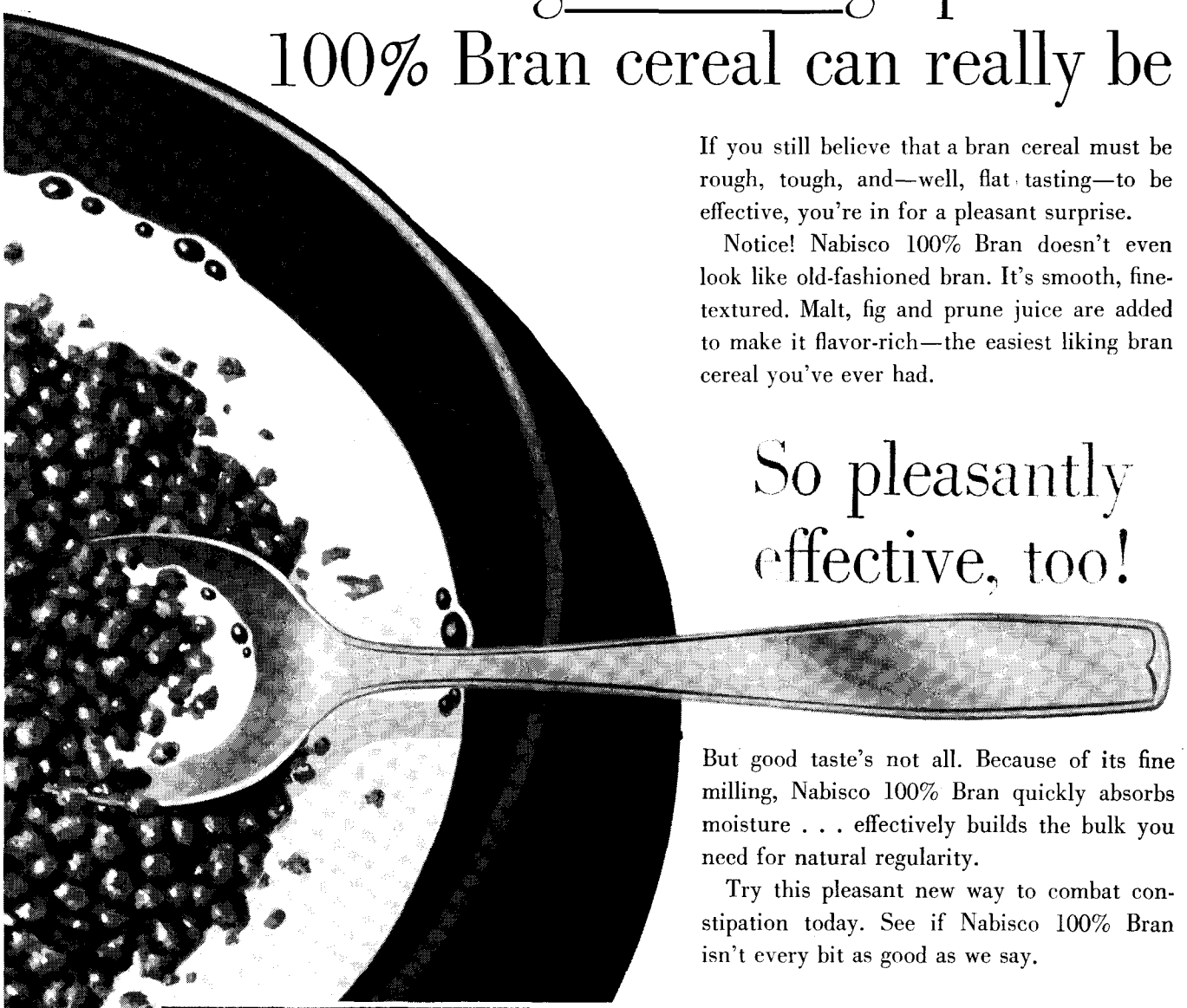

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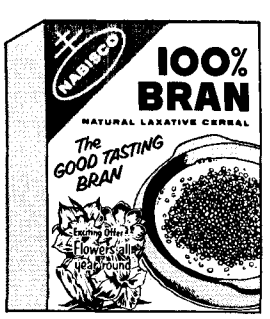

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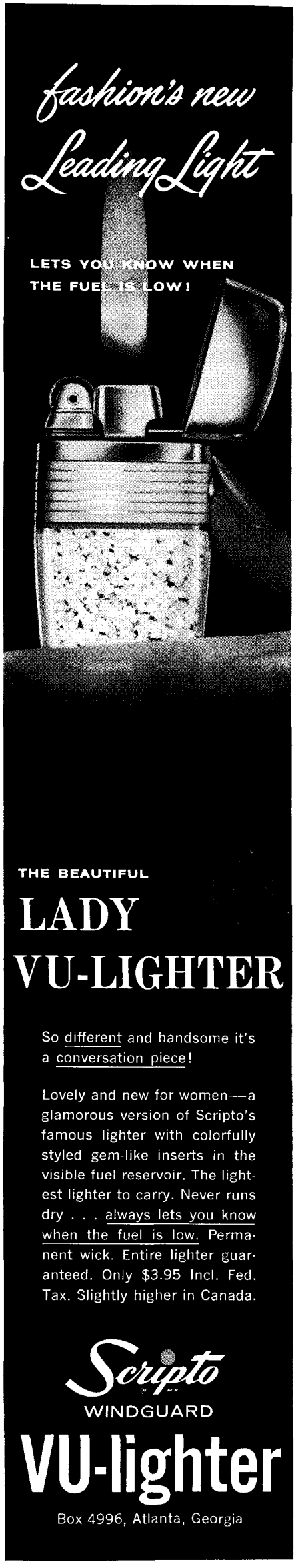
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plumply competitive. As for the pseudo-Socialist states, they are always vulnerable—simply remove the Nasser of his period, and there follows a period of chaos and indecision so uncontrollable that the men of determination can always push themselves to the top. In the past the soldiers have usually emerged triumphant from such dismal welters; but by the turn of the century, we may assume, the winners will be the new levelers of the Arab world.

They would establish their supremacy by education, the only key to lasting power. Jefferson said that education was the first duty of government, but by 1999—if not by 1984—it will be less a duty than a vital precaution. The new Arab caliphs will educate their subjects for two purposes—one admirable, one horrible. They will first set about extending the professional, technical and managerial class that is already beginning to emerge—especially in Iraq—and is essential to the revival of Arab power. They will create a disciplined civil service. They will train the oilmen, administrators, geologists, lawyers, engineers and mechanics necessary for the exploitation of their own oil—not for them the half-cocked seizure of Abadan, in which one form of foreign activity was simply replaced by another. Without education the Arabs will never be great again.

But no less important to the new rulers will be the second purpose of modern schooling: so to mold the brains of little Arabs that they will think only along approved lines, honor only official rituals, cherish only the ambition to serve the state and enter the privileged master caste. It will be difficult indeed to stifle the innate individuality of the Arabs, and one of the first tasks of the new caliphate will be to bury any lingering remnants of Bedouin philosophy, with its emphasis on rough desert liberties; but across the Caucasus there will stand in perpetual example the monolithic presence of Russia, raised to modern eminence by just such means, and not yet entering her period of disillusionment.

What will they achieve, the twenty-first-century Moguls? First, unity. Second, stability. Third, material prosperity. Fourth, social equality. Fifth, economic justice. Sixth, confidence and prestige among the nations. Seventh, a climate of national opinion that will work toward the peaceful absorption of Israel rather than her howling obliteration.

What will they destroy? The last tattered remains of individual liberty among the Arabs. The last glimmer of private conscience. The old nobility of these sad but high-flown peoples, the old, ornate courtesies, the old conceptions of honor, fair dealing and hospitality—the magic of Arabia, which has enthralled so many wandering westerners and lured us so often into ignominy and deception.

I only half believe all this, for I think such a development presupposes a drastic modification of Arab character. I do not know whether the present fecklessness of the Arabs stems from environment, from history, from some inherited constitutional failing, or from a combination of them all; but I think it undeniable that before they can produce an ideology of their own, can unite in purpose and self-control, some radical change must occur in their sense of values.

But supposing the Arabs are in fact progressing toward a new maturity and toward some such communal state as I have described, should we of the West help them or hinder them? From the purely practical point of view I think such a consummation would bring the world far more good than harm. It would tranquilize the Middle East—the aim of all our policies. It would remove the problems of the Arabs both from the arena of international power politics and from the bitter indigenous backbitings of the region. It would certainly give us something more solid to deal with in the Middle East, something less subject to sudden quirks and blazing tempers, an organism with some degree of constancy and assurance. It would bring the Arabs, today the perpetual half-comic outsiders of world affairs, inside the international fold, raising them from the level of flippant but dangerous neurotics to the equality of statesmanship.

But as a matter of conscience—ah, there each man must decide for himself. If you are the zealous kind, the kind that heroes and apostles and Napoleons are made of, then you will hold that there can be no compromise with despotism, that only undeviating loyalty to the principle of individual freedom can give dignity to our struggles or sense to our societies. However clearly you see the advantages of an efficient, not unfriendly, united despotism in the Middle East, you will be unable to reconcile its autocracy with these profound and honorable tenets, the nearest thing we in the West have to a flaming cause.

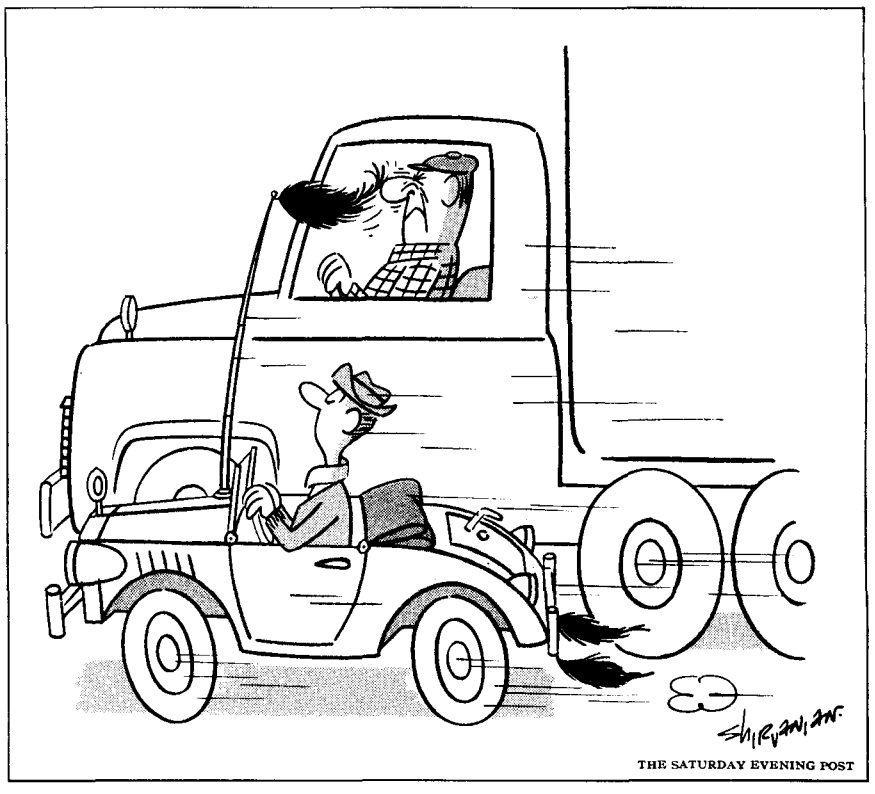
I am not, in this context, of that brave company. There can be, I agree, no compromise with a tyranny that threatens our own society, and our own freedom to honor those principles; but I do not believe that everyone on earth shares our aspirations, or that democracy is best for all. Nor do I believe, happy capitalist though I am at home, that private enterprise is necessarily the right system for the Arabs. On the contrary, I suspect that only firm public control of the means of wealth can ensure fair shares for the Arab peoples. I would welcome a disinterested despotism among the Arabs, if it was genuinely neutral and stood above corruption, chauvinism and personal greed. I believe a new Arab oligarchy in the Platonic style would solve many a festering problem, and would bring to these shambled communities, if not spiritual calm, at least fuller stomachs and security. The problems of the Middle East are not on the Indian, the Russian or the Chinese scale—less than 70,000,000 people inhabit these lands. A unified autocracy need not drip its energies away in ineffectual Five-Year Plans. A few decades of bold effort, and the Arab Middle East could be transformed.

And what should we do about it? Well, first we must stifle any resentment we feel toward these people, who are often maddening, but often pitiable and generally kind. We must finally limit our activities in the Middle East to purely mercantile affairs—for better or for worse, the time has gone for any attempt at western suzerainty. We must give the Arabs whatever economic and technical help we can—without political strings; if necessary, in partnership with the Russians (who will by the year 2000, we pray, be co-operative members of the World Bank, a prime hope of peace in our time). We must take a risk, afford a gamble, disregard the past and keep our fingers crossed for the future.

It is disagreeable medicine, I know. For many a long year, we need not doubt, the Arabs will still fizzle their funds and energies away upon the rickety merry-go-round of their politics. They will batten as they can upon East and West, to get all they can out of everybody. They will, as their threadbare dynasties rise and fall and slander each other, continue to give the impression that their morals and abilities have sunk beyond redemption, that their fiber has degenerated beyond repair, that they will never stop their nasty nursery games and grow up again.

But sometimes the wisest tycoon, having exhausted all other means of profit, must turn to the gaming table and gamble for the highest stakes. The Arabs will only achieve effective unity by way of self-confidence. Their vagaries are the fluctuations of cyclic depressives—on the crest of elation one day, in the pit of despondency the next. We can no longer organize them ourselves. We cannot allow the Russians to do so. We can either encourage them to pull themselves together under a system that is, as it happens, distasteful to us; or we can allow them to flounder on as they are, divided and distorted, ravaged by niggling pathological emotions, the perpetually explosive Balkans of our day.

The old confusion of Slavs led us, in the end, to Sarajevo; the new muddle of Arabs, landlords of the earth's heartland, could drive us, helter-skelter or step by step, into the dust clouds and the fire balls, the faceless men and the holocausts, the leukemia and blisters and immovable shadows that we now recognize to be Armageddon. THE END



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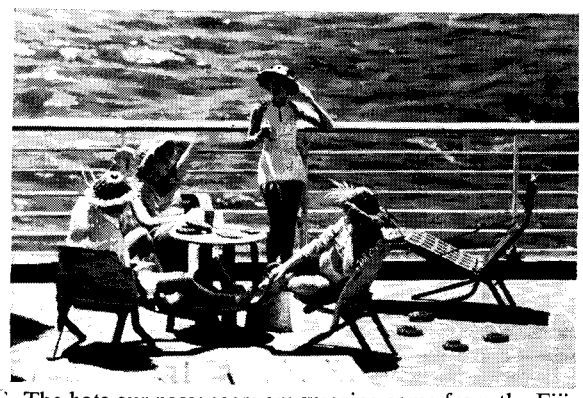

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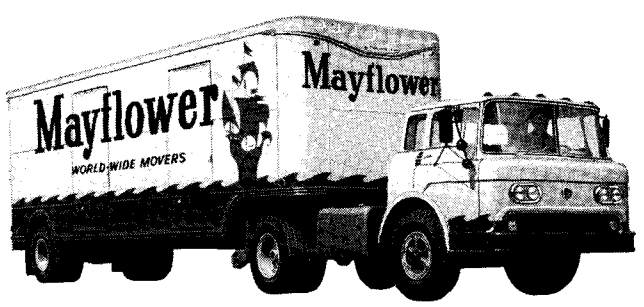

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Cause, Chance and Creation

(Continued from Page 32)

I will try to show how physics gained this new view and what it is. Along the path, we shall have seen as well something of how the isolated, rather technical bits of laboratory lore merge into a world view powerful enough to claim its share of the attention of everybody who thinks about the great questions of man and his place.

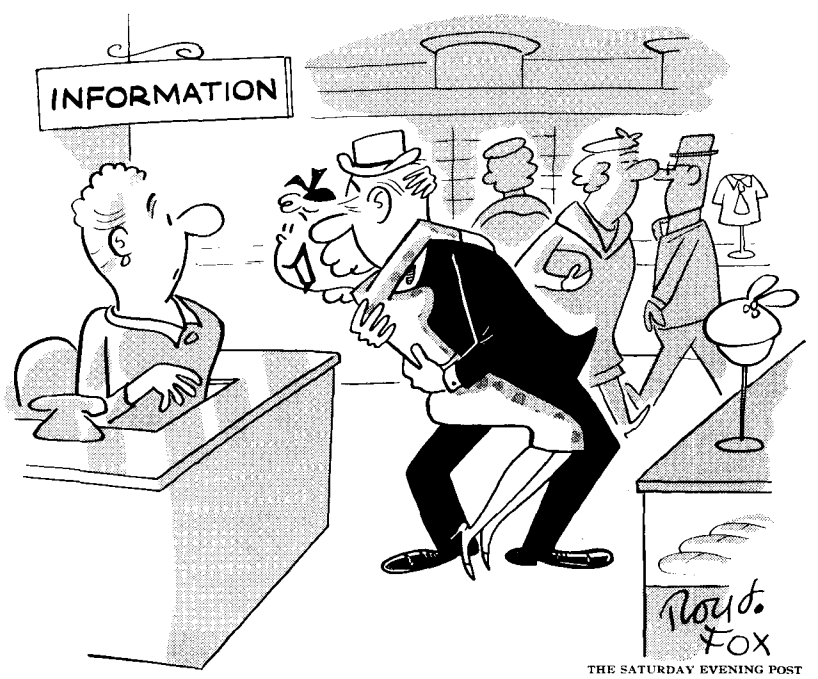
Let us begin by taking stock of the old philosophy of the physicists, the view that the world is only a great piece of clockwork. This point of view meant much to the history of our republic, which was founded by men who had been brought up in such a climate of thought. To say only that much is to prove that such a picture is not wholly tainted; the careful checks-and-balance mechanisms of our Constitution owe something to that philosophical view, however much they may owe to real political experience. Yet no one can fail to be repelled a little by the fatalism which this viewpoint implies.

It was Laplace, Napoleon's great official mathematical physicist, who expressed the mechanical philosophy in just the language we want. Said Laplace: "An intelligent being who, for a given instant," came to know all the forces of nature and all the positions of every particle, could predict every event to the end of days in one sure formula. "Nothing would be uncertain for him; the future, as well as the past, would be present to his eyes." Laplace saw in the astronomy of the day, with its predictions of planetary motion, its tables of eclipses from antiquity to the year 3000, a feeble foreshadowing of that state of total knowledge which he could view as the ultimate goal of science.

That sort of world is a hard world to breathe in; for clearly there is no use to make up your mind for good or for evil. It is all written in the orbits. Laplace's "intelligent being," if he is physically possible, mocks our hardest decisions with his complete book of all our future actions. It is a world without real novelty, without real change. Yet such a great Victorian as Thomas Huxley, the defender of Darwin, seemed to see the world so; he wrote once that even in the play of the spray on the waves in a stormy sea, all was predetermined to the last degree. Here is, I think, at least part of the reason why science and the humanities are so separate in our times, far more than they were in the eighteenth century. This cold doctrine became so difficult to hold during the wildly changing and difficult century which followed that educated men withdrew from science. They felt that science and its mechanical model of all things could say nothing plausible about the great choices of the time. If physics, as I believe, can now give indispensable guidance to any who wish to know the nature of man and his place in the world, it must have found a more reasonable way to explain a world bursting with novelty. It has. To trace the growth of this new view, and to try to see where it leads, is the object of these pages.

The physics of the twentieth century bears one signature writ very large: Albert Einstein. But Einstein's relativity, which shook the educated world far beyond the corridors of the laboratory, made no deep crisis for the clockwork picture of the world. Einstein showed—and we have found his every claim fully supported by experiment—that the notions of space and time held for two centuries were naïve. Neither distance in space nor passage of time could retain the simple meaning which we once thought part of "common sense." Space and time were curiously mixed together by his theory: what appeared to one watcher as a difference of a second in time between one flash of light and a succeeding flash might be measured by familiar, sound and sensible procedures perhaps as a half second, or as two seconds, by another observer who is moving rapidly past the first one. What value the moving man found for the *time* interval would depend on the distance *in space* between the two flashing lamps. Two flashes could be simultaneous to one observer, but successive to another. The concept of *simultaneous* is thus merely a relative one.

So much is well known. But nonphysicists seldom appreciate that Einstein's relativity, which plays so fast and loose with space and time, regards other familiar physical concepts as absolutes. What concerns us most here is that relativity insists that one relation must remain unchanged to every observer: every



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cause must always be separated by a minimum time from its effect. The order of flashes of light from two lamps may be relative, but the order of snapping the switch and seeing the light must be retained. The order of events *not* related as cause and effect *is* relative to the motion of the onlooker, but every cause remains distinct in time from its effects for every possible observer. In this sense the sequence of cause and effect is not relative but absolute.

The eternal web of cause and effect, then, is just as unbroken for Einstein as for Laplace's prophetic "being" and the Newtonian physics upon which Laplace rested his case. Yet, after Einstein's mighty shaking, two cracks appeared in the foundations of the older view. First, Einstein taught once and for all that even familiar and well-tested notions must be rethought and retested in every new domain of experience. The chain of cause and effect familiar from the eclipse predictions and nautical almanacs of Newton, Laplace, and their successors was not in fact snapped by Einstein. But since what had once seemed the self-evident truth of the old ideas of space and time proved only approximate, one had learned not to be cocksure of anything. There is here the suggestion, which I think correct, that what we regard as "common sense" and the "self-evident" are only those matters which we have all early learned and which we were all well-taught. The physics student of today finds Einstein common-sensical enough; a generation back, only the few experts grasped what the theory meant.

Second, the idea of an instant of time became a little less simple. Laplace's all-knowing being, his prophetic demon, was to predict the whole of the future once he knew what was happening everywhere at one single instant. But Einstein showed that information could flow to any observer with a speed which at maximum was the speed of light. The imaginary being of Laplace could collect his data at his desk, to make his prediction, only after a great deal of time, enough time to bear the news from the far corners of the universe. Some part of his wonderful predictions become mere eyewitness accounts, for he cannot make them until the predicted event has already occurred. Predicting demon is thus both prophet and historian, for with Einstein the sharp differences between *now*, *the future* and *the past* have become blurred. He cannot hope to make observation and prediction simultaneous.

A still-greater blow to the universal clock was in the making for a generation before Einstein, and came to fruit in the generation after his great theory. Between the experiments of the early molecular physics, around 1870, and the maturity of atomic physics in the 1930's, we learned beyond doubt that the world is an atomic world. All matter, and even the seemingly smooth flow of light itself, is grainy, all made of tiny units of one sort or another whose myriad combinations and interrelations weave the fabric of events.

At first view, this seems agreeably Newtonian. Laplace spoke of "the positions of the entities composing nature" as just what his marvelous predicting observer had to know. Since indeed nature is built up of separate and distinct "entities"—atoms, electrons, light quanta, and so on—this modern advance might appear only to confirm the Newtonians. But it is the very completeness of the atomic victory which makes trouble. The data which must be known and recorded if the world's future is to be predicted are prodigious in amount. Laplace, one fears, never examined just how much would have to be known by that Great Intelligence. The sheer bulk of the data he needs is itself no real criticism; for Laplace, while he had in mind no supernatural being, but one far more skilled than humans but "as finite as ourselves," was willing to allow him to be as well-equipped as necessary. The trouble is, the Observer and his notebooks and his yardsticks and his stop watches and his very brain must all be made out of atomic matter or of grainy radiation. In preparing the data for his omniscient view of the universe, he must consume great amounts of material. If he wishes to economize on material, he can do it only by splurging on radiation, on energy. Try what we will, we cannot imagine him as the subtle, remote observer Laplace had in mind, but rather as the master of a great laboratory.

For knowledge itself must somehow be expressed, and there exists no more refined form of expression than embodiment in the grainy stuff of atoms or of radiation. As long as only human knowledge needs expression, the problem is not noticed. For atoms are so numerous that a human brain, for example, needs only a minute portion of its energy for the sheer material expression of its knowledge. Almost all of the work of the human brain is a consequence of the particular living process by which it works. In principle, the energy or matter which is used for knowledge is an absolute necessity for the brain, but it is unnoticeably small compared to its own needs. But faced with the gigantic task of noting down every atom in the universe and its motion, the Predicting Being of Laplace turns out to become a major, even the dominant, portion of all the universe. With that enormous bulk his credibility disappears. For now it is possible to show that he cannot even know fully himself and his own laboratory, let alone all the rest of the universe. He is beaten by the atomic facts of life, the hard fact that no measurement can be made without the expenditure of some very small parcel of energy, no result recalled without the use of some atomic particle of minimum mass.

The eighteenth century was misled by its experience of science. For them, science was represented by the astronomer—at his telescope on the dark, quiet hill, with his pad and pencil and his tables of logarithms—plotting the paths of the undisturbed distant stars. Today the great humming machines of the nuclear laboratory, and its extravagant electric bill, serve the ends of the physicist who needs to study the heart of the atom by taking it apart. That contrast may make concrete what was described more abstractly in the preceding paragraph. Measurements of the numerous and tiny atoms require a more active intervention than mere distant rough observations of the great and remote.

Such intervention has, moreover, more important effects in the world of the small particles than it would have in the realm of the ponderous planets. A small delay in the first atomic event of a long chain may delay the whole chain, and thus a small cause, a part of the biography of one atom, may grow to have a giant effect. This amplification of causes is one of the characteristic features of the atomic world, and almost by itself would make foreseeing the future of a collection of atoms a calculation of probabilities, within the purview of statistics but not of the large-scale measurements of astronomy.

The world of the atoms is in fact far more predictable for us than for Laplace.

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He could not really understand the behavior of a single chemical substance, whereas, standing high on the shoulders of all those who have built science over three centuries, we are able to see far and wide in the world of matter. We are able to design new material of many kinds, building them up according to theoretical principles from commonplace atoms to serve many ends.

But the predictions we make are, without exception, for atoms in their crowds. They are not the individual predictions of the almanac, planet by planet, but rather the mass certainties of the actuary, who knows not when any one man will die, but who can set reliable expectations of life among very many. The most familiar example is that of radioactive decay. Here one may be sure that of 10,000,000 identical radioactive atoms, nearly 5,000,000 will disintegrate in the first week, say; 2,500,000 more the second week, and so on. But when only ten atoms remain, a week may see five more decays, or three, or even eight, following the well-known mathematics of random events. When only the last atom remains, though it has an average life expectancy exactly the same as all its fellows, it may by chance live for weeks, or it may expire in the next minute. No one can predict the moment of its demise. But if one takes a great many atoms of this kind, one may be certain that they will on the average live just one week.

This rise of statistical prediction, of probability, is perhaps the most characteristic of all the developments of twentieth-century science. It represents the realization that we cannot claim to know all the causes of things, for those causes are far too numerous. We have not measured enough, we have not recorded enough, we have not interfered in the past as much as we would have found necessary if we had tried to carry out the program of Laplace. But we have not lost our sense of the orderliness of the world; we have gained rather a sense of its complexity. And in that gain physics at one step found new and awesome powers. At last men could see how a world of novelty and surprise could yet be a world of scientific order.

There was one more step to go. That step was taken between the two World Wars, in the development of the modern quantum theory, during what was quite possibly the most fruitful generation of work in all the history of science since the Babylonian priests charted the morning star.

Quantum mechanics is subtle and versatile; by no means have all its difficulties been solved. But I think it is not too hard to try to give some sense of what this last and deepest revolution has meant.

We have already spoken of the world of atoms. A closer look at the atom is needed. Let two facts be recalled:

1. All the atoms of a given species—say all atoms of gold, are identical. This is evident even in common experience. A newly mined nugget from California and a worn Roman coin yield the same pure gold to the assayer. He may discard some dross, but the gold that remains is one and the same. But how different are the series of knocks and bangs the two samples have suffered! Yet even precise measurements do not reveal any differences between individual gold atoms, though they do show us that different mass samples of even pure gold differ slightly, say in density. The near-identity in bulk depends upon the true identity of the atoms.

2. Yet the atom has a structure. If it were, as the Greeks thought, some indivisible—*a-tom* means *without cutting*—whole, we could understand the identity. Yet out of a gold atom we can pluck hundreds of electrons, protons and neutrons. It is a relatively complex structure made up of moving, interacting parts. If it were like the solar system, for example, we could not expect two atoms, which had suffered different series of knocks and bangs, to remain identical. Perhaps the hard knocks would break them apart, and we would simply no longer count them as gold. That indeed happens. But there must be many softer blows of fate in the lifetime of an atom, each of which ought to modify it a little, yet leave it still whole but distorted, as the solar system would be distorted by a passing distant star. On this view, which is surely the only one consistent with all we have so far said of physics, a sample of gold atoms might form a kind of population, rather similar as all peas are similar, or all pedigreed poodles, similar, and yet differing slightly one from another in more or less every property. The similarity of complex systems is never precise, in the old physics, but only approximate.

Thus do atomic identity and atomic structures conflict. Atoms are complex structures, yet they come in great armies of truly identical individuals. Only the quantum theory has explained this, in a fairly complete and certainly a deep and unexpected way. It is a way which contradicts flatly the old mechanics of Newton, and yet in a strange way bears it out.

In the modern mechanics of the atom, only certain definite patterns of internal motion can be long-lasting. These patterns differ from one another, not simply by gradual, almost imperceptible differences which shade smoothly one into another, as might the positions of the planets in a great number of similar solar systems, but by real gaps in energy, real differences in shape. Such distinct patterns are stable and self-maintaining against small disturbances.

If an outside disturbance—say, the shock of collision with another atom—is sharp enough, it can throw the atom into a differing pattern. But if it does not become that serious, it makes no lasting effect at all on the atom, which remains in its original state after the collision. The pattern either heals completely, so to speak, or it dies and is replaced by another. There is no such thing as a mere wounding, ending in a scarred recovery, a little bent or distorted. Such behavior admirably explains the identity of the atoms.

But what of the atom's structure? How are the electrons moving in the atom? The answer is strange but quite definite. The electron motion is fixed by the whole pattern of the atom, but it is fixed only in a statistical way. Just as one cannot predict the day a given policyholder will die, so one cannot at all predict where the electron is in any given atom in its normal pattern. Nevertheless, if a great many of the identical atoms are inspected, to locate their moving electrons, a perfectly precise and definite pattern will be revealed in the statistics so compiled, just as the life tables give a regular change of mortality with aging or residence or occupation. The electron's every position is contained in the pattern of the atom. But it is contained only potentially: the pattern has the potential of showing up the electron now here, now there. What the very next result will be can be predicted only statistically. Yet statistically the precision is as complete as one could wish: every feature of the pattern is fully and precisely realized as the number of individual identical atoms inspected grows and grows.

The story can be told from the other side. It is possible to "prepare" a normal atom, confining it with electric forces, say, in such a way that one knows exactly where the (*Continued on Page 114*)

WHO INVITED **HIM?**

"Let's see now, Martha, you were two years behind me in high school—that would be about 1926. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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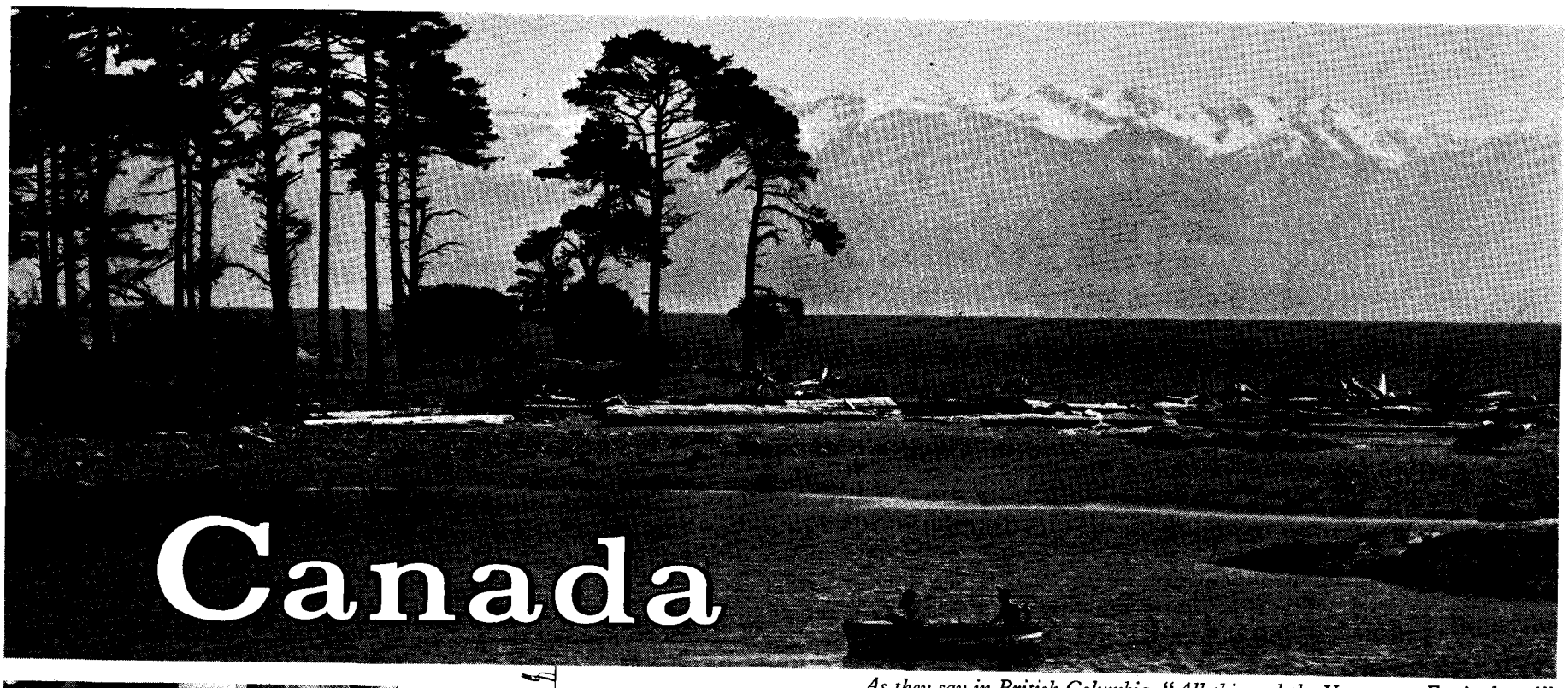

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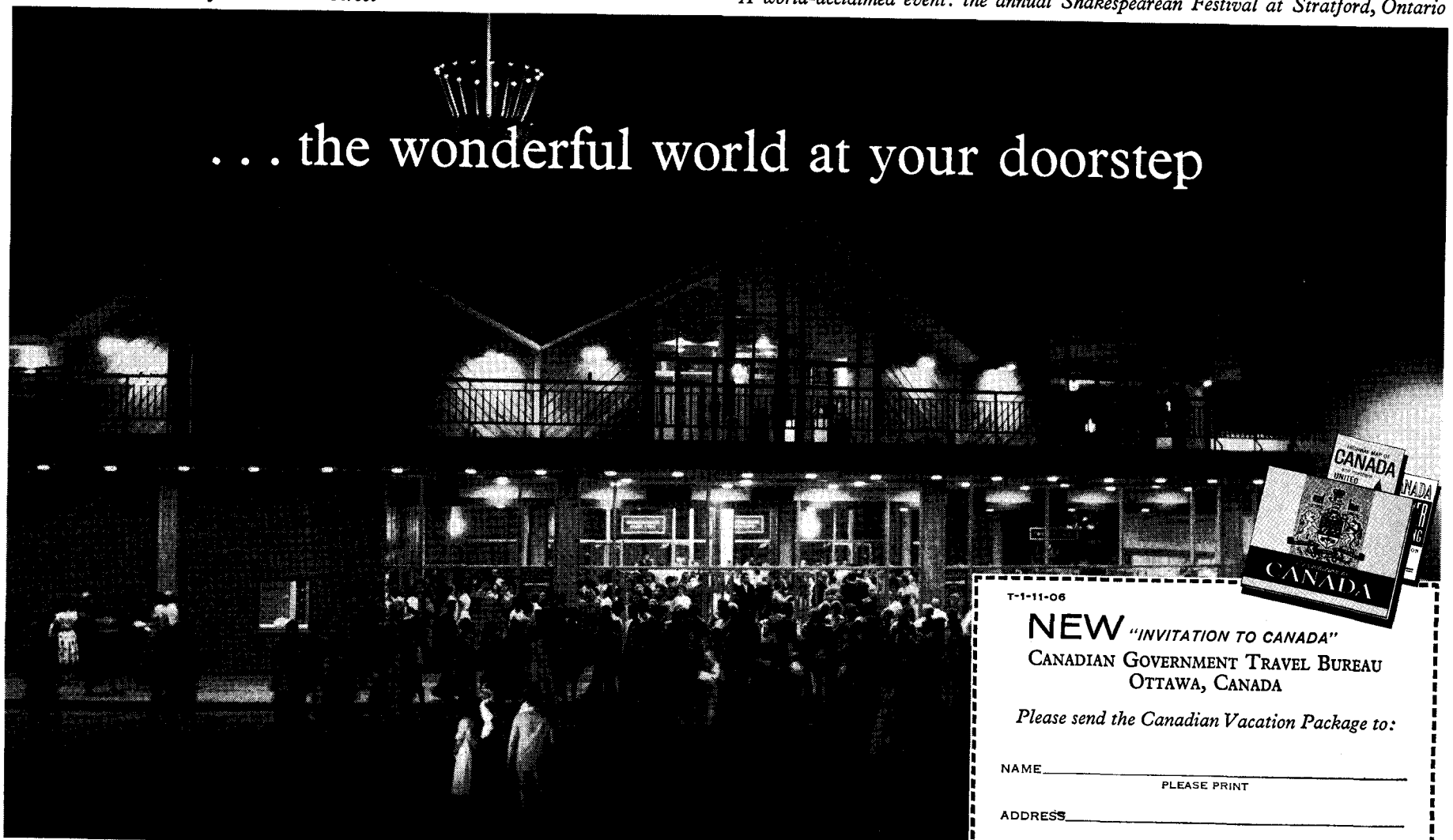

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(*Continued from Page 112*) electrons are. But then that atom has no long-lasting pattern; its electrons will move about in a way which depends upon every detail of the original preparation, as they would in the Newtonian physics. No sign of identity would remain. No two atoms would be sure to evolve in exactly the same way. Whenever atoms are found identical, then their electrons are not to be located except by stating their potential positions; as soon as the electrons are indeed located and tagged, then the development in time becomes specific to the initial set-up, and the remarkable self-healing identity is lost.

There is no use trying to blink away that this dual behavior of atoms is a new state of affairs in physics. It has been studied and questioned in a thousand diverse contexts, and has so far withstood every test. The consequences turn out to apply to crystals or to fluids; to molecules, atoms, and their constituents; to light—to the whole range of phenomena in the universe. And the predictions that follow from it merge into the older physics, with a boundary between the two so smooth and neat that no joint can be seen.

For the possibility of true identity depends on the presence of the little gaps in energy between one persistent pattern and the next. If these gaps are larger than the energy transferred to the system in its encounters with the outside world, the structure will remain unchanged nearly always, and its pattern will heal. But if the gaps, the quantum jumps, are too small, then each external influence can make some lasting change in the system, and the whole complex will behave according to the old physics, showing the individual scars or distortions which it has acquired in its life. Then true identity will be absent.

Now, the size of the gaps depends on the massiveness of the system. Everything of atomic size will possess sizable gaps, and even hard knocks by similar atoms will generally be resisted. But anything so big as a dust grain will easily yield to disturbance and must then behave in the old way. Remarkably enough, even structures the size of gem crystals reveal their quantum gaps, and assume a structureless identity, whenever they can be sheltered from the ordinary atomic collisions. Such a quiet state is achieved at very low temperatures, near the "absolute zero" where molecular motion would, according to the old physics, cease.

The success of this new theory is the final attack upon the fatalism of Laplace. For we now see that the myriad particles which indeed do make up our universe form an unfolding pattern of events whose every *potential* future state may be predicted. But just what events are realized *in fact* can be foretold only in the statistician's sense, with a sureness that grows the greater the larger the piece of matter, or current of energy, with which the prediction is concerned. There is room to breathe in such a world. Yet it is no world of caprice or chaos. Chance and cause have been wonderfully married into a point of view in which precise pattern governs potential events, and yet in which the variety of the potentialities allows the full growth of that novelty which we know to govern the world we live in. Many have written of this richer theory of the physicists as based on the principle of uncertainty. *Uncertainty*, if you like; it seems a poor word to describe the richness of valid prediction which the science now possesses. It is becoming common sense.

True, some great questions still lie beyond the frontiers of our knowledge. One of them is part and parcel of the problem of atomic identity. For the building blocks of the atoms, the electrons and protons and neutrons and their like, are themselves marvelously identical. Yet in electron or proton the kind of inner structure is like nothing we have encountered before, if it is structure at all. For the parts we can take out of the proton, for example, are truly particles with mass and charge, yet can leave the proton unchanged. The proton can be made to yield up particle after particle and still remain the same, like the purse of the happy Fortunatus. Only energy need be supplied. This is no assembly like an atom or like the parts of a watch. Quantum theory alone gives us a start to understanding this, and even it has no full answer here.

By now we have surveyed most of the range of physics in our time; and the Laplacean clock that ticks away our lives by rote has not remained. In its place we have a few great new unexpected laws, which are in fact far more powerful, and yet somehow closer to common sense, than the simple and complacent physics of Napoleon's day. We might recall them in a terse list. The labels of time and space are not absolute, but cause and effect remain connected for all observers. Knowledge of the physical world is no mere passive, ethereal thing, but always is based upon action, measurement, and must be recorded or expressed in the only medium physics has, a grainy, atomic one. Cause and change are caught up together in the world of atomic scale: predictable pattern is found ruling the identical atoms, but their individual changes can be predicted only by the actuary's powerful schemes. Such is the subtle picture of the world which modern physics has drawn.

Now we come to temptation. Newton and Laplace built a picture of the universe which was based on their brilliant successes with clockwork and eclipses. We know now that the universe is not merely clockwork. Modern physics—Einstein, Boltzmann and Bohr will do as names of pathfinders—has a far grander picture, one that will one day beautifully explain atoms or stars, birds or bees, television cameras and antibiotics. But the universe is wider even than that. Every attempt to build upon the results of science a picture of the universe which will sustain the life and the values of men is risky. For science can never be complete, never without its insecure frontiers.

This is the essence of science. Notwithstanding, each generation must try. And I believe that in our times we have come to a scientific picture wide enough and supple enough to form a background for the philosophy of life of every man. Science cannot itself be such a philosophy, but it is the proving ground of every philosophy today. For the ideas of physics are no less invasive than the machines and the power lines which they have made possible. Just as the devices of modern technology press their way into ancient lands, so will the great ideas that lie behind them find their way, year by year and land by land, into the old ways of thought, into the long impregnable fortresses of belief and assumption everywhere. In the end, no view of the world can remain unchallenged by the physicists' findings: the future of every philosophy can be measured by the degree to which it can admit to the world of the mind the physical map of the atomic universe.

The aims and the values of men are not and will not be made by physicists. But if those values are to remain the basis of a way of life, they will need to come to terms with physics. Physics no longer sees its universe as a mere whirling automaton, but rather as a changing, chancy and yet an impersonally ordered and patterned place. In this place action and knowledge are not distinct; full certainty and complete hazard are equally unreal. Such a picture of the world admits the play of moral choice, yet it requires that even moral choice can be studied at least in part with the tools of science. We think often of the novelty of western science and technology as it sweeps violently across the old lands. But we do not see so clearly the ancientness of our own systems of values, standing as they do upon religions ten or twenty centuries old, or upon philosophical systems mainly older than modern science. The modernization of our own ideas may prove to hold as much of difficulty for us as the industrialization of the peasant ways has held and will yet demand of Asia or Africa. But like their hard trials, ours too may bring hope and the promise of a newer and a finer life of heart and mind.

THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

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Restless Universe
Dover
$2.00

Born, Max
Natural Philosophy of Cause and Chance
Oxford University Press
$3.40

Heisenberg, Werner
Physics and Philosophy
Harper
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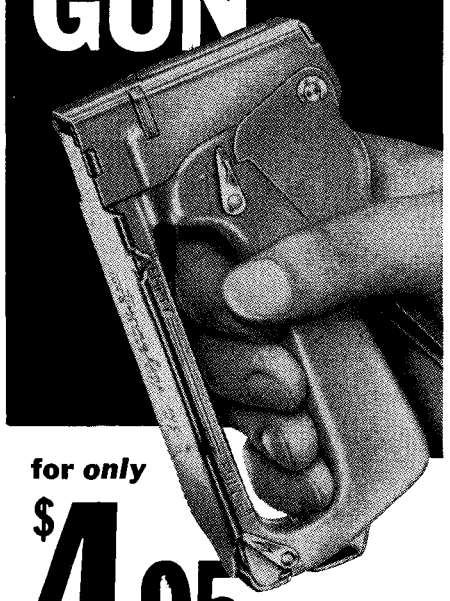

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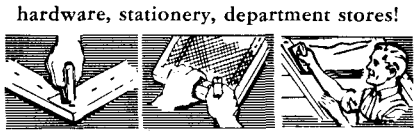

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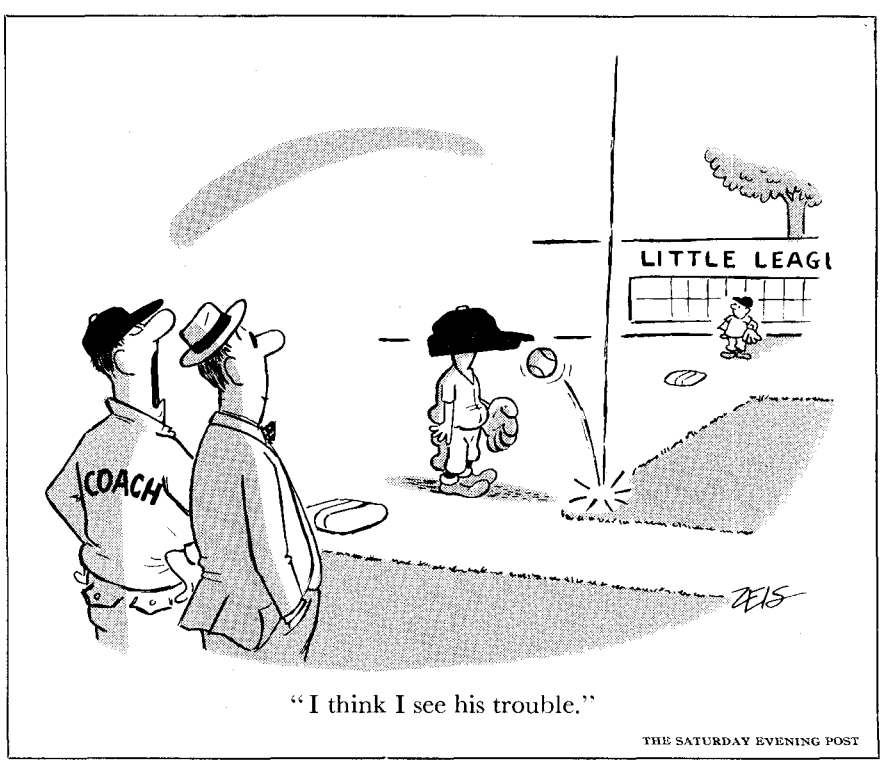

"I think I see his trouble."

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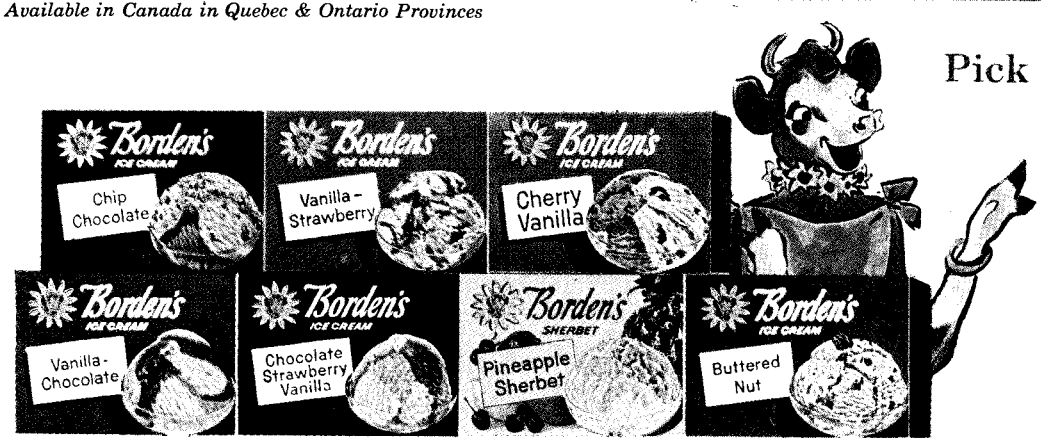

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Strictly Untouchable (Continued from Page 24)

myself handing her things. I decided just to wait and see what kind of an animal she was pasturing.

"You looking for work?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "I got nothing against it."

"Know anything about stretching wire?"

I looked at that outlandish fence. "Lady," I said, "I sure do." I don't know what got into me, curiosity I'd guess.

"Room and board and twenty dollars a week," she said. "I figure there's two weeks' steady work in it."

I thought I'd josh around a little. "You living alone?" I asked.

She never even looked up. "Yep," she said. "But I got no time for foolishness."

And that's how I met her. Now I always aimed to marry up and settle down when I got around to it, but I had in mind a sort of kitteny little woman—blond as a baby chick, with china-blue eyes, plump as a dumpling and cuddly. Miss Emily, according to my first impression of her, was about as cuddly as a ground hog. And she wasn't at all kitteny. Her hair was a nice honey color, but she just wore it pulled back—some of it, anyway—and tied in a scrap-leather thong. Her eyes wasn't the same color from one minute to the next, and she was more angles than curves. But something about her—not any one thing I could put my finger on, but something—made my stomach go soft. It wasn't long before I knew I had to marry Miss Emily or the flavor would drain clear out of my life.

Miss Emily's pa left her this fair-sized farm and its big old house. She kept most of the house closed off so she wouldn't have to waste time cleaning. She lived in two rooms of it, the parlor with a big stove set in front of the chimney place, a day bed in the bay window, and a roll-top desk against one wall; and the kitchen that was about the same size as the parlor, with a big round oak table in it, a roomy fireplace and a rocking chair. I moved into a shack she had on the south forty, but as board was part of my wages, I spent the best part of my spare time in and around the big house. It was a pretty spot, shaded with aging cedars like all the old homesteads in that part of Missouri.

What do you expect to find on a farm? Cows, hogs, chickens, corn and potatoes. But let me tell you about Miss Emily's farm. There wasn't a cow on it. Goats is what she had. I soon found out goats were the cause of that outsize fence. I couldn't feel too hard against them, for their mischief you might say was what brought us together. They were forever breaking out, climbing, digging, jumping that fence. She had her a goat-milk dairy.

"What do you want with goats?" I asked one day when we were cleaning out the barn after them. "Folks drink cows' milk."

She said, "Goats' milk's better for you."

I said, "That may be, but most folks don't care for it."

She said, "Son, you'd make just one more bankrupt farmer."

I said, "Don't call me 'son.' I am sixteen days older than you are."

"How'd you know that?" she asked.

I was glad for once to have an answer for her. "Because I looked up your birth date in your family Bible," I said.

She went back to forking. "One thing I never did cotton to about men is they're so nosy," she said.

"Miss Emily," I said, "you know as well as I do it's the women who are supposed to be the nosy ones."

"Never was the way I saw it," she said.

"Well, anyhow," I said, "every farm I ever been on had cows—maybe a goat or two to keep the weeds down, but mainly cows."

She said, "That's how come folks go broke on cows. Everybody's got them. Now you take goats. There's a big hospital—one hundred and fifteen beds—out near the county line, and every last one of them patients has got to have a little glass of goats' milk for breakfast, dinner and supper. They were hauling goats' milk two hundred and fifty miles till I put in goats out here. You got to have some git-up-and-go to farm nowadays, things being what they are."

I tried a new tack. It's hard to court a woman that don't know when she's being courted. "But, Miss Emily," I said, turning on the hose to wash down the dairy floor, "how come a good-looking young woman like you is content to sit out here the other end of nowhere on a goat farm? If I was you I'd have a yen to see the world." I thought that would give me a chance to tell her where all I been and to show her a picture of me in my uniform.

She said, "Son, if you think I'm good-looking you're in bad need of eyeglasses. And I know about the world."

That took me back. "How?" I asked.

"I read the newspapers," she said. "And let me tell you, what I read makes me glad to stay right here where I've got me a good tight storm cellar."

And that's as far as I got with the subject of goats and the world.

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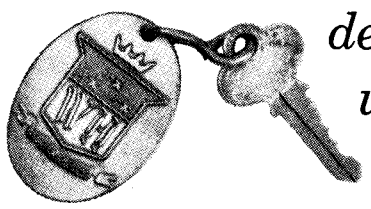

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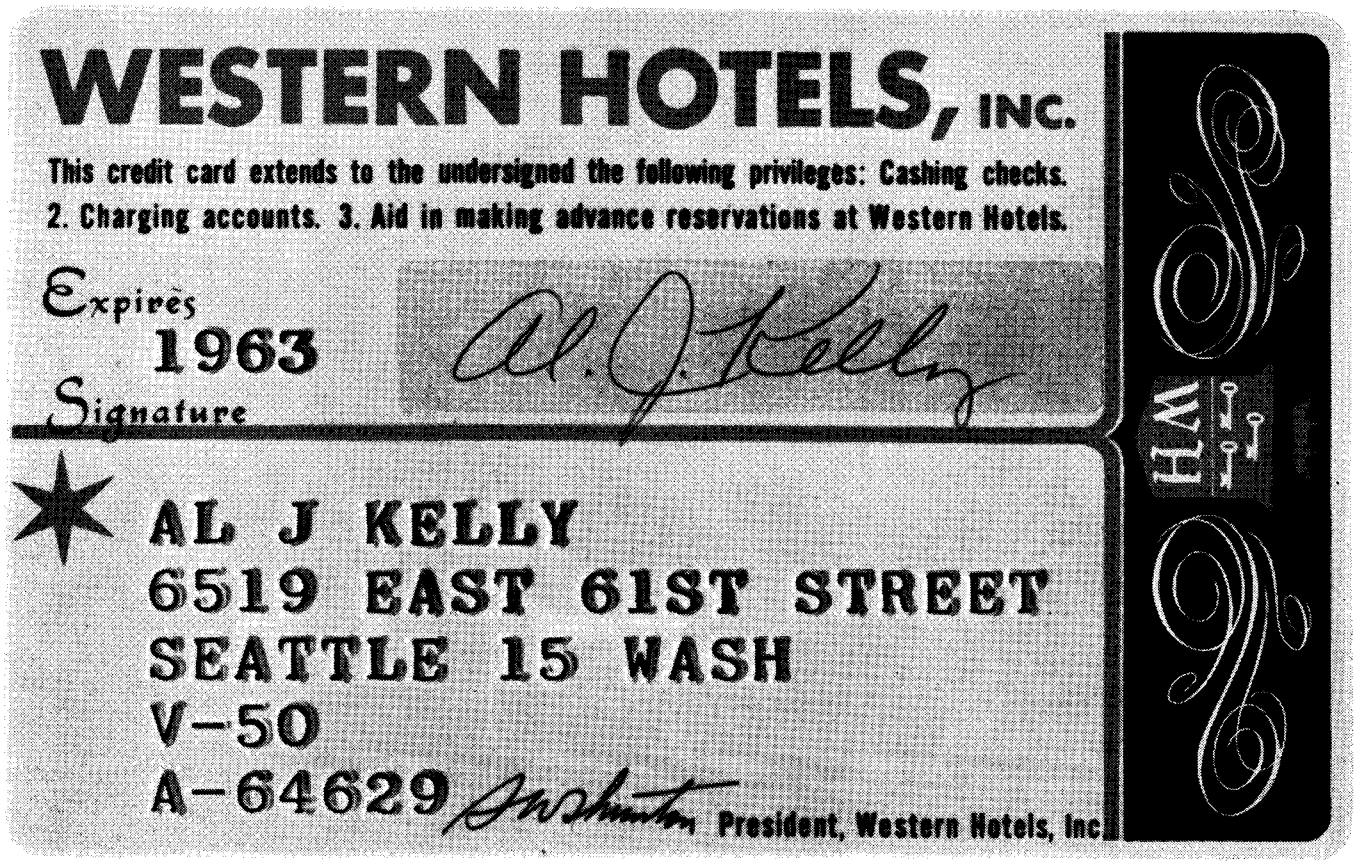
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Goats were not all that Miss Emily had on her farm. Not by a long shot. They were what you might call the sanest part of it. Miss Emily also grew worms. I did not myself find this easy to believe, but it's the truth. She had ten what she called worm beds under a long pole shed off her back porch. I reckon she must have had about a billion worms.

"Miss Emily," I said one day while we were putting in feed for the goats, "are you raising them worms for the chickens?" Miss Emily did have chickens.

"Nope," she said, "I'm raising them chickens for the worms."

I had one awful vision of worms wearing napkins tucked up under their chinlessness and feeding on drumsticks and white meat. "Why, Miss Emily!" I said.

"I raise them chickens so I'll have chicken litter for the worm beds," she said. "That dirt in the worm beds is a very special mixture."

"Well, what do you do with the worms?" I asked, relieved.

She looked at me like she couldn't believe I was so ignorant. "I mail them out," she said.

"Mail them out!" I got another peculiar picture of worms traveling first-class around the country, enjoying the scenery through the cellophane windows on business envelopes. But I soon found out that Miss Emily had her a thriving mail-order worm business. Let an order come in the mail, and pretty soon all the women and girls for a mile or so up the road would congregate for a morning's chatter under the pole sheds, sifting worms out onto garbage-can tops and counting them into what looked like ice-cream cartons. She could mail them anywhere in moistened peat moss with a little special worm food thrown in. She must have made herself a small fortune at it, selling worms to city gardeners for their flowerpots and window boxes, and to sports shops for anglers. And that's not all. One morning a very fancy lavender truck backed up to the pile of dirt that had been emptied out of the worm beds when Miss Emily freshened the formula. And I discovered that she not only sold the worms, she sold the dirt leavings from the beds as well. She had her a permanent customer for it, a nursery-and-florist-shop operator who drove thirty miles to pick it up once a month. It was a powerful, rich dirt for growing things.

You might think that was all—goats' milk, worms and dirt. But back beside the barn, Miss Emily had herself a doghouse—a great, long one she'd converted from rabbit hutches. And do you think she raised a good sheep dog or Seeing Eye type dog? She did not! Miss Emily raised French poodles.

"Why," I asked, "don't you raise something useful?" We were out putting in feed and water for the dogs. They set up an awful racket every time you came near them. I figured what they wanted was to get out for a free run over the countryside.

"Harley," she said, "you know about how much those long, low, two-toned, air-conditioned, most-expensive-type cars cost?" I said I did. "Well," she said, "they're all fine cars, but why do you think most folks buy them?"

"To get around in," I said.

"Pshaw!" she said. "You can get around on a mule. Folks buy them at least partly so other folks will know they're well off enough to pay for one. Same's true of fur coats. You can keep warm in a horse blanket, but how many women did you ever see wearing horse blankets? Now take French poodles. They're good dogs. They can herd sheep, lead the blind, guard the homeplace. But people don't buy them for those reasons. They buy them because they cost a lot of money. I've given a good bit of study to it, Harley, and I know I'm right. See that female there?" She pointed to a pretty white poodle sitting in her box. "That's Alice May. She's due to whelp in about a week, and I've got customers just waiting to buy."

I patted Alice May on the head. She seemed to take a liking to me. She put up her muzzle for more.

"Miss Emily," I tried again, "what you need's a husband to help you count all that money."

Her eyes got dreamy looking at Alice May, and for the first time I took on hope. "One of these days I might marry," she said. "You know what kind of a man I aim to get?"

This was more in the direction I had in mind. I led her on. "I guess you want a man with some meat on him can do a day's work around here." I flexed my muscles.

"Nope," she said. "I don't care if he's scrawny as a pullet. What this man's got to have is ——"

"Experience," I guessed. "Character. You want a man's seen enough of the

"It's times like this when I feel a little sorry I'm a confirmed bachelor."

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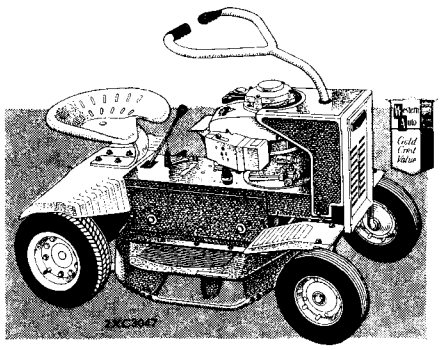

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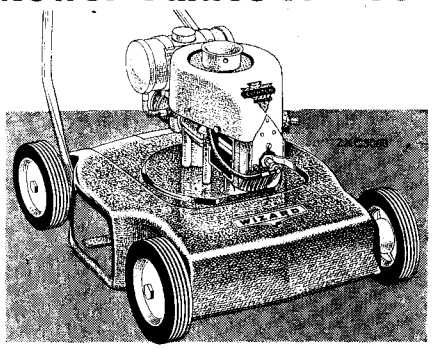

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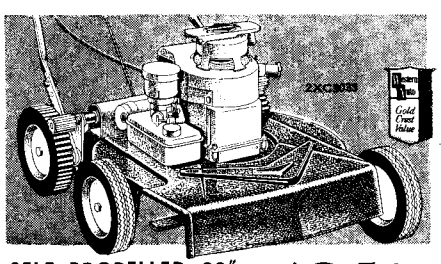

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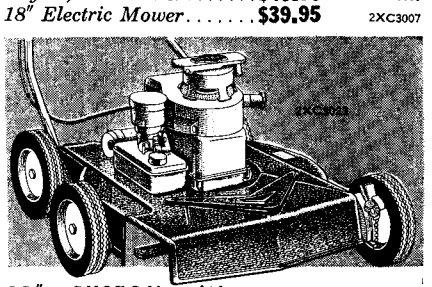
2-cycle, 2¼ hp Self-Propelled..**$68.95** 2XC3030



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Exciting reading!
in May Reader's Digest . . .

How to get along with a man

"Getting along with *men* isn't what's truly important," says Phyllis McGinley. "The vital knowledge is how to get along with *a* man, *one* man!". . . And in May Reader's Digest she shares with you what knowledge she's picked up along "the bumpy, difficult, *mutual* path" of marriage. Page 50.

Capital Punishment Is Not the Answer. Does society lose more than it gains when it puts a man to death? Does capital punishment lessen crime? This thoughtful article presents the reasons why 9 states have decided the death penalty is barbaric, useless . . . why they have abolished it. Page 114.

Your Child's Intelligence Is Not Fixed. A study of 300 children *from birth* has proved that IQ can go down or up, *depending on parental influence!* Article explains why . . . offers a challenging opportunity to help your child make the most of what he or she has. Page 100.

To Give Our Young Men a Goal. Men were leaving the Navy in disgust. Then came General Order 21—an inspiring new program (which civilians too could adopt!). May Reader's Digest tells how, in 2 years, young men have gained clear-cut convictions about what makes this country worth fighting and dying for. Page 37.

"A Man Don't Know What He Can Do." This is reprinted *by request.* In the cab of a wrecked truck the driver was trapped . . . small flames appeared. Even crowbars wouldn't open the door . . . And then a giant put out his hands and *wrenched it off!* So begins a true story of incredible strength and courage. Pg. 227.

Murder By Airplane. "Nothing escapes the justice of God!" thundered the judge at the glib salesman who had murdered out of lust and greed. Read in May Reader's Digest a tale of horror, told by a distinguished Canadian lawyer who barely escaped, in one of the blackest crimes in aviation history. Page 43.

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world to know a thing or two—a man that's done with roaming and ready to settle down."

"Nope," she said. "I got enough character for two, three men, and I just as soon have one that's not hanging around under foot all the time. The man I marry has got to have just one thing."

"Money?" I was getting desperate.

"Nope. He's got to have just one thing, and that's a bulldozer—already paid up."

That hurt. "And what," I asked, "do you need with a bulldozer?"

"Harley," she said. "I hate to see waste. I've got thirty-forty acres on the south line that's good for nothing. It's covered with just old scrub timber, not worth burning, good for nothing but taxes. Now I don't mind paying taxes on land that's worth its keep. But it galls me to pay taxes on worthless property. Clear that land, it'd make pasture."

"Sell it," I suggested.

"I've seen lots of foolish folk in my time," she said, "but, thank heavens, none foolish enough to buy that land. I'd lose hope for the race if I did."

"Well," I said, "what have you got to offer as fair trade to this wonder with a paid-up bulldozer?"

That took her back. "Reckon you're right," she said. "Roll up this farm and everything on it lock, stock, barrel and goats, and multiply by two and it wouldn't be worth a paid-up bulldozer. It wouldn't be good business for that man."

"And you sure don't want a man that hasn't got business sense," I said.

"I reckon you're right about that," she said.

"But Miss Emily," I said, "you really ought to give some more thought to marrying."

"How come?"

"Well," I said, "because that's what every girl wants, isn't it?"

"Harley," she said, "you been seeing too many moving pitchers."

And she eased off the poodles clamoring around her and closed the gate.

I kept thinking how it would be not to go back to my shack on the south forty every night, but to stay up at the big house and sit around after supper playing pinochle with Miss Emily and then turning in. I just stood and watched the sweet sight of her in her big rubber boots as she shoveled chicken litter into the worm beds. I asked myself who'd want a woman like that, a woman that'd wear the pants same as you did, a woman that probably had no nice lacy underthings but more than likely wore long johns under her faded old jeans. Who'd want a woman only interested in bulldozers and goats, that didn't care a flip about keeping a house nice with curtains and doilies? Who'd care about Miss Emily? Well, I had to answer, I did.

Pretty soon I was finished with my fence work and the two weeks were about up. The only thing saved me from having to hit the road again was a big worm order that came in the mail. Several of the women who usually did the counting and the packing were indisposed. One was getting married, one was in a family way, one had a carbuncle, and one was off to find her fortune in Kansas City. So I asked her if I could stay on and help get the order out.

She said packing's woman's work. I said I never seen any work with a label on it. That got a smile out of Miss Emily, a smile that showed her pretty row of even, white teeth. It made her eyes look like there was a lantern back behind them.

That's how I come to stay on awhile.

It's not easy for a fellow that's been a rodeo rider and a marine sergeant to do that kind of courting. It pure gave me saddle galls. The only thing that kept me going was the faith that I'd win her yet and make a woman out of her. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but I never heard it said how you have to go to get to a woman's heart. And if there had been a way, it probably wouldn't have worked on Miss Emily. I decided the way to Miss Emily's heart was through the adding machine that ticked away in her head. And I knew it was no ordinary adding machine. It only totted up money made in some outlandish way. I guess everybody has his own way of coming to terms with life. Miss Emily's way was in putting to use the useless. And I have to admit I was beginning to see the possibilities in using your imagination.

The worm order was ready to go, and I knew Miss Emily would soon be giving me my walking papers. That afternoon I was moping around the chicken house, halfheartedly setting the height of the incubation shelter for a new batch of chicks, when Miss Emily came running and calling.

"Harley! Harley!" When she found me her cheeks were flushed, and I could see what a little time in front of a mirror might do for her. One thing, she had the clearest, cleanest, healthiest-looking skin I ever saw on anybody. And right then her eyes were the palest gray, like ponds after sunset lying still, when all you want to do is sink down in them. They were round with fright.

"Harley!" she cried. "Alice May is gone."

It took me a minute to place Alice May. "Oh, the mother dog," I said.

"Why," she said, "Alice May's my champion, and you know she's due to whelp. She's dug out under the fence and I can't find hide nor hair of her."

She looked for the first time since I'd known her like she didn't know what to do.

"Now what would Alice May go and do a thing like that for?" I asked. But what I was doing was trying to keep her there, that close to me. She had on the salty old jeans, but her shirt was tucked in for once, and I could see the nice shape of her. Not an ounce of fat on her, and that's no encouragement to a man's spent half his life fattening up females, even if they *were* cows. But I had to admit there's much to be said for that type of a figure.

"Well," she said, "they have a tendency to want to get off by themselves at a time like this. She'll be looking for some dark, quiet place where she can dig in and have her pups."

"Well, don't you reckon Alice May'll know how to care for them?"

"Harley," she said, trying to be patient, "I've got a pretty penny sunk into stud fees, and buyers are waiting on them pups. I don't aim to lose them to the damp night air. I aim to find her before it's too late."

"Well, the farm's a big place to go looking for that white poodle dog," I said.

"I'll search the house and buildings," she said. "You go look in the woods. Look in thickets and under logs. A place like that is where she'd be likely to go."

We'd walked out into the lot and were looking toward the kennel. A big black poodle had his nose to the ground at the fence.

"Jason's trying to get out, too, now," she said, exasperated. "You go and put a rock in that hole she dug." And Miss Emily hurried off toward the house. I watched her crawl out of sight under the porch steps.

Sighing, I turned to Jason. I'd picked up a good-sized rock and was about to pen him in, when I saw that dog's nose

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sniffing the ground. I decided to take Jason with me. Letting him out, I placed the rock, and then we started off, Jason leading the way.

I was about to get up some hope in Jason's future, for he kept his nose to the ground like he was onto a scent until we got to the foot of the hill where the creek runs through. But then I saw that he was looking to take himself a swim. Disgusted, I watched him yipping and rolling in the cool water.

We were about at the south line of Miss Emily's property by that time, a quarter of a mile from my shack. Back there the stream cuts through the meadow pasture, running down to the broad Missouri that you could see in the distance, curving leisurely on to meet the Mississippi. I stood there, not knowing what to do next, disgusted at Jason, and watched a ground hog lumber up a narrow path on the face of the bluffs. This was the sorry property that exasperated Miss Emily so.

I could see it was good for nothing but goat pasture, but it sure was pretty. I drew a bead on the ground hog as if I'd had a gun with me. And just then Jason got wind of him. He leaped upon the creek bank and put his fancy nose in the air. Then he took off up the steep little path, but the ground hog had disappeared behind a scrawny clump of cedars clutching to the side of the bluff. And pretty soon Jason disappeared too.

I climbed the bluff to investigate. From up there I could see for several miles, green woods and deep pastures and the river to the south. And I thought about what the place would look like in the springtime, with the tender green beginning to bud out, and Dutchman's-breeches and jack-in-the-pulpit everywhere. I thought the meadow would be full of violets too. It was rimmed around with redbud trees that would be colorful in spring, and cottonwoods that would flutter like branches full of silver dollars in the fall. And here and there a giant white sycamore towered up to the sky. Then I felt like a fool. This wasn't my kind of land. I'd always liked the open range with blue mountains off in the distance, on the horizon, and nothing to clutter up the view. But right then I felt like I wanted to see this farm in Missouri in the springtime, and I was sad knowing I wouldn't have a chance to. I turned to looking for Jason, thinking Miss Emily'd have my scalp if I lost track of him.

I climbed up to the cedars, brushed the branches aside and discovered a hole about the size of a door. I went through it and found myself in a fair-sized cave. I got out a folder of matches, and I set to exploring the place. Room opened into room until I realized there must be a half-acre cave there on the back end of Miss Emily's farm. Then I heard a whimpering. I struck myself a fresh match, but even before its flare picked them out I saw the white blur back in the corner under a low overhanging shelf.

And there was a mighty pretty picture. Alice May lay curved around six little white fur balls, all nursing to beat the band. And Uncle Jason was sitting there looking as proud as a papa. When I came close, Alice May growled a little, but I could tell it was just a growl of habit and she didn't really mind. I put out my hand and she stretched her neck to have her head patted.

Then I took off my jacket, picked up the pups one at a time, and came out of the cave with Jason and Alice May trotting anxiously at my heels.

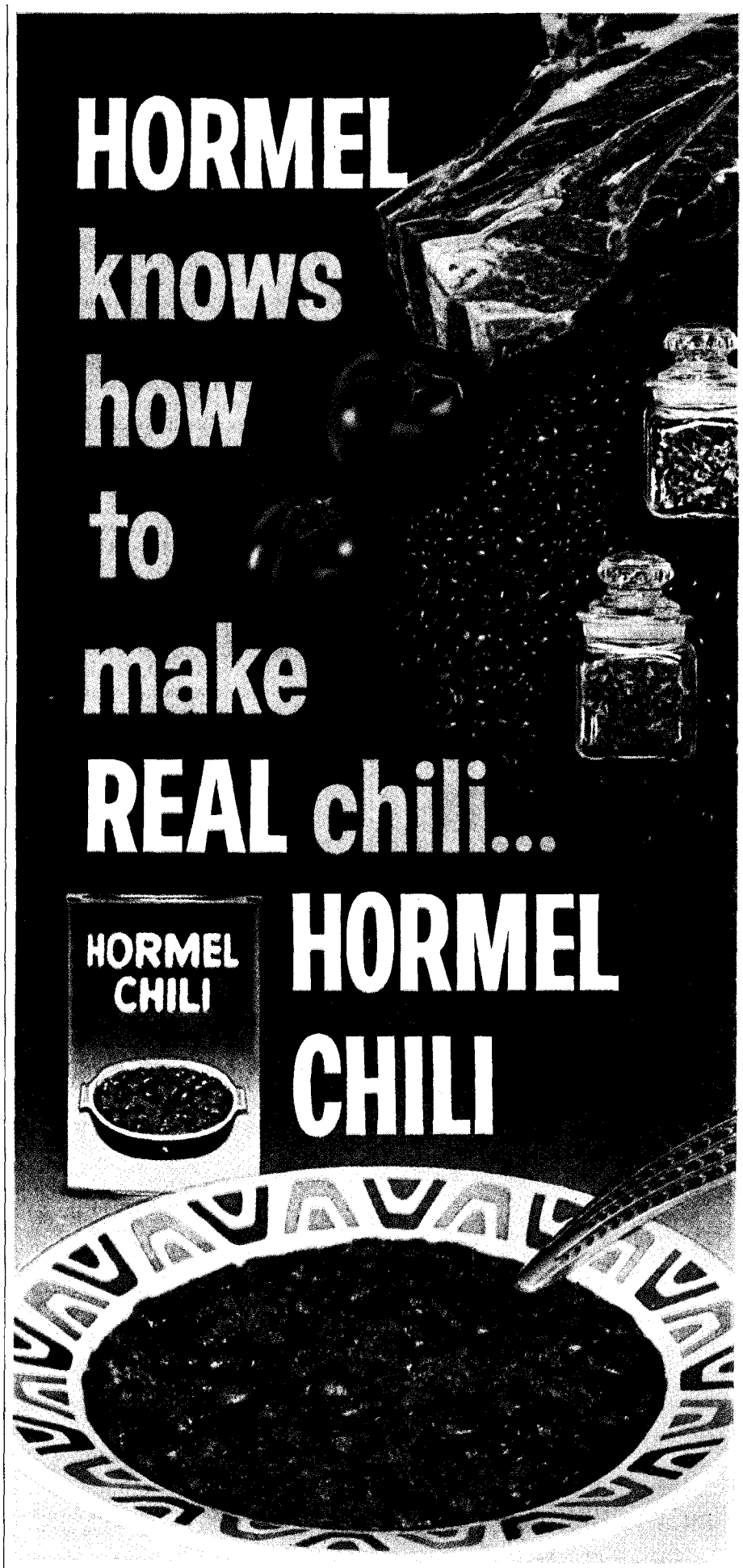
I stood there in the sunset, feeling pretty proud of myself. Then something began to creep up on my mind. It was the cave I'd just investigated. I'd been reading some of Miss Emily's catalogues at night to put me to sleep. That was about the only reading material she had—those catalogues she liked to pore over. And they could put me to sleep quicker than counting sheep. But it seemed like I could remember something about caves being put to use.

Then it come to me. I climbed carefully, with my light burden hugged to my chest and the anxious eyes of Alice May upon me, and finally made the meadow again. I decided to take the dogs to my shack. Let Miss Emily wait awhile; it'd make her more appreciative and give me time to do some research.

I put the mamma in the corner and set the pups to nursing again, and then I began going through the catalogues. Sure enough, there it was. I read for about an hour, feeling only a little guilty about Miss Emily up there at the house looking for her dogs. Then I got out a stub of pencil and started figuring, re-counting the money I had saved up, judging the space in the cave, checking the costs of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All in all, he said my eyes were very good—I only need glasses for seeing."



WE START with tender, juicy chuck beef, which is an extravagance right there. We insist on only plump, perfect Idaho beans, selecting the best ones with electronic machines. (Isn't science wonderful?) And then we take *time*. Old-fashioned time, to slow-simmer the beef and beans, to cook in the rare and racy chili spices that are a Hormel family secret. We *coax* our chili along gently, patiently, to the perfect flavor you find only in *real* chili. Not too hot, not too mild. Just right. A flavor you seldom find even in home made chili, let alone on a grocer's shelf. Hormel Chili is the largest selling chili in all America. Do you suppose that's because it is *real* chili? *Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minnesota*

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lumber and everything else I'd need. Every now and then I'd sit there remembering Miss Emily's voice, so put out when she thought of the worthless land out on the creek bluffs. And here she might have herself a gold mine.

Then it was dusk-dark and suppertime and, knowing I had Miss Emily right where I wanted her, I started off for the house, the pups in the front of my jacket and Jason and Alice May, more trusting now, padding at my heels.

When I came around the corner of the kitchen, I saw Miss Emily looking forlorn in her rocking chair. She saw me and came out to meet me. When she saw Alice May, she fell down and hugged her. And then, one by one, I held out the pups to her. She exclaimed over each of them, and then we put them in a box behind the stove, leaving Jason to eat inside the house that night.

"Where on earth did you find them?" Miss Emily asked, her gray eyes full of wonder.

But I wasn't ready to answer that. So I said, "I'm so hungry I could eat a bear."

"Well," she smiled, "you won't have to, Harley. I'll cook us up a fried chicken." And then she added, looking just the least bit sad, I thought, "Seeing as how it'll be your last night on the place."

"Well, get on with it," I said, a little gruff with her for once. "When a man's hungry he's got to eat."

And she went into the parlor and closed the door. When she came out again, she had on a right frilly apron over her blue jeans, and she'd taken off the boots and combed her hair. This time it was tied up in a ribbon, and it looked right pretty. I pretended not to notice, for she looked right shy about it herself.

She put on the chicken, and while we waited for it to cook I built a little fire in the fireplace. It was getting on toward fall and the nights were chilly. The fire warmed up the room and put a rosy glow on everything. Miss Emily pulled up the rocker, and I saw she meant it for me. I stretched my back and let myself down with a comfortable sigh while she had a look at the new family behind the stove.

"I don't know how to thank you, Harley," she said. She was behind me and I didn't turn to answer her. The chicken was sizzling on the stove and the pleasant smell of it reached out to me.

Miss Emily banged around for a minute and then pulled up the other chair and sat down beside me. I'd laid the catalogue out on the little table, with the sheets of figures spread out to catch her eye.

"Another worm order came in the afternoon mail," she said.

"Good," I said.

"I reckon I could make another day or two's work for you around here," she said. "There's some patching needs to be done on the roof of the barn."

"Why, Miss Emily," I said, gazing at the fire, "I reckon I'll be having other things to think about."

"I suppose that's so," she said. Then she glanced and saw the opened catalogue and the sheets of figures. She never could keep her eyes from straying to one of those things, so daft she was on bargains. I just paid her no mind while she looked sideways down and read a bit.

"What's that?" she asked finally, pointing to the sheets of figures.

"Just an idea," I said offhand.

Miss Emily pulled her chair a little closer to look.

"You know that cave back there on your south line?" I asked.

She nodded, still reading. "There's three-four of them back there on that worthless hillside."

"Maybe it ain't so worthless," I said, beginning to rock a little.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Why, even the timber's not worth harvesting."

"Well, there's more ways to make money than harvesting timber," I said.

"Don't hedge, Harley," she said, craning her neck to read the sheets of figures. "What's all this, anyway?"

I pointed to the article in the catalogue. It was titled Easy Money in Mushroom Growing.

She turned the book around and began to read, her finger crawling over the page in the soft light of the fire. "What's all this?" she asked, her voice quick with interest.

"Well," I said, "you can grow mushrooms in several kinds of places, places where the temperature is likely to stay pretty constant—like, say, in a basement."

"I don't have a basement and I don't eat mushrooms. The things give me heartburn."

"Other people eat them, though," I said. "And they pay a pretty penny for them too. And if you don't have a basement, you do have a half-acre cave that's going to waste and costing you money in taxes."

I thought it was time to show her the figuring I'd done, for her eyes were getting that faraway, dreamy look in them. "Build catwalks in there all the way to the roof of the cave," I said, "and you could stack up mushroom cultures four-five deep."

"And I bet there's five of them caves right on my property," she said.

Then she leaned over the table and looked at the figures. "What's all this?"

"Cost of lumber to build the catwalks and doors in there."

"What's this?"

"Cost of sheet metal to make the culture trays."

"And what's this?" She pointed to the last row of figures.

"Cost of equipment we'd have to get, like thermometers for the soil and electricity and moisture controls."

She put down the sheets. "Harley," she said, "it's a plan to fire the imagination. It's got get-up-and-go to it. It'd make that land pay better than any bulldozer could." But then she sighed. "But I don't have that kind of money and I'm not likely to get it any time soon." Her pained expression told me she was seeing the dollars take wing like birds heading south for winter. And maybe it was more than that. She'd have to love a plan that would put worthless things like caves to use.

"Well," I said, "I'm certainly sorry to hear that because you might could of made you a fortune out of it."

She shook her head. "I would surely love to do that, but it isn't possible."

I asked her what she would do with all that extra money if she could find a way to go about making it.

She studied a minute, looking, I thought, just the least bit uncertain. Then she said, "Why, I reckon I could buy up land—land's always a good investment—and enlarge the herd ——" But there wasn't much conviction in her voice. Then her eyes began to light up from behind. "Or I might could paint this old house and open up all the rooms." She smiled—not at me, but at the vision I guess she must have had. "I never give it much thought before, but lately I've been getting a peculiar yen to fix it up a bit. You know, plant flower beds and shrubbery and put some rocking chairs out on the porch ——" (*Continued on Page 122*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mattie liked everything about the family she worked for as cleaning woman except the family hound. This playful, lop-eared beast continually charged into her on the highly waxed floors. She grumbled and complained, but her mistress refused to tie up the dog. Came the day when the dog bumped into her, knocking her down and hurting her. She sued her employers for damages.

"As the lady of the house refused to tie up that hound while I cleaned, she and her husband should pay for my injuries," Mattie argued through counsel.

"Nonsense!" her employers' lawyer replied. "Mattie knew about the dog and its playfulness, and yet she chose to continue working when she could have quit. Accordingly, she took her chances and we are not to blame."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Mattie?

• •

Mattie lost. The court said her employer was not negligent in refusing to tie up the dog. Further, it added, Mattie was familiar with the risk of injury that she took.

Based upon a 1959 Georgia decision.

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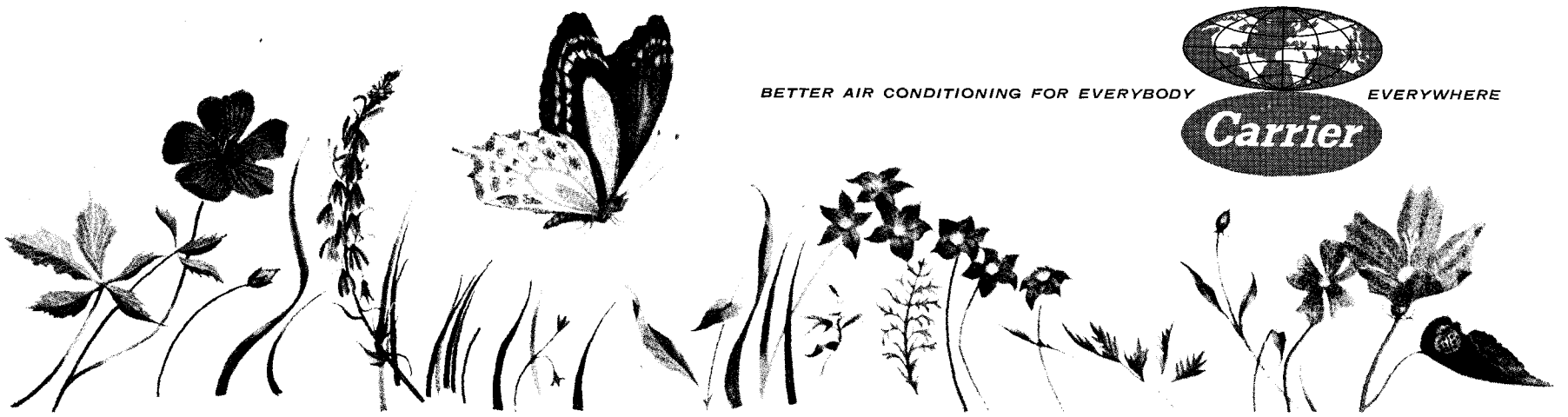

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(*Continued from Page 120*)

"Paint the shutters green," I said.

"And the doors green, too," she added. "And a big brass knocker ——"

"Curtains at the windows ——"

"Braid some rugs—I never thrown away a scrap of wool."

"A new red roof ——"

"Add a fireplace to the parlor ——"

"And some rocking chairs ——"

We were like a pair singing a duet, our heads close together. But then she caught herself. Both of us turned shy, then businesslike again.

"I reckon that's frivolous-sounding," she said. "Big old house like this done up for one person. But it could be a pretty place."

Pretty! Why the picture of it I'd conjured up in my mind was a whole lot more than pretty. It was a picture of a house with roots to it, roots set down in the land, fit to nourish whole generations, with our names starting out the family tree. "Sounded good to me," I said in a sort of choked voice.

But the look on Miss Emily's face told me she was seeing the vision of the green-shuttered house dissolve before her eyes, and I knew I had to talk fast before it was gone entirely.

"Well," I said, "I happen to have quite a neat little nest egg saved up from my years of service in the Marine Corps at home and abroad, and I might just throw in with you."

She focused her eyes on me. "Now why would you do a thing like that?"

I shrugged. "Looks to me like there'd be money in it. Only thing is I wouldn't want to get tied up in it unless there was some sort of—permanent agreement."

Her eyes were so clear and so steady on me that I hurried on before I lost my nerve. "One way we could work it would be for you to lease me them acres at a fair price and let me get to work outfitting them caves. That way you'd make *some* money on the land." I implied it wouldn't be nearly as much as could be made, though, if she were a partner.

She was interested again.

"But that wouldn't work," I said, as if something new had just occurred to me.

"Why not?"

"Well," I said. "What if I sunk all my money into this thing and you decided to terminate the lease one year? After I'd put all that equipment in, it'd be there to stay—and if you sent me packing, why, I'd just be out a lot of money."

"Maybe we could work us out some kind of a long-term agreement," she said.

"That's sort of what I had in mind," I said.

"Say, five-six years at a stretch."

I shook my head. "Why, say I put in all that money and got the thing going good, and in five years' time I'd just built me up a business. Why, you could take over not only the caves and equipment but the business too."

"That's true," she said sadly.

"Now I've got in mind a sort of a permanent-type contract," I said.

"How's that?"

"Well, there's all kinds of contracts," I said.

"Get on to it, Harley." She wasn't giving me much time.

I gulped and took a deep breath. "I was thinking of one that'd bind us up for life."

"That's mighty binding," she said. Her voice was soft, but I was afraid to look at her.

"Miss Emily, you said you'd marry a man had a bulldozer and could turn those hills to pasture. Now I can't see much difference between that bulldozer man and another man who could turn those hills to better purpose. The contract I had in mind was a marriage contract."

I'd said everything I could think to say. I just sat there, not able to turn from the fire and look at her. The silence stretched out pretty long, and I felt myself getting warm.

Then she said, sitting there beside me, but out of sight, for I was like a mule in blinders, looking at that fire, "Plant some lilacs round the door and rambler roses on the fence ——"

I looked up at her and I seen she was smiling at me. I took up the refrain. "An arbor of grapes so we could make our own wine ——"

She leaned over close and I reached out for her hand.

"An orchard would be nice in spring ——" she said.

"Plum and cherry and peach ——"

And we sat there looking at each other like a pair of young'uns. It was like waking up in a feather bed on a morning in early spring, with white curtains billowing in the breeze and the perfume of an orchard wafting in at the window.

"A bargain?" I asked softly.

She smiled even deeper and murmured, "Harley, it might could be."

And she leaned over closer still, so it was easy for me to lean a little too. Her lips were rosy as the plums we'd pick, and her eyes in the firelight looked touched with dew.

And then I kissed her, soft as you please. She drew back the least little bit, just far enough so she could look at me, and she said, "I think the chicken's burning."

But then she leaned to be kissed again. And I was more than obliging.

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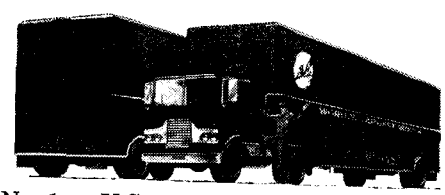

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They Call Me Madam (Continued from Page 30)

remembered to back out of the room and made it to the door as though I had been doing it all my life.

On my first working day I received an invitation to visit the workers in the biggest iron-ore mine in the country. Then my legation first secretary brought me a formal invitation to a luncheon with the directors of A.R.B.E.D. the country's largest steel plant.

I told the first secretary I would be glad to go to the steel plant, but not until after I had been to the mine. He was greatly concerned at my apparent unwillingness to recognize that protocol demanded I see the executives before I visited the workers.

"The miners invited me first and I always accept the first invitation," I told my aide. And down to the mine I went.

It was one of the most frightening things I ever did. When we got deep into the shaft, the foreman said, "Now we've arranged something here for you that we've never before done for a visitor—we're going to dynamite a wall." I turned to the American labor attaché, who was standing beside me.

"That's awfully nice of them," I said. "But it really isn't necessary. Don't you think we could skip it?" He was scared, too, but said he thought we should go through with it because the miners had taken such pride in planning it. So I said a little prayer and then shut my eyes and put my hands over my ears. There was a terrific explosion, the ground shook like an earthquake, and dust and dirt came showering down on us. I opened my eyes and saw I was all in one piece, straightened my miner's helmet and dusted myself off, none the worse for the experience. I guess you could say my diplomatic activities in Luxembourg started off with a bang.

A few days later I accepted the executives' invitation to tour the A.R.B.E.D. steel plant. The president of the company was surprised at how much I knew about the steel business. But I explained that I had spent many a day with my husband at the Mesta Machine Company in Pittsburgh, which manufactured steel rolling mills. The steel men were very cordial. And contrary to the legation first secretary's predictions, they were pleased that I had already visited the miners.

During my entire four years in Luxembourg I had continual disagreements with a few State Department officers in Washington and with some of the foreign-service officers on the legation staff. They seemed to resent the fact that I was a political appointee and had not come up through the diplomatic ranks. And they were disgruntled when I insisted on running the show myself and would not always follow their advice. I think they had figured I was just a social butterfly and would spend most of my time chasing around Europe, or when in Luxembourg would confine myself to serving afternoon tea and giving high-society parties.

There was just one thing after another. Certain of my aides felt it was undignified for the minister ever to go grocery shopping or go out to the countryside to meet the common people. They wanted to write all my speeches and put high-sounding words in my mouth.

One of the foreign-service officers on my staff made it a habit to leave the legation each afternoon for two hours to have tea with his counterpart at the British Legation. When I put a stop to this and told him to stay home and do his work, he became quite indignant and told me how much I could learn from the fine formal habits of the British.

"Four-o'clock tea is all right for the British because it is their custom," I told him. "But we happen to be Americans."

There are many wonderful people in our diplomatic corps, but too often young people in our foreign service lose sight of the fact they are representing a country where people live in a friendly, casual manner. These young diplomats should be models of the American way of life. But they get overseas and put on more airs than people who are born to royalty. And they just make fools of themselves.

When I came to Luxembourg I realized there was much I didn't know about the fine points of diplomacy and I was glad to accept help from my staff on these things. However, I felt that the basis for success in diplomacy was the same as in entertaining—the knack of bringing people together to promote better understanding. As minister I had no set policy other than to ask myself, "What can I do today that will help my country and will help Luxembourg?"

Luxembourg is a storybook country, and I loved the scenery and the warm, happy people. During the week I often went down to the market place and got to know many of the shopkeepers on a first-name basis. Almost every Sunday Marguerite and I would take the station wagon and go out to the countryside. We would take in community celebrations and visit the many small fairs. We stopped off at coffee shops and chatted with the villagers over cakes and coffee, visited farms and saw all the historic places. And we took flowers to the American cemeteries where so many heroes of the Battle of the Bulge are buried. Sometimes we would put flowers on a grave, take a picture of it and send it back home to a mother who had written asking that someone from the legation visit her son's grave.

And being me, I gave parties as often as I could. It took a while to get the legation redecorated and ready for entertaining. But when some touring United States senators arrived in town in November of 1949, I gave my first big Luxembourg party. I hired a local orchestra that claimed to know lots of American songs. I invited some of the Luxembourg court officials, some city administrators, representatives from the other legations, some labor leaders and a few Luxembourg shopkeepers I had met and liked.

By midnight the burgomaster of Luxembourg City had learned to square-dance and was shouting "yippee!"—with an accent. The Luxembourg court chamberlain, a tall, austere-looking man, surprised everyone with a fancy rumba. We also survived a touchy incident when the band started to play *Marching Through Georgia* to honor the United States

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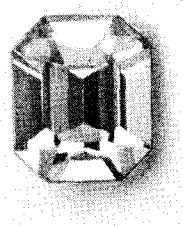

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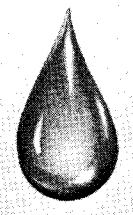

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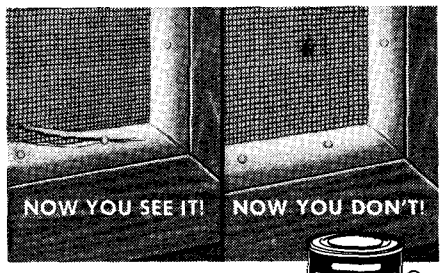

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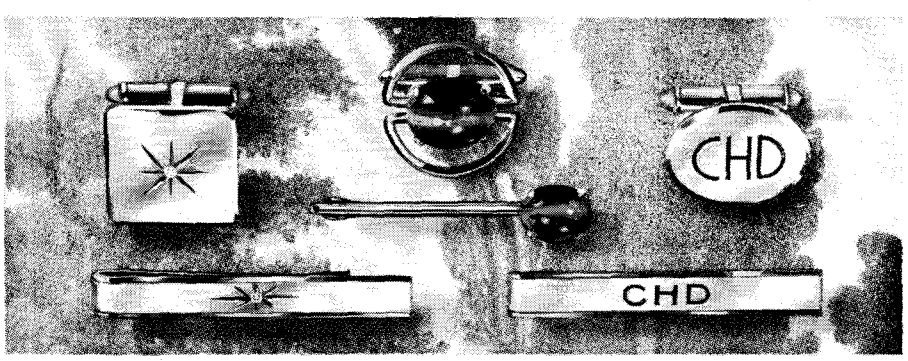

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Senators, not realizing that Burnet Maybank, Willis Robertson, and John McClellan were all from the South. I rushed to the band leader and had him change to *Dixie*, and no one was offended.

On St. Nicholas Day (December sixth) when the Luxembourgers do their Christmas giving, I had a party for 400 children from the Luxembourg orphanages, renting a hall for the occasion. We had ice cream, cake and punch and watched a Punch-and-Judy show I brought over from Paris. As the orphans left, each child was given a toy and an item of clothing. From then on we gave parties for the orphan children each St. Nicholas Day and Fourth of July.

One Sunday while on a drive I met the burgomaster of a small village who told me of a water-supply problem his people were having. In talking with him I discovered that he had never met the burgomasters of the neighboring towns, who might be able to help him out. I decided to hold a party to give the burgomasters from all over the country a chance to meet one another.

My legation staff said this was a crazy idea and that I could be accused of interfering with the Luxembourg Government. But I went right ahead and invited the country's 150 burgomasters. I made it a Saturday afternoon affair, when most of them would be off work. At the appointed hour my butler came and told me there were some men walking around and around the legation. They were the burgomasters, some of them dressed in striped pants they had borrowed for the occasion, and all of them too shy to come in. So I went out and took a couple of them by the hand and brought them all inside. I served them their favorite dish—smoked pork and broad beans, with beer—and after lunch I left them alone so they could get acquainted. A little later the music started, and my sister, my niece Betty, three of the American secretaries at the legation and I danced with the men until we were exhausted. By the time the party ended they had lost all their shyness and were calling me Perle.

After that, every time I went to a town the burgomaster would say, "Perle, when are we going to have another party?" So we made it an annual event.

One rainy day shortly after I arrived in Luxembourg I was returning from an outing and found three young men standing at the door of the legation. I had stepped out of the station wagon and, with my raincoat on and a hat pulled over my face, I guess I didn't look very much like Madam Minister. I said, "You are Americans, aren't you?" and they nodded. "What is it you want?" I asked.

"We want to see Perle Mesta," said one of the boys.

When I said I was Mrs. Mesta, they said, "Oh, no you're not." So I rang the bell. You should have seen their faces when the butler let us in and they realized I really was the minister.

I found out they were G.I.'s on a weekend pass from their base in West Germany. Then I had an idea.

"Now listen, boys," I said, "do you drink?" They admitted that they sometimes did.

"Would you promise not to drink too much if I invited you to a party?" I asked. I was giving a party that night to get the Luxembourg and American employees of the legation better acquainted.

"We won't touch a drop if you don't want us to," they answered. So I told them to come back at seven o'clock.

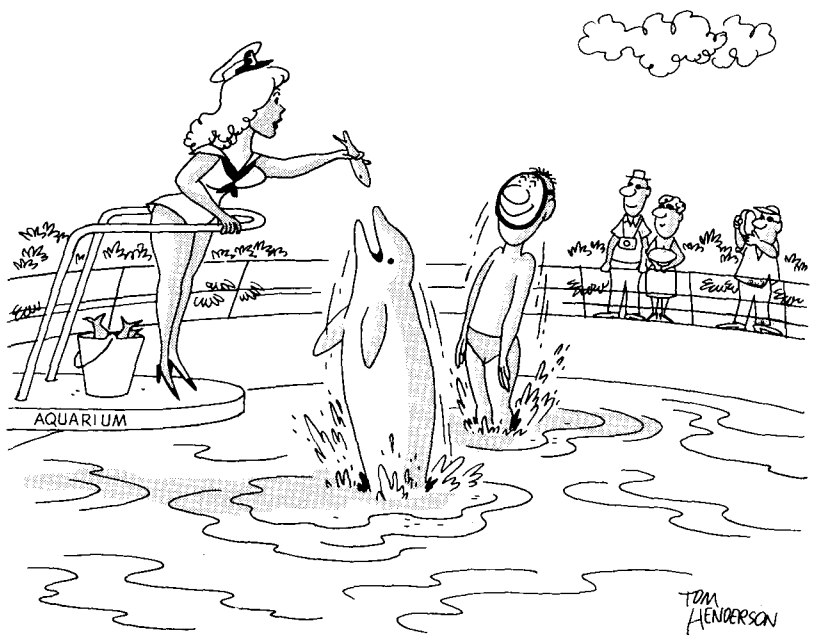
Those three G.I.'s were the life of the party. One of them played the piano and another sang. And their spontaneity was so catching that everybody had a good time. At midnight as they left, one of the G.I.'s told me why they had come to the door asking to see me.

"My buddies here bet me five bucks apiece I couldn't get to meet Perle Mesta," he said. "So I not only had a swell time but I made ten bucks on the deal."

That was the start of my G.I. parties. I held one the first Saturday of every month and entertained 25,000 service men and women during my stay in Luxembourg. I didn't try to have dates for the G.I.'s, and the only girls allowed at the parties were those in the military services or girls who worked at the legation. A G.I., of course, could bring his wife.

I always had an orchestra that played American music. We all sang, and I would call on the G.I.'s to perform. It was their party. At first I served a buffet supper, but the parties grew so big I had to switch to hot dogs and sandwiches. Toward the end almost 1000 were coming to each G.I. party, and when we outgrew the legation I rented a large restaurant nearby. If any taxpayers are worrying about who paid for all these parties—I did, out of my own pocket.

After I had been in Luxembourg about six months I received word from friends in New York that Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse were writing a musical-comedy satire based on my adventures in Luxembourg and that Irving Berlin was doing the music. My friends warned me that Lindsay was coming to Luxembourg



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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to get some atmosphere and firsthand information, and they suggested I arrange to be out of the country when he arrived. But I had nothing to hide. So when Lindsay and his lovely actress wife, Dorothy Stickney, showed up, I invited them to stay at the legation. They declined the invitation. "I wasn't going to be charmed out of some of my jokes," Lindsay told me later. However, they did come for luncheon, and later I took them on a tour of the country and answered his questions as best I could.

When I was back in the States during the summer of 1950, columnist Leonard Lyons and his charming wife, Sylvia, gave a party at his home in New York for me to meet Irving Berlin, Russel Crouse and Ethel Merman. Miss Merman had been signed to play the part of Madam Ambassador in the forthcoming musical *Call Me Madam*. I brought Margaret Truman to the party.

Everybody was expecting sparks when Ethel and I met, but we took an instant liking to each other. I noticed Ethel's earrings and said, "I have some just like those—I'll wear them more often." Ethel replied, "No, don't do that. I have some long earrings like yours and I'll wear them in the show."

As the party moved on, we got Irving Berlin to play some of his great hit songs. And when he played my favorite, *Remember*, I sang along with him. While I was singing, Ethel nudged Margaret Truman.

"Get a load of that Mesta," she said to Margaret in a loud voice. "If she's going into my racket, I may ask your father for a diplomatic appointment."

While in New York I was given a luncheon that I consider one of the greatest honors of my life. Two friends of mine who were about as far apart as possible in their viewpoints—Thomas Watson Sr., president of International Business Machines, and Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor—got together to cohost a party in my honor.

As we looked around the room from the head table, Matt Woll commented that nowhere else in the world could such an affair as this take place with labor and management getting together socially. Among the 200 guests were A. F. of L. President William Green, department-store owner Bernard Gimbel, novelist Fannie Hurst and poet Dylan Thomas, as well as old friends like Ike and Mamie Eisenhower (Ike was then president of Columbia University), Bess Farley and Margaret Truman.

On my first visit to the White House as minister to Luxembourg I felt very businesslike and important when I walked in the front door and had a regular half-hour scheduled appointment with the President. Ordinarily I went in the side door and saw him with Bess and Margaret in their family quarters. I started to tell President Truman what I was doing in Luxembourg, but I found he already knew everything. "Why, I read all of your reports," he said. I didn't know whether to be flattered or feel he was checking up on me.

I asked the President what he thought I could do to further the good relationship between Luxembourg and the United States. "I know they are friendly now," I said. "But what would you suggest?"

"How about taking some Luxembourg youngster and educating him over here?" the President said.

I went back to Luxembourg and told the minister of education to pick out a worthy student and I would pay his transportation and provide for his support and college education in the United States. They selected Pierre Reiff, one of six children from a family that could not afford to send the boy to college.

About this time Purdue University's choral society came to Luxembourg, and I gave a party for them. The vice president of Purdue was with them, and I said to him, "How would you like to give me a scholarship to your university?" Then I explained about Pierre—and got the scholarship. So Pierre went to Purdue to study engineering. He could speak hardly any English then, but he was graduated at the top of his class. I also sent a Luxembourg girl, Evalyn Schaus, to Chicago's Sherwood School of Music, and encouraged Pierre to escort her to concerts and social events. And upon their return to Luxembourg, they were married—one of the few successes of my frequent attempts at matchmaking.

I have since sponsored other students from Korea, Australia, Canada, Liberia, New Zealand, Lebanon, Afghanistan, Greece, Japan, France and England. One of these students is now an executive in the Bank of Japan, while another is in the Australian diplomatic service. The only strings I attach to my educational assistance is that the students must return to their own country to put to work the benefits from their education.

During the four years in Luxembourg we had a steady stream of visitors, including Irene Dunne, Jim and Bess Farley, Margaret Truman, India Edwards, Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder, Treasurer of the United States Georgia Neese Clark and Gen. and Mrs. Anthony McAuliffe (of the siege-of-Bastogne fame in World War II), to name a few, plus many senators and representatives. After General Eisenhower came to Paris to direct the NATO forces, he and Mamie frequently spent the weekend with us in Luxembourg. Or sometimes when Ike had to go to Germany he would drop Mamie by on his way so she could stay with us. And then he would pick her up on his return to Paris.

I have counted Ike and Mamie as among my close friends for more than twenty-five years. But I think it was more than our friendship that brought Ike to Luxembourg so often. The local golf course was one of the best in Europe. Another attraction was the legation kitchen and outdoor barbecue. Mamie would call up and say that Ike was bringing some of his specially cut steaks, and we would get the charcoal and everything ready and then give him free rein. Ike loves to cook and can fix steaks like nobody else in the world.

He rubs the steaks with garlic salt, brushes them with olive oil, rolls them in a heavy dough and buries them in the coals. He always likes to make the fire himself. At just the right moment Ike digs them out of the coals and scrapes off the dough. I've never tasted anything like it.

One time when Ike came to Luxembourg, my niece, Betty, was there with her five-year-old daughter, Marguerite. Ike asked Betty if he could paint her daughter. Marguerite could sit still only long enough for Ike to make a rough sketch. But he finished the portrait on subsequent visits and then presented it to Betty. My grandniece, Marguerite, now has the distinction of having been lullabied to sleep by pianist Truman and done in oils by portraitist Eisenhower.

When I invited Eleanor Roosevelt to stay with us during a trip through Europe, a family crisis was precipitated. My sister's husband, George Tyson, an arch-conservative Republican from Boston who grows red in the face at the mere mention of F.D.R., threatened to tell Mrs. Roosevelt what he thought of her whole family. The day Mrs. Roosevelt

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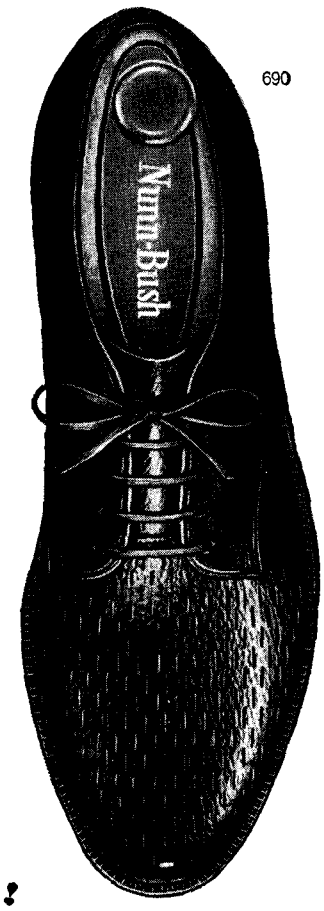

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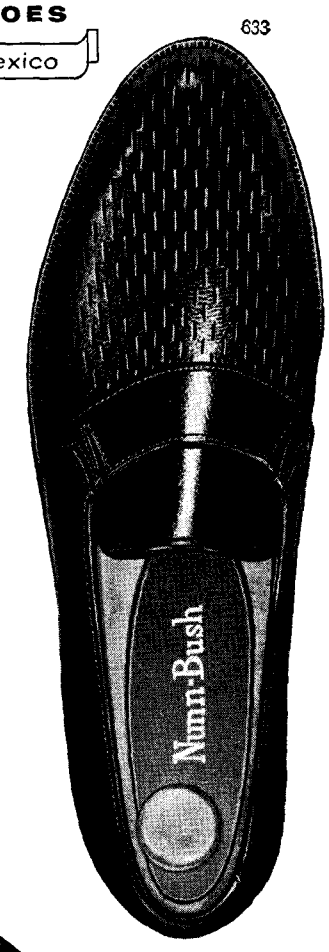

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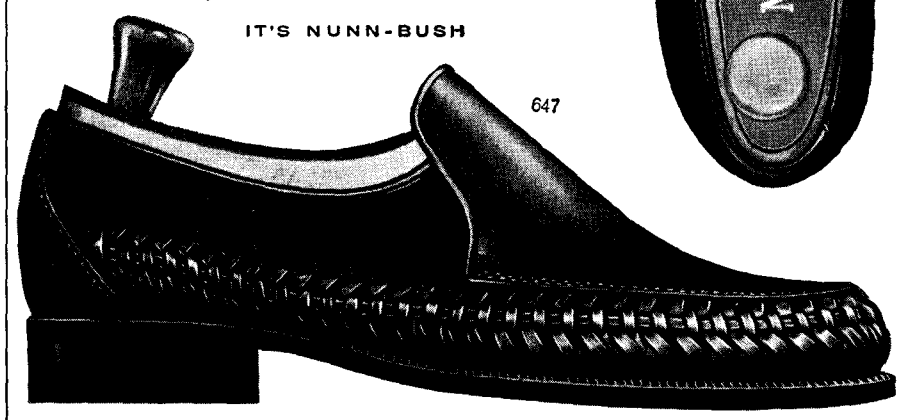

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was to arrive I got my military aide, Col. Albert Hoffman, to invite George to his apartment for the night.

We figured George would be sufficiently calmed down by the next day to act civilly toward Mrs. Roosevelt, but we miscalculated. He and Colonel Hoffman had spent most of the night running down the New Deal, and by the time we all got together at lunch George was in fine Republican form. He lit into poor Mrs. Roosevelt, telling her what a mess her husband had made of things.

Mrs. Roosevelt just smiled and let him run on, then gently began to counter his arguments. And she was so charming about it that, three days later when she left, George grudgingly admitted that maybe there was at least one good Roosevelt after all.

The times in Luxembourg were given some comic relief by the antics of Garner, our family butler. Garner Camper is tall and distinguished-looking and has been with the family so long that he knows everybody we know. There were times in Washington when so many of our guests—even President Truman and Sam Rayburn—would gather around Garner to hear his latest stories that sometimes I wondered whether I was employing a butler or an entertainer.

Garner won friends immediately in Luxembourg. A month after we arrived he went along on a wild-boar hunt with some members of the royal family and the burgomaster of Luxembourg City, after letting on that he was an old hand at the sport. He decked himself out in a most fashionable manner with tight-fitting knee pants, brightly embroidered suspenders and Tyrolean hat, complete with a jaunty feather. But at first sight of a boar Garner forgot his dignity and took off for the nearest tree, splitting his tight-fitting pants as he scrambled up the trunk.

When the family took a week's vacation at St. Moritz, Garner bought himself some ski togs and cut quite a dashing figure parading around the grounds. He looked so impressive that Betty and her husband, Lew Ellis, kidded him about looking like "the ambassador from Abyssinia." Someone overheard it and the rumor spread that I was entertaining the ambassador from one of the African countries, who wished to remain incognito. And Garner, of course, did nothing to stop the rumor.

We had our serious times in Luxembourg too. In a small way I was able to help in arranging for United States cooperation in a plan to pool the coal and steel resources of France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg. I took part in conferences leading to the establishment of the European Coal and Steel Community, which has its headquarters in Luxembourg City.

The problems of being minister were not as difficult in Luxembourg as in some other countries. There was already a great deal of good will between the United States and Luxembourg as the result of our freeing them from German tyranny during two world wars. And, contrary to the impression given by the play, *Call Me Madam*, the country was not trying to get a multimillion-dollar loan from us. Luxembourg had a well-balanced economy and practically no unemployment.

When I arrived in Luxembourg there were five very vocal Communists in parliament and one Communist-controlled newspaper in the country, *Wochen Zeitung*. I was under frequent attack from these sources because of my outspokenness against Communism. At one diplomatic reception I attended, the five Communist members walked out the minute I walked in. And a typical *Zeitung* accusation was that my parties were to make war policy palatable to the Luxembourgers.

"The numerous parties and arrogant appearance of the minister in public cannot be traced to a harmless popularity craze only," *Zeitung* editorialized. "While Mrs. Perle Mesta waves to the Luxembourgers like a magnanimous benefactor and has occasionally distributed a few scholarships, thousands of young Luxembourgers are being drilled for war," the editorial continued. I don't think very many Luxembourgers fell for the *Zeitung* propaganda. By the time I left Luxembourg the Communist membership in parliament had been reduced to three.

Until almost the end of my years in Luxembourg I was never visited by the Russian ambassador to Belgium (who was accredited to Luxembourg). Nor did the Communist members of the Luxembourg Government ever come to see me, although I publicly announced that the doors of the United States Legation were always open to them if they had any grievances. I was thus amazed to receive word in March of 1953 that the newly appointed Russian ambassador to Belgium, Victore Ivanovich Avelov, was coming to Luxembourg and desired an appointment with me.

On March twenty-fifth at four P.M. Ambassador Avelov arrived at the legation. We talked for an hour about the weather and generalities. Just before he left he suddenly announced, "We would like you to come to visit Russia." This took me completely by surprise because since the Iron Curtain dropped, the Soviet has allowed few Western visitors except those on specific missions. I thanked the ambassador and said I would think it over. But I didn't have the slightest intention then of going to Russia. I was much too busy with my duties in Luxembourg.

The Republican Administration had taken over on January 20, 1953, and previous to that I had submitted my resignation to President Truman, as was customary for political appointees. But President Truman refused to accept my resignation—it was reported that he said, "Let General Eisenhower fire her if he wants to." When the late John Foster Dulles came to Luxembourg in February, 1953, he brought word that President Eisenhower wanted me to continue.

A month later I was fired. On March twenty-sixth I received a cable from Mr. Dulles informing me that my resignation had been accepted effective April thirteenth. Later I found out that President Eisenhower had been under pressure from the Women's Division of the Republican National Committee to get rid of me. I couldn't blame them because they all knew what an ardent Democrat I was.

The last few days in Luxembourg were hectic but satisfying. A royal wedding had been planned April ninth for the marriage of Prince Jean of Luxembourg to Josephine-Charlotte, the sister of King Baudouin of Belgium. The day of the wedding I had a call at eight A.M. from the palace, requesting my presence there in two hours.

I didn't know what it was all about, but at ten A.M. I arrived and was ushered into the private sitting room of Grand Duchess Charlotte. She said how sorry she was to hear I was leaving. And as a token of her country's appreciation for what I had accomplished, she wanted to award me the Grand Cross of the Crown of Oak, Luxembourg's highest honor.

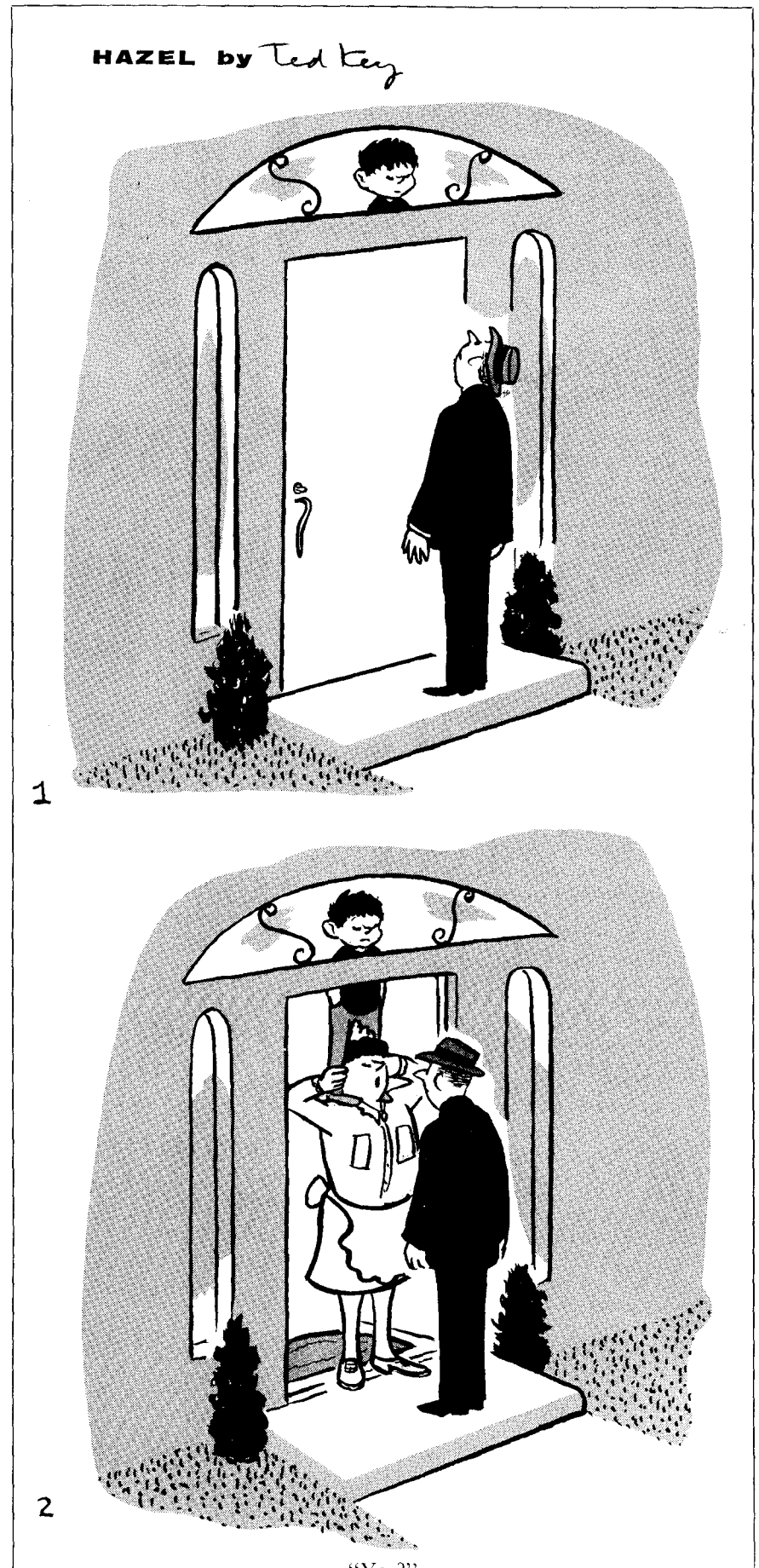
I was, of course, overwhelmed. But the thing I will always remember even more than the decoration was the thoughtfulness of the grand duchess in taking time out from the midst of the wedding preparations so that I might have the decoration to wear that night at the wedding.

On Sunday, my next-to-last day as minister, Marguerite and I took a trip to visit some of our burgomaster friends and to say good-by to my many godchildren, a few of whom had been named after me. That night the good people of Luxembourg held a torchlight parade around our legation, and the official band serenaded me. The court chamberlain presented me with a large leather-bound scrapbook made up of pictures of Luxembourg and signed by the burgomasters, by all of parliament—except the Communist members—and by the prime minister and the foreign minister.

On the day I left, however, I was given the most touching farewell of all. Two hundred orphan children, dressed in their best clothes, with faces scrubbed and hair neatly combed, came to the legation to present a gift to their American "Auntie." It was the sweetest present I ever received—two little farewell poems they had written themselves, one recited by the girls and one by the boys.

And then I dried my eyes and drove off toward London for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Next week, in her concluding article, Mrs. Mesta tells of her world travels and how she was almost murdered by a fanatic while on a tour of the Far East. —THE EDITORS.



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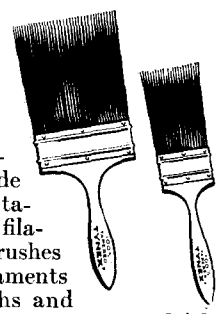

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Keeping Posted

When Hitler Invaded Jersey

The night of June 29-30, 1940. That was when German invasion forces bloodied Britannia's shores—in **C. S. Forester's** IF HITLER HAD INVADED ENGLAND, which continues on page 38. To see what actually was taking place during those early days of World War II, we read the significant news stories of the period and came upon a terse dispatch which might well have been a prologue to Forester's story: "Invading German troops yesterday set foot upon English soil for the first time." The Channel Islands of Jersey and Guernsey had been bombed and machine-gunned on June twenty-eighth, and occupied on June thirtieth.

The swastika flew over these islands until May 9, 1945, when the 30,000 Germans there surrendered to the British. Hitler's forces got no farther than the Channel Islands, of course—except through Forester's imagination.

In researching his story Forester made a careful study of the invasion route he had selected, from Rye to London. "I knew those villages as a boy and was very unhappy, really and truly, to subject them to such an ordeal. I went there with a car and looked over the whole area, picturing snipers creeping along the ditches where I once paddled a canoe." While Forester was writing his invasion story at his Berkeley, California, home, Twentieth Century-Fox was filming *Sink the Bismarck!* based on his dramatic 1958 *Post* series, THE NINE LAST DAYS OF THE BISMARCK. Forester refuses to be blamed for that film's success: "I know very little—mainly it's deliberate ignorance—about the shooting of a picture."

Jersey, 1940: jerry meets bobby.

He's Hep to Cats

Venice, 1959: James Morris and son.

"I was born in England in 1926 and educated at Oxford and in the British Army, with which I served in Italy and the Middle East." So writes **James Morris,** whose first *Post* article, THE MIDDLE EAST: EXPLOSIVE, ENIGMATIC, appears on page 19. "I spent five years with the London *Times*, in the Middle East and as the official correspondent of the successful 1953 Everest expedition. I spent 1954 as a Commonwealth Fellow in the U.S.A. and since 1956 I have been working, on and off, as a special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. I have published six books and I have just finished one on Venice, where I spent most of last year. I am married and have two sons—possibly three, by the time this appears! (One of my cats is having kittens in sympathy.) My particular enthusiasm is for cats, and I cherish an especial distaste for people who write funny things about themselves in autobiographical notes." We are pleased to have this gifted young journalist as a contributor and are willing to overlook his fondness for cats if he will forgive our affection for humorous autobiographical notes.

The Case of the Absent Professors

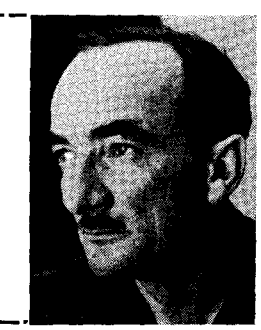
Cecil, according to our dictionary, is a male name meaning "dim-sighted." But Alabama-born **Cecil Dawkins** is a female and dim-sightedness is not one of her charms. She has been on the English faculty at Missouri's Stephens College since receiving her M.A. at Stanford in 1953, and in her spare time she likes to raise dogs and worms—as does the heroine in her first *Post* story, STRICTLY UNTOUCHABLE, page 24. She is partial to "red wigglers," which are a cross between the orchard worm and the night crawler. Wigglers are nice to have around the place, the lady says, because fish adore them and because "they serve as a very efficient garbage disposal." Miss Dawkins took a leave of absence from teaching and worm raising a year ago to concentrate on story writing. Waukesha, Wisconsin, is her present address and she is thinking of taking another year off, this time in Mexico.

When we wrote to Cornell University physicist **Philip Morrison,** suggesting that he might wish to contribute to our ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series—see CAUSE, CHANCE AND CREATION, page 32—we assumed, foolishly, that we would be able to locate him far above Cayuga's waters. Presently we received an article outline from Professor Morrison, mailed from London's Imperial College of Science and Technology, where he was guest-lecturing. Senior Editor Richard Thruelsen airmailed to London some detailed comments on the outline, and Morrison responded late last December with a finished manuscript—mailed from Rome. However, he explained, he would be working in Rome for a short time only, and we should send him our reactions in care of the Weizmann Institute of Science, at Rehovot, Israel. We replied that we were buying the article, then assigned Eric Schaal to fly to Israel from Switzerland to photograph our elusive contributor before he moved on to the Tata Institute, Bombay, India. We last contacted Morrison at the University of Tokyo, just before he departed for Kyoto. A good man's hard to find, the song goes, and that seems to go double for space-age scientists on a sabbatical.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

On Becoming an American

By John Masters, author of *Bhowani Junction* and proud new citizen of the U.S.A.



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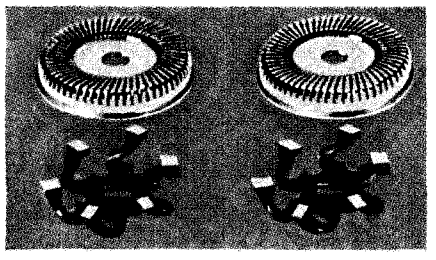
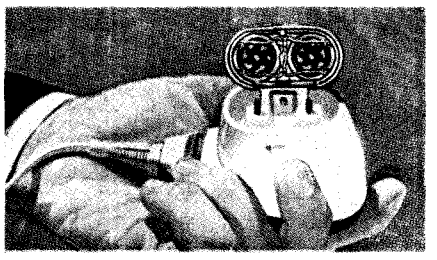
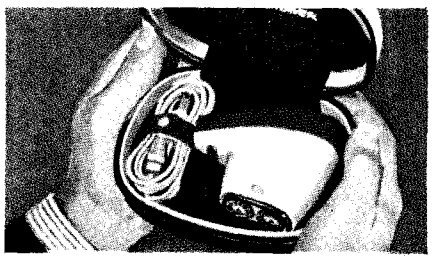


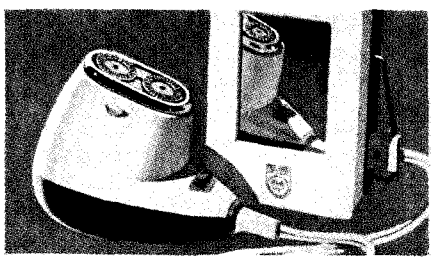
1. How rotary blades stroke off whiskers. Norelco's rotary blades whirl round and round ↻ continuously, beneath whisker combs—unlike the back-and-forth ⟹ clipping action of other shavers. You shave fast, smooth, close.



2. Flip-Top cleaning . . . and self adjusting. You just push the button and the Speedshaver® flip-top head springs open to empty out "whisker dust." Blades are self sharpening. Norelco adjusts automatically to shave any beard.



3. Try Norelco Speedshaver today. AC/DC $24.95. Complete with travel case. For the ladies, new Lady Norelco with twin rotary heads in misty pink, gray and gold. AC/DC $24.95 . . . or new Norelco Coquette. AC/DC $17.50.



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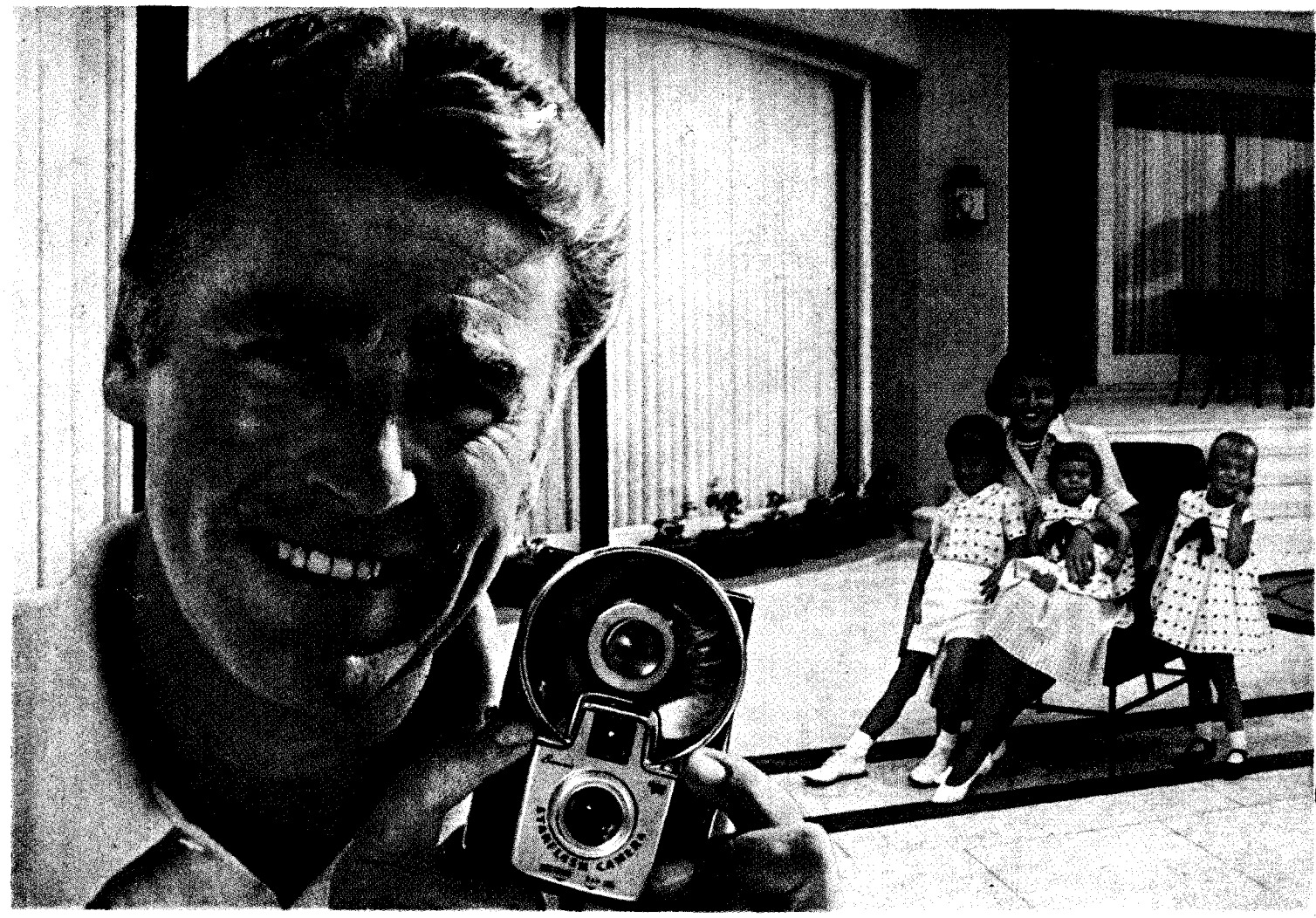
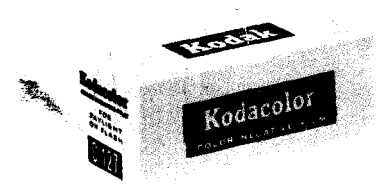
PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK



Patricia Lawford—with Christopher, Victoria and Sydney—ready for pictures!

Peter Lawford says: "Make it a Mother's Day she'll remember —with Kodacolor snapshots. Easy to take with any camera!"

"***If I can do it, so can you!*** Anybody can make Mother's Day even more unforgettable," says Peter Lawford, starring in "Ocean's 11," a Warner Bros. release. "Just take Kodacolor snapshots. Mother will have her day for keeps—in color pictures that really look *real!* All you do is put Kodacolor Film in a Brownie Camera, and shoot away. Sound easy? I can tell you it *is!*" (*Kodacolor Film works like a charm in any camera. It can be processed locally in many cities, or by Kodak. Ask your dealer.*)



"***Victoria gives Pat*** a love pat. Victoria is one year old and cute as a button. This shot shows how well Kodacolor Film works with flash."

"***Christopher and Sydney give Pat*** the best gift of all. He's five and she's three. What mother wouldn't like a picture like this?"

"***Sydney gives Pat*** a present. I have this enlarged to 11 x 14 on my dresser."

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